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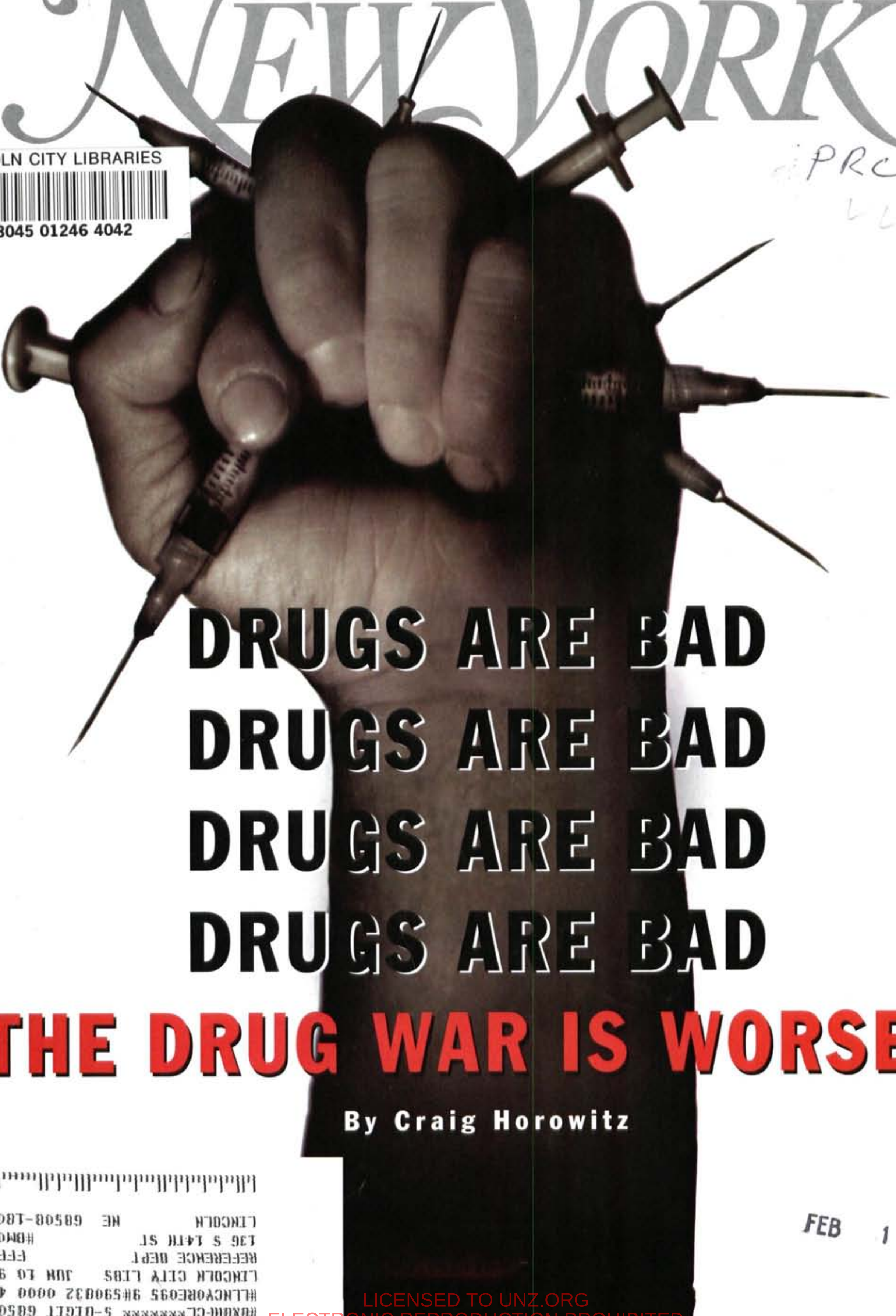

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THE DRUG WAR IS WORSE

By Craig Horowitz

FEB 1 1996

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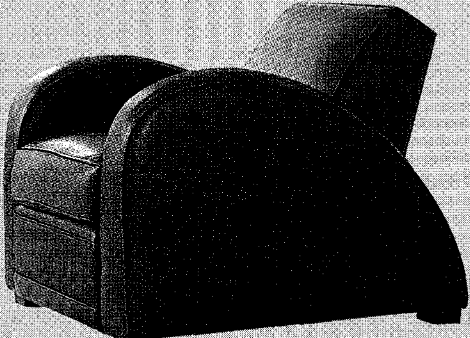

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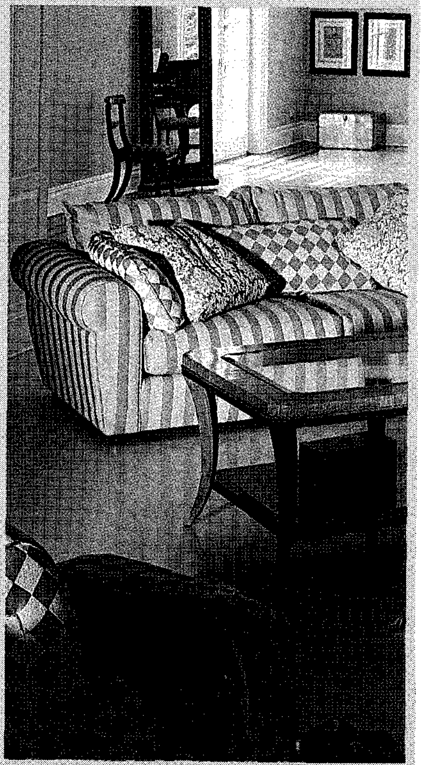

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22 War by Other Means

By Craig Horowitz

As the NYPD gears up to wage total war on drug use in the city, it's worth beginning a rational debate about what will be gained by making criminals of hundreds of thousands of addicts. This country's police-and-prisons approach has proved a failure in every conceivable sense—legal, social, economic. There is a better way.

34 The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly

Q&A With Maer Roshan

One's CEO of Fairchild Publications and one of the most feared men in the fashion industry; the other, *New York*'s famously acerbic theater critic. Over lunch, two Johns—Fairchild and Simon—share their distaste for the generally unsatisfactory state of more or less everything.

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By Rene Chun

The next hot name in the novelty-driven world of interior furnishings has surfaced, and it's a mouthful: Terence Harold Robsjohn-Gibbings, a patrician Englishman who for 40 years raided classical Hellenic design to inspire his elegant modernist pieces. The originals aren't cheap, but the good news is that you can pick up a nicely reproduced chair for $6,000 or so.

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By Eric Konigsberg

In June 1968, Valerie Solanas walked into the Factory and put a bullet in its founder. With *I Shot Andy Warhol*, a much-anticipated new film biography of the disturbed groupie that opened last week at the Sundance Film Festival, director Mary Harron maintains a studied distance from Warholian proto-fabulousness—as much, that is, as the irony of nineties pseudo-celebrities' playing sixties pseudo-celebrities allows.

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Craig Horowitz, author of this week's cover story, discusses his theories about America's misguided war on drugs this Thursday: 2/1 at 8 P.M. On CompuServe *go* NYMAG.

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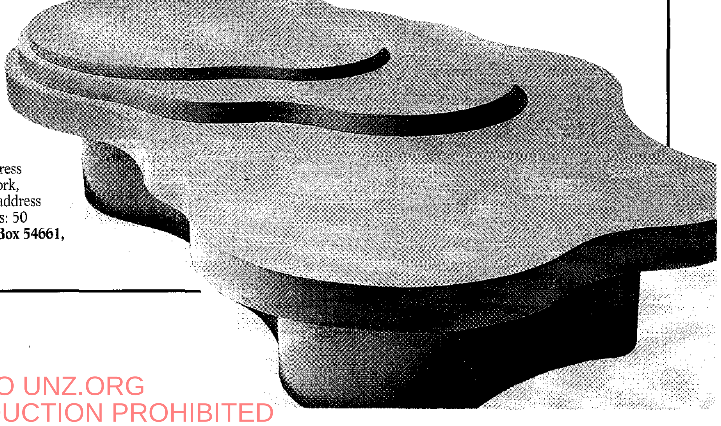

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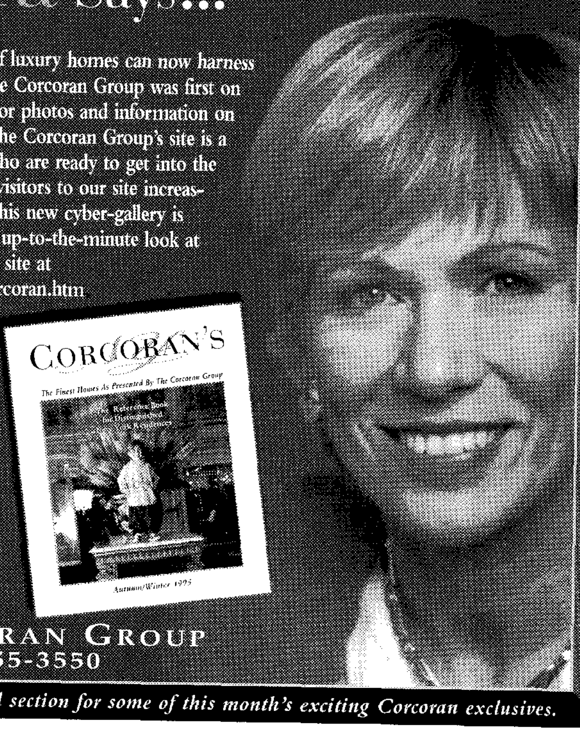
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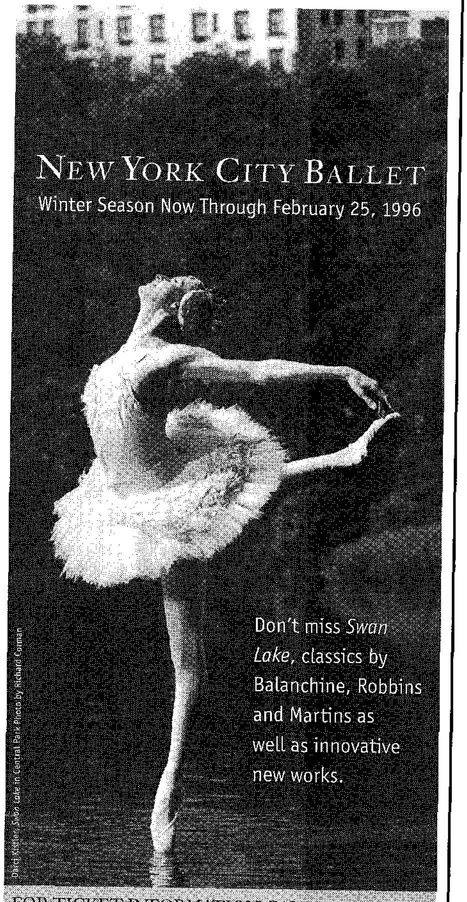

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A Table For Two

IN 1968, WHEN GAEL GREENE FIRST COMMITTED FORK TO CASsoulet—and subsequent pen to paper—for the gastronomic elucidation of *New York*'s readers, she had just finished a stint far from the power banquettes of '21,' churning out hard-news stories on hospitals and scams for the New York *Post*.

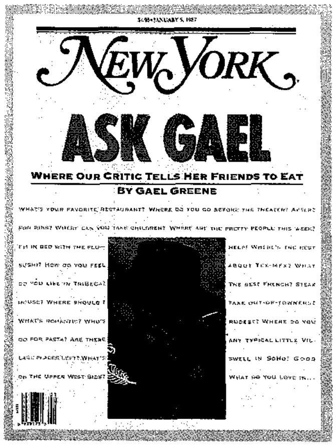
"It was Clay Felker's idea that I was a food writer," Greene says. "I had written a piece for him on the reopening of La Côte Basque for *New York* when it was still part of the New York *Herald Tribune*. I had a sudden vision of ordering from the left side of the menu instead of the right, so I said yes. At first, I thought I was being a restaurant critic as a hobby while I tried to find the discipline to write a novel."

She found the discipline, and has now published a total of two novels (including her 1976 best-seller, *Blue Skies, No Candy*) and four other books while still managing to import to her food writing all her characteristic sensualism, social observation, and ripe-Sichuan-pepper prose. During her reign, she's seen the birth of the "foodie" and chronicled all the luminescent hot spots. For Greene, however, the price of her unwavering dumpling deconstruction was a drowning-out of the call of that *next* novel. It was a call, finally, that she could not ignore.

"It seemed that every year I was doing more reviews, and it reached the point where I realized it was impossible to write fiction in a summer vacation, and that's my first passion," says Greene, who now has decamped to Rome to work on her next book, about "five New York women who became friends in a consciousness-raising group in the seventies, and where they are today."

All of this is why this week, *New York* unveils its first restaurant-review column by Corby Kummer, the noted food writer and editor who will alternate with Greene in three-month tag-team intervals.

Kummer, 38, is a senior editor at *The Atlantic Monthly,* where since 1981 he has also written on food and travel. In the past six months, in addition to publishing *The Joy of Coffee,* he has explored for *New York* the trials of finding fresh fish in the city in summertime and the virtues of the city's high-end grocery markets. A veteran observer of the exotic fruit sauces and sates that have defined various food eras, Kummer says he wants to maintain a student's attitude toward the new.


NEW YORK
ASK GAEL
WHERE OUR CRITIC TELLS HER FRIENDS TO EAT
BY GAEL GREENE

Greene is wearing a new hat these days.

"I make it a point to eat with people who can teach me about the food we're trying—anthropologists, historians, chefs," he explains. "I'm always interested in the culture that produces the food, and how that culture is expressed with food. New Yorkers, of course, count as a culture of their own."

Kummer says he recognizes that the accelerated life cycle of the typical high-end New York dining spot will provide a series of moving targets. "A frequent complaint of restaurateurs is that the only way they can get serious consideration is if they close the doors, renovate, and come up with a new menu and maybe a new name," he says. "I think a restaurant doesn't hit its stride until a good three months after it opens. I want to reconsider places that have quietly but actively built up loyal followings—and, of course, keep tasting le dernier cri."

(In addition, starting next week, Walter Kirn will return as our book critic. He took a sabbatical to complete his novel *Thumbsucker.*) ▬

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Simon Says

Wiesenthal clarifies the feud; aesthetic considerations for a new era; snow business redux; moving suggestions for the brothers Hamill.

ELIE WIESEL AND I WERE BOTH CANDIdates for the 1986 Nobel Peace Prize ["Intelligencer: A Bitter Battle Over Nobel Pursuit," January 22]. All of the political parties in the Netherlands, as representatives of that nation, sent letters to the Norwegian Nobel Committee nominating me for the prize. As propaganda for a candidacy is not admissible, I asked that the nomination not be given publicity. A candidate cannot make propaganda for his own nomination, according to the rules of the Nobel Prize committee.

Elie Wiesel's behavior was contrary to this. The lobbying for Mr. Wiesel has best been described in an article that appeared after Wiesel was announced winner of the prize, in *The New Republic*, on November 10, 1986. Written by Jacob Weisberg, it is entitled "How to Get a Nobel Prize: Pop Goes Elie Wiesel." Such one-sided propaganda is, of course, a disadvantage to the other candidates.

Concerning Elie Wiesel's cover praise for *Betrayal* by Eli Rosenbaum—which is de facto a book against my work: All of the accusations against me, as quoted by Eli Rosenbaum, were made by a man under cover of a pseudonym. It should have been clear to Elie Wiesel that these accusations and other outrageous assertions cannot be protected by a pseudonym. It is there that Mr. Wiesel should look for hate and not on my part.

Simon Wiesenthal
VIENNA, AUSTRIA

Snow Job

WHILE RESEARCHING OUR BOOK *Snow*, WE gathered many remarkable stories about the white stuff. Nothing we encountered, however, prepared us for images inspired by "Notes From the Underplowed" ["Gotham," January 22]. Specifically: Ivana shoveling snow opposite Versace (if she'd read our book, she'd have saved her back); the Lemon Ice King of Corona harvesting pollutant-laced (we *know* he's joking) snow for summer ices; and Martha Stewart, armed with a little broom (devised by her own hand?), whisking fresh snow over unaesthetic pee stains. We tip our pom-pommed hats to Ariel Kaminer and Alex Williams.

Lisbeth Mark and Babs Lefrak
MANHATTAN

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Nice Work

THANKS FOR THE FINE CHRIS NORRIS ARTICLE telling us out in the woods what's going on with the Ramones ["Hey, Ho, Let's Go Home," January 8]. As a music reviewer in the seventies, I loved their debut album—the first I'd heard that sounded the same no matter where you put the needle.

I was leafing through that issue with my 2-year-old son, getting his take on culture in the big city. "Ooh, that's a scary guy," Ezra said approvingly when we came to the illustration of Rudy Crew. Scary? So I showed him Michael Halsband's picture of the Ramones, and he said, "Those [guys] are nice." Nice? Maybe it *is* time for the band to bow out.

Richard Sassaman
BAR HARBOR, ME.

Irish Eyes

BAD ENOUGH PETE HAMILL'S STILL PLAYING his I'm-just-a-working-class-stiff routine—despite living a posh life (and deservedly so, for he's a fine writer) for the past 30 years—but now his two brothers are following suit ["Straight Out of Brooklyn," by Colleen Quinn, January 22]. Come off it, boys! Denis Hamill suggests that "if Pete . . . had become a fireman, we might have become firemen or cops or something." It's time Pete, the Pied Piper, gave himself a shave, combed his hair, put on a tie, and set his brothers a good example.

Bill Gale
MANHATTAN

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE IN BROOKLYN TO know that the interview with the Hamills should have been held at Farrell's at 16th Street and Prospect Park West.

John Nolan
SKOKIE, ILL.

Art Matters

MARK STEVENS'S JANUARY 22 ARTICLE ["THE Look of Power"] could indeed be titled "What's Art Got to Do With It?" The good news is that now the artists get better treatment than their earlier counterparts.

The bad news is that taste is being dictated in what might be called tulip-madness style. Without intellectual dialogue, most contemporary art is incomprehensible. Twice in the past few months I've heard of million-dollar collections being sold because the owners were finally secure enough to realize they never liked or understood what was on their walls.

It's just like the new-issue market in stocks: "Buy it, but don't get stuck with it." So what will happen to contemporary work? Will future enthusiasts swarm past Rauschenbergs, Stellas, and Johnses in Sunday-afternoon reverence? Or will there be a surplus of space dedicated to clothes of emperors?

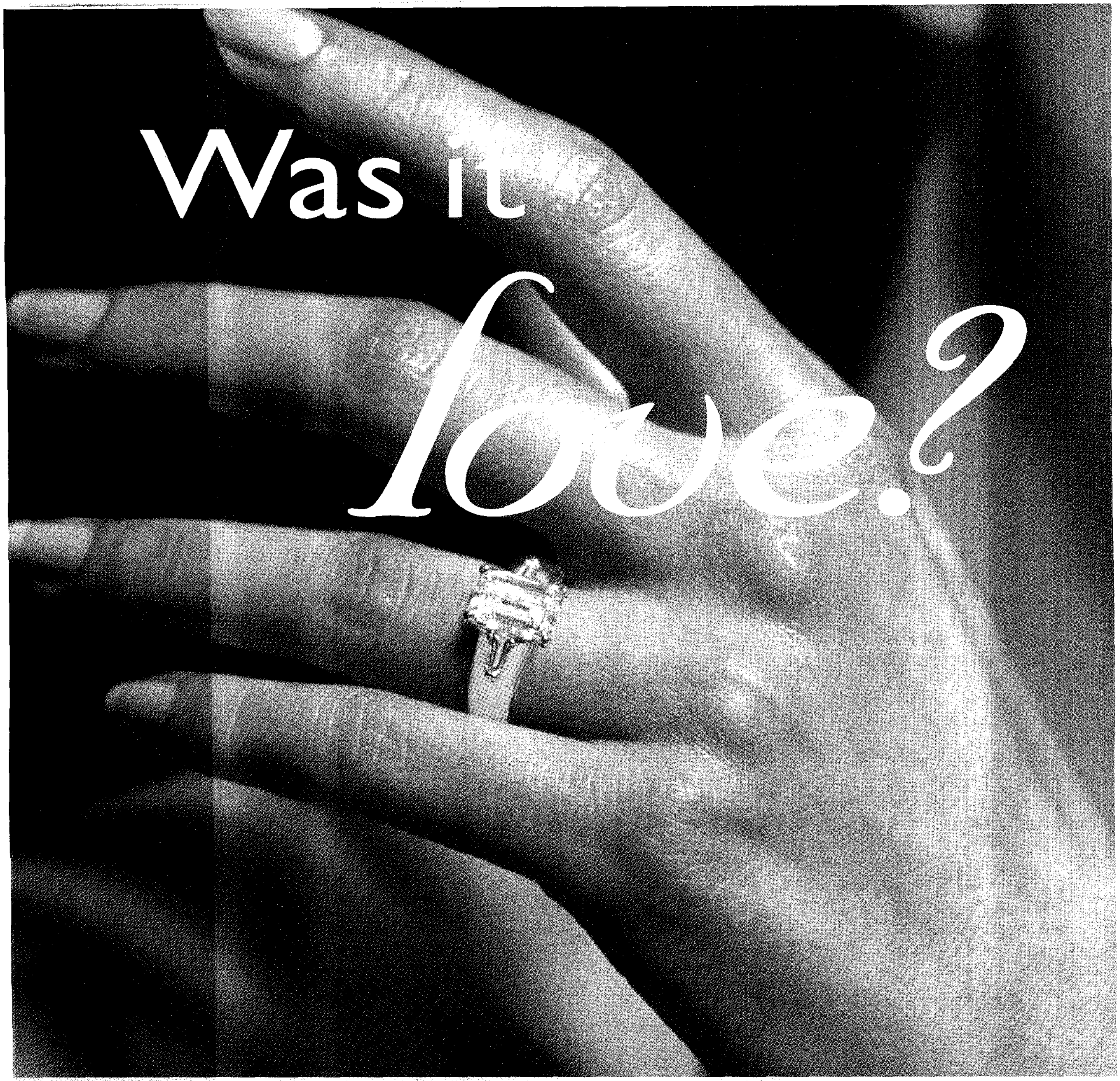
James Hammond
MANHATTAN

Don't Cry For Me

THE "INTELLIGENCER" ITEM ON *Saturday Night Live* and Joan Osborne ["What If Lorne Was One of Us," January 29] totally distorted a minor incident at the expense of *SNL* associate producer Marci Klein. There was no "wild, weepy scene" (would this language ever be used to describe a male producer?). Marci and other *SNL* executives were unusually sensitive and professional in dealing with Joan Osborne, after the running time of the show caused one of her scheduled songs to be dropped. I personally witnessed Marci graciously commiserating with Joan only minutes after the show ended, and we all felt that Marci was a real mensch in the way she dealt with a problem not of her own making.

To the extent that others have an agenda with *SNL*, or Marci, I wish they would leave Osborne and Mercury Records out of it. We are members of Marci's fan club.

Danny Goldberg
President & CEO, Mercury Records
MANHATTAN



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BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

THE WONDERFUL LIFE OF JIM STEWART

No one has *read* the book, but everyone's talking about it. Everyone, that is, except the guy who wrote it: Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist **James B. Stewart.** Though galleys of *Blood Sport: The President and His Adversaries* aren't even available, the much-anticipated investigation into Whitewater is shaking up more than the White House. In New York, it set off a fierce war among high-powered publications eager to excerpt it. But no one has warmed to the battle like *New Yorker* editor **Tina Brown.** Brown is said to have mounted a frantic crusade to snag the book for her magazine, sending out a pleading midnight memo to convince Stewart—on leave from *The New Yorker*—that the excerpt should go to her. "I've been told that the bidding on your book has been narrowed down to *Time* magazine and the *Wall Street Journal,*" began the note, which went on to alternately cajole, flatter, and bully the writer, according to a source. Handwritten by Brown, it was delivered to Stewart's home by an insistent messenger, who arrived at 1 A.M. and kept buzzing until the groggy author came to the door. Brown, through a spokeswoman, says she dispatched the messenger at 8:45 P.M. and is sorry if he got there late. Her feverish pitch may have been beside the point, anyway: Simon & Schuster—not Stewart—controls first serial rights on the book. "All I know is, we made our last pitch in December," reports **Jim Kelly,** *Time*'s second-in-command. *Time* has been promised first dibs on the book, sources say, although **Alice Mayhew** at S&S would not confirm that. Meanwhile, it's **Hillary Clinton** who's said to be really sweating it out until mid-March, when the book is expected. Sources say the book—currently being vetted by S&S lawyers—is tougher on her than it is on the president.

Mrs. Clinton: Uphill battle

REAL-LIFE THRILLER: A QUEENS *RANSOM*

Life brazenly imitated art recently when Kaufman Astoria Studios was held up during the filming of *Ransom,* an action-adventure film starring **Mel Gibson** and **Rene Russo.** The heist took place on the morning of January 17, just before filming started at the Long Island City studio. Ironically, the FBI agent hired as a consultant to the film was no deterrent to the burglars, who managed to escape with $25,000 worth of props from the set. Detective Kenneth Cerreta of the 114th Precinct says police are awaiting a complete list of stolen items, but refused to discuss further details, saying only that "the case is under investigation—I'm pursuing all leads." Police confirm that fingerprints were retrieved from the scene, and an informed source says the studio suspects an inside job. "That's being looked into," admits Detective Cerreta, but a Kaufman Astoria spokesperson refused to comment: "We don't wish to compromise the ongoing police investigation."

GATIEN'S GIRL HORRIFIED BY JENNY TALIA

A scant few months after a cover story in *The Village Voice* glowingly portrayed club king **Peter Gatien** as a respectable family man and entrepreneur, the one-eyed Canadian ex–hockey player who owns the Tunnel, the Limelight, and the Palladium has separated from his 27-year-old common-law wife and business partner, **Alessandra Kobayashi,** the daughter of Benihana restaurant-chain mogul **Rocky Aoki.** Gatien, 41, had told the *Voice* that "I've worked very hard to dispel the stereotypical image of the New York club owner as someone who's a big womanizer. . . ." But sources close to the impresario claim the breakup was prompted by Gatien's longtime girlfriend, a bald, multiply pierced 19-year-old club kid and onetime CK model who calls herself **Jenny Talia** and met Gatien through his 20-year-old daughter, Amy. Business repercussions, however, have yet to be determined—according to the pre-breakup *Voice* article, Kobayashi "controls the purse strings of the company." For now, she and the couple's 21-month-old son, **Xander,** are staying put in their five-story townhouse in the East Sixties. Meanwhile, Gatien is planning to open yet another vast club in a four-story warehouse on West 27th Street later this year. The new space is to be the domain of super-D.J. **Junior Vasquez,** who has agreed to stay on at the Tunnel until the new club is completed.

Rene Russo: ***Hear no evil***

Al D'Amato: Senator stud

THE DEVIL AND MS. (BARBARA) JONES

A judge is supposed to keep a sober mien, but there weren't many straight faces last week when the Manhattan D.A.'s office threw a party to celebrate **Barbara Jones**'s appointment to the federal bench. Well-wishers at the restaurant America first heard Pataki pal **Paul Schectman** introduce Jones's former boyfriend, **Al D'Amato,** with the words "In the past week, he's been eating pasta and drinking white water." Then D'Amato

Photographs: top left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; top right, M. Grecco/Sygma; center right, Adam Scull/Globe Photos.

Andrew Crispo:
Artful dodger

toasted Jones with a play on the Smith-Barney ad: "She got her job the old-fashioned way"—pause here for several sniggering beats—"she *earned* it." Yes, with a little help from her friends: Jones's judgeship, sponsored by D'Amato, breezed through quickly while others have languished. The judge—*despite* her longtime ties to D'Amato—is apparently popular in New York. Some of her assistants worked on a video, singing a song written by Schectman. They elected not to play it at the party—too many media types—but one of the songs parodied was "My Way": "Friends she's got a lot of/ That's because she knows D'Amato."

CRISPO GOES TO COURT, THE SEQUEL

Andrew Crispo and O. J. Simpson have more in common than you'd think. Both were implicated in—but not convicted of—notorious murders, and now both are facing embarrassing trials in civil court. On April 25, Crispo's eleven-year legal battle with **Robert Courtright** will finally go before a jury in New York Supreme Court. Courtright, an artist, had hundreds of pieces on consignment at the Andrew Crispo Gallery in March 1985, the month the news of Eigil Vesti's grisly S&M murder hit the papers. Though Crispo himself was never charged, his notoriety following the murder effectively closed the gallery. Now Courtright claims that Crispo never returned or paid for 147 original artworks (mostly collages), for which he wants $1.4 million. "Our position is that Crispo owes him nothing," replies Crispo's lawyer, Marc Bogatin. "It would be unfortunate if this . . . commercial dispute became an excuse for resurrecting innuendos that never led anywhere." Courtright's lawyer, John Koegel, sees things differently. "This case is about what a sleaze Andrew Crispo is," Koegel says. "I can't understand why Crispo would want to resurrect his despicable past when he could simply pay for what he took."

SEAN PENN GROWS; *PARIS* GOES

RAGING PENN: Never let it be said that **Sean Penn** isn't a *real* actor. Penn just signed on to play Irish playwright Brendan Behan in *Bells of Hell,* a character who gains 40 pounds as he ages. But while most Hollywood actors usually choose to wear a prosthetic "fat suit" instead of growing in their roles, Sean has opted to do it the natural way, setting out on an "all you can eat" diet. Penn's decision came after the actor reportedly consulted with his friend **Robert De Niro,** who famously inflated himself for his role in *Raging Bull.*

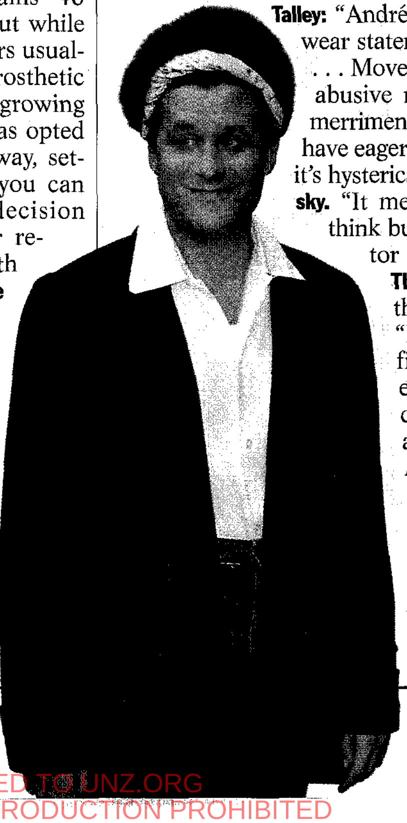
ROBBING PETER: He creates homes for the likes of **Ron Perelman** and **Chris Whittle,** but when it comes to keeping his own house in order, it seems **Peter Marino** could use a little help. According to a court complaint, someone forged checks on the architect's account at the Bank of New York between 1992 and 1994. Somehow, nearly $830,000 ended up being deposited in the Citibank account of **Annette** and **Martin Weiss.** It just so happens that Marino's controller at the time was also a Martin Weiss, and the checks were endorsed by an "A. Weiss," who has the same initials—but not the same signature—as Weiss's wife. An angry Marino is now suing the bank, claiming it never should have cashed the phony checks in the first place.

UNFIT TO PRINT? The New York *Times* no longer has to worry about *Paris in the 20's,* the insider 'zine that existed only to embarrass the Paper of Record. After several issues of singlemindedly reprinting improbable *Times* material, *Paris* received a veiled threat about copyright infringement last winter from *Times* counsel **George Freeman.** At first, *Paris*'s irreverent creators laughed Freeman off; but on Friday, they threw in the towel, toasting their final issue with an East Village bash. The humorless Freeman and *Times* executive editor **Joseph Lelyveld** were invited downtown to celebrate their victory; neither showed.

Additional reporting by Sam Pratt and Jared Paul Stern.

PAISLEY TIES SEVENTH AVENUE IN KNOTS

Who is Paisley Dalton, the self-appointed "editor-in-chief" of *The Jaded Letter*? While media sorts are red in the face from chasing the elusive author of *Primary Colors,* the fashion world is hunting its own poison-penman: the anonymous author of a four-page newsletter whose take-no-prisoners style makes Michael Gross's *Models* seem like a walk in Bryant Park. Consider these *Jaded* views of the air-kissing industry. On **Donna Karan's** new men's fragrance: "We'll try it again this summer when the insects are out and biting." On **Isaac Mizrahi:** "We know you must love **Olivia Newton-John** because you haven't stopped wearing that bandanna since she had her first hit." On fashion arbiter **André Leon Talley:** "André, you bore us. Your signature eyewear statement is dated. Your views are daft. . . . Move on, honey." Not surprisingly, the abusive missive has aroused considerable merriment among fashion heavyweights, who have eagerly faxed it all around town. "I think it's hysterical," says fashion maven **Lauren Ezersky.** "It mentions lots of things that people think but don't necessarily say." *Allure* editor **Linda Wells,** who joined **Joey Arias, Thierry Mugler,** and **Courtney Love,** on the newsletter's best-of list, concurs: "It's very funny stuff, but would I find it as funny if I were on the other list? Absolutely not." One insider connected "Paisley Dalton" to the author of the wry fashion manual *Paisley Goes With Nothing,* but **Hal Rubenstein** insists, "You've got the wrong guy." Those who escaped Paisley's wrath this time can't rest easy yet: The second *Jaded Letter* is due next month, just in time to rouse the industry out of its March doldrums. RENE CHUN



Isaac Mizrahi:
Ban the bandanna!

GOTHAM

A vast amount of good and evil intermixed and jumbled together—*Charles Dickens*

THE FRONT PAGE

When Tabloids Collide

The parallel universes of the New York 'Post' and 'Daily News' overlapped briefly last week.

In the universe of the New York *Post* there is only one color, red, a thick shriek across a landscape of mammoth black shapes bobbing on a roiling hot white sea. It is a loud, violent universe populated by characters who are either good or evil or supremely evil, and there is much screaming and weeping.

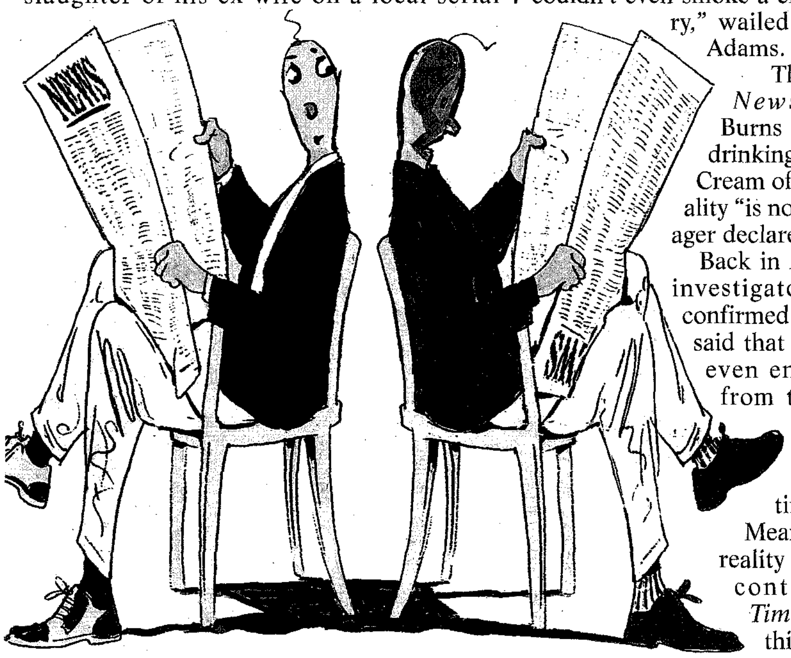
The New York *Daily News* would seem to exist in the same universe, until one begins to notice that there are regular bursts of color and many more grays, and that the character Giuliani has superpowers. Other, peculiar differences—The D'Amato is only two thirds as colossal and twice as googly-eyed—force one to conclude that the *Post* and *Daily News* occupy similar, but essentially parallel, universes in which the other does not exist.

Except when the two universes collide, as they did last week.

Last Monday, in *Post* World, the diabolical arch-villain O.J. was plotting to blame the slaughter of his ex-wife on a local serial killer. The serial killer had already confessed to a buddy in the *Post* universe, saying he had stolen a pair of O.J.'s gloves from Nicole Simpson's house, left one at the crime scene, and thrown the other bloody glove over O.J.'s fence after breaking into O.J.'s Bronco with a slimjim and wiping the glove around the interior.

On Tuesday, in *News* World, *Post* World was revealed to be a bizarre fantasy universe. A private investigator for O.J. denied that the arch-villain had any such scheme, calling the story "absolutely ludicrous."

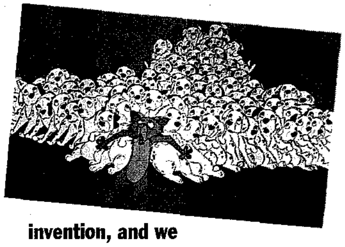
That same day in *Post* World, the old god George Burns was preparing to shuffle off this mortal coil. He was bedridden, couldn't eat, couldn't even smoke a cigar. "I hate this story," wailed the banshee Cindy Adams. "But it's the truth."



The very next day in *News* World, George Burns was smoking cigars, drinking martinis, and eating Cream of Wheat. The *Post* reality "is not true," Burns's manager declared.

Back in *Post* World, the O.J. investigator had definitively confirmed the *Post* reality and said that in fact he had never even encountered anyone from the *News* universe. "The truth is that my investigation into this issue is continuing."

Meanwhile, in the distant reality of the entirely self-contained New York *Times* universe, none of this ever happened.



EVERY DOG **"*It's enough to make* a strong man weep. . . . The census as the fundamental tool for the distribution of political power is a brilliant invention, and we oughtn't to trifle with it."** **—Robert Rifkind, representing New York City in a Supreme Court case that argues that the census systematically undercounts minorities, upon hearing the news that New York State is considering *undertaking a census of dogs***

BARBS IN TOYLAND **"It's no secret: They hate each other's fucking guts. No merger. That's just kooky talk."—Toy-industry insider on last week's proposed, and quickly dismissed, merger between Mattel and Hasbro**

THE SHOCK OF THE OLD **"Alessandro Parronchi attributed the piece in 1968. How could the French cultural-affairs office not have been curious about it? It's not like this was in the visa office. Were they too busy setting up homages to Jerry Lewis or rap *stars or graffiti artists?*" —Frederick Ilchman, a Metropolitan Museum lecturer on Renaissance art, on the "discovery" of a Michelangelo sculpture at 972 Fifth Avenue**

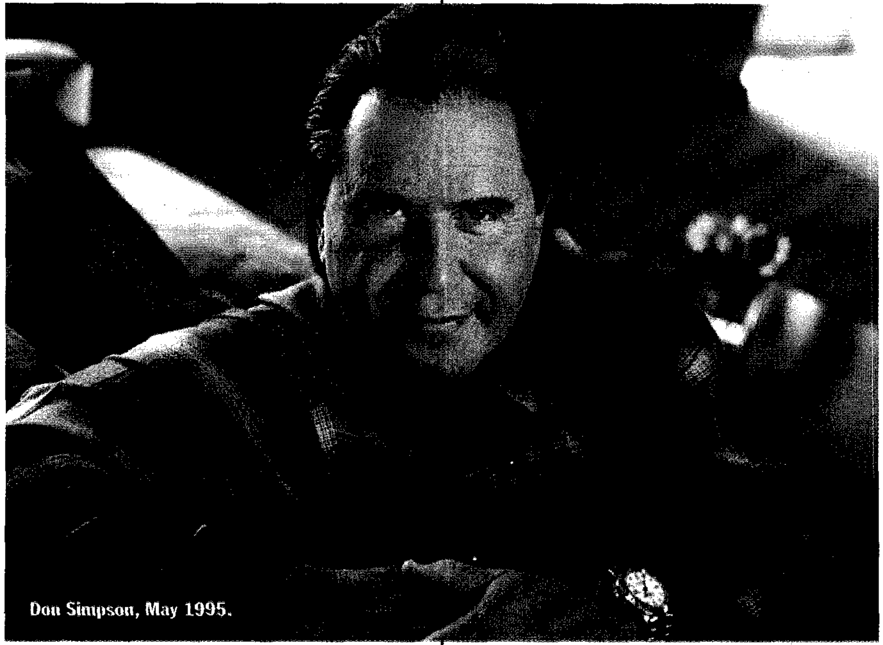
ABSOLUTELY FINEST **"I think it's sartorially splendid, though in New York, washing them every day is going to be a problem. It's great-looking. A darker glove would sort of disappear into the outfit."—Mr. Blackwell, fashion critic, delighted by the news that New York's traffic cops will once again be packing white gloves**

Illustration by Istvan Banyai; photograph by Walt Disney Co.

Memoir

DEATH OF A STRONG MAN

Don Simpson, the co-producer of Beverly Hills Cop, Top Gun, *and* Bad Boys, *was found dead ten days ago in his Bel Air home. He was 52.* New York *contributor (and actor and screenwriter) Ben Stein knew Simpson for more than fifteen years.*



Don Simpson, May 1995.

A long time ago, when I first came to Hollywood, gods walked the earth—and still talked to me. One of them was a lively, aggressive fellow who took me to lunch at Mr. Chow in about 1980 and pleaded with me to let him be my screenwriting agent. His name was Michael Ovitz. One of his pals, to whom he sent me for a pitch meeting, was a slightly overweight, extremely lively, extremely aggressive fellow at Paramount who sat at his desk with a Quotron that seemed to be always running.

Don Simpson was startlingly young to be head of motion-picture production. He had just turned 36 when I met him. He had a fleshy face that was always in action, like the figures on the Quotron, always displaying an image of how he was—up, down, happy, sad, triumphant, despairing.

We hit it off, probably for two reasons. First, like him, I was interested in the stock market. Second, I had come to pitch a story about coeds at USC and had brought with me my very startlingly proportioned assistant, Vicki, a USC student. Simpson could not keep his eyes off her. He offered to give me a screenwriting gig—although a very small one—at Paramount if I could take an office at the studio and make sure Vicki was with me at all times.

The next time I saw Simpson (I did not take the writing assignment), he had completely forgotten about Vicki. He wanted to talk about his life. Strict parents; living in Alaska, where in summer there were giant flies. I pitched another script, and he again offered to buy it, but on such penurious terms that I turned him down. That seemed to be only an incident in the conversation. He really wanted to talk about his weight. He wanted me to know that despite his somewhat ample figure, he was really in great shape. "Can you do this?" he asked. With that he threw himself down on the floor of his magnificent office and started to do push-ups. When he was done, he sat at his desk and squeezed some kind of spring. "Strength," he said, working the spring. "This business takes strength. I'm going to be the strongest man in this business."

Then he wanted to arm-wrestle.

I saw him again months later and asked for a favor. My wife had just quit working at Donovan Leisure, a Manhattan law firm. She wanted to work in entertainment law in Los Angeles. Could he help her get something at Paramount's legal department?

Without another word, he called the head of legal and arranged for a job interview with his high recommendation—of a woman whom he had never met, the wife of an acquaintance with whom he had never actually done any business.

She got the job. When I called to thank him on her first day of work, Don was agitated. "There are people here who want me out. They can't take me because I have too many ideas, Ben. Too many ideas. That scares some people."

I saw him at Mortons a few days later. He was wearing what came to be his uniform: Black leather jacket. Jeans that were always too tight. And some kind of shoes that looked like both boots and shoes.

"I'm leaving the production job," he said. "They're making me indie prod. But I want to tell you something. I am not going to just go to a bungalow and take the money. I am going to be the most successful independent producer on the lot. I am going to make the biggest movies this studio has ever seen. I didn't come here from fucking Alaska to wind up jerking off in some office on the back lot."

"Babe Ruth pointing at the fence before he hits the home run," I said.

"Exactly, Ben," he said. "Exactly. Just watch."

When *Flashdance* came out, he called me to make sure I came to a preview, and sat next to me to make sure I stayed through it. He even followed me to the popcorn stand to prevent me from taking much time away from the picture. I liked it, and wrote about how much I liked it in the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, and Don called to thank me.

A short time later, I was in Dallas visiting in-laws when I was awakened one morning by a call from Don Simpson. He was extremely upset. "Your newspaper," he said, "is about to run a front-page story that's going to ruin my life. The *Herald* is going to say that I'm a big drug dealer for Hollywood. That's bullshit. I have never in all my life dealt drugs. They're relying on some loser who used to sell drugs to me, but I never, ever sold drugs."

"I believe you," I said, and I did. "Who would ever deal drugs if he could produce movies?"

"Exactly. More money, less risk. Can you call the editor and tell her that it's a bullshit story and that I'm going to sue if they run it?"

I called Mary Ann Dolan, the editor, and told her what I thought. "The guy is a genius, a maniac, and extremely compulsive," I said. "He probably does use drugs. But people like Don don't deal drugs. Talk to him yourself. Talk to him about what he does and how much money he makes. There is no way after you know him that you'll run that story. It's just going to make us look silly and get us sued."

The story did not run. (Though Mary Ann says it wasn't my doing. "What we didn't run was a major series on drug use in the studios," she says. "We never got enough people to talk on the record

Photograph by EJ Camp/Outline.

The Smoking Lexicon

Threaten to punch William Safire in the nose and he'll only laugh—maybe even praise your nice "instinct for the jocular." But if you want to toss a real fighting word at the New York *Times*'s pop logomachist, try *Watergate*. Reminding Safire of his Nixonian heritage imputes guilt by association (he was a Nixon speechwriter) but also hints at a more sweeping accusation: that Safire's 23-year career as political columnist and weekly language arbiter has really been about rehabilitating Nixon by relentlessly tarring his successors with the same rhetorical brush—diminished guilt by association (see abridged dictionary below). Safire disarmingly describes himself as a "fan" of the coinage—making it seem harmless fun—but with commentators now regularly comparing the Clintons' misbehavior to the felonies of the Nixon administration, who is to say it hasn't worked?

NOAM COHEN

Billygate [(BILLY) CARTER + -GATE] The accusation that President Carter's brother used familial connections to lobby for Libya.
1980 WILLIAM SAFIRE, New York *Times* 21 July NONE DARE CALL IT BILLYGATE (headline)

Briefingate [BRIEFING (BOOK) + -GATE] Charges that Ronald Reagan's camp had infiltrated Jimmy Carter's preparations for their televised debate in 1980.
1983 SAFIRE, *Times* 30 June Briefingate—the penetration of the Carter campaign by the Reagan campaign, in order to give the Republican candidate an edge in 1980's televised debate—raises a legitimate issue of right and wrong.

Contragate [CONTRAS + -GATE] The diversion of funds from the sales of arms to Iran to the Nicaraguan Contras. Also Iran-contra or **Irangate.**
1987 SAFIRE, *Times* 4 January Doves here have tried to shift the focus to Nicaragua by calling it Contragate.

Deavergate [(MICHAEL) DEAVER + -GATE] Accusations that the former deputy chief of staff used his connection to President Reagan to attract clients to his lobbying business.
1986 SAFIRE, *Times* 25 April THE ROAD TO DEAVERGATE (headline)

Debategate [DEBATE + -GATE] Scandal caused when James Baker and William Casey accused each other of masterminding *Briefingate.*
1987 SAFIRE, *Times* 27 October That was why [Casey] could challenge James Baker to . . . a [lie detector] test when the two men clashed over knowledge of the Carter briefing book in "Debategate."

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE DOLLAR

Doublebillingsgate [DOUBLE + BILLINGS + -GATE] A minor White House expense-account scandal.
1991 SAFIRE, *Times* 20 October My best [-gate coinage] was the encapsulation of a minor . . . scandal as doublebillingsgate.

Frankiegate [FRANK (SINATRA) + -IE + -GATE] Concerns that William French Smith, then the attorney general designee, had attended a party in honor of Frank Sinatra.
1981 SAFIRE, *Times* 8 January Calm down, French Smith . . . Don't turn your simple blunder into "Frankiegate."

Franklingate [FRANKLIN (ROOSEVELT) + -GATE] The discovery that the 32nd president had installed tape recorders in the White House.
1982 SAFIRE, *Times* 17 January F.D.R. had his greatnesses, too; why should anyone who hated to wallow in Watergate now want to frolic in Franklingate?

Genschergate [(HANS-DIETRICH) GENSCHER + -GATE] The allegation that West German companies exported poison gas to Libya, Iraq, and Syria. Named for the then West German foreign minister.
1989 SAFIRE, *Times* 16 January Genschergate? We'll see; already the nimble foreign minister is distancing himself from his Kohl coalition partners in an effort to appear spotless as the Lambdorff.

Housegate [HOUSE (BANK) + -GATE] The discovery that members of Congress bounced checks drawn on the House bank. (Later **Kitegate** and **Rubbergate.**)
1991 SAFIRE, *Times* 20 October To start the bidding, I put "Housegate" in a headline over a political harangue. I'm often first out of the box with what other pundits mutter is a trivialization of Watergate.

Iraqgate [IRAQ + -GATE] The allegation that the Bush administration helped build up Iraq's military shortly before the Gulf War.
1992 SAFIRE, *Times* 18 May Our State and Agriculture Departments' complicity in Iraq's duplicity transformed what could have been dealt with as "Saddam's Lavoro scandal" into George Bush's Iraqgate.

Koreagate [KOREA + -GATE] The disclosure in 1976 that a South Korean businessman distributed $850,000 to members of Congress.
1977 SAFIRE, *Times* 11 April On March 15, the Department of Justice went to court saying that the Civil Rights Act should not apply to Otto Passman [former representative from Louisiana]. A prime suspect of Koreagate was thus soothed.

Lancegate [(BERT) LANCE + -GATE] 1. The accusation that President Carter's budget director had financial irregularities while president of First Calhoun National Bank when he ran it 2. The Column topic that earned William Safire a Pulitzer Prize in 1978.
1977 SAFIRE, *Times* 16 October LANCEGATE: WHY CARTER STUCK IT OUT (headline)

Maggiegate [MAGGIE (THATCHER) + -GATE] The accusation that the British prime minister misled Parliament about what caused the start of the Falklands War.
1985 SAFIRE, *Times* 18 February TO PREVENT MAGGIEGATE (headline)

Nannygate [NANNY + -GATE] The revelation that some of Clinton's early appointees had not paid Social Security taxes for their domestic help.
1993 SAFIRE, *Times* 20 June At first [Domestic policy adviser Bruce] Lindsey tripped over Nannygate, and as a result was cautious to a fault in selecting sub-Cabinet appointees.

Raidergate [(CORPORATE) RAIDER + -GATE] Insider-trading scandals of the mid-'80s.
1986 SAFIRE, *Times* 20 November The first phase of the Wall Street scandals (none dare call it "Raidergate") came with the revelation that some deal-makers and arbs were illegally making money by avoiding the risk.

Scalpgate [SCALP + -GATE] Clinton's decision to get a haircut from Cristophe of Beverly Hills in a plane at the Los Angeles airport, forcing massive delays.
1986 SAFIRE, *Times* 24 May Reporters . . . will scratch away at Scalpgate.

Travelgate [TRAVEL (OFFICE) + -GATE] The ongoing investigation of 1993 firings at the White House Travel Office.
1993 SAFIRE, *Times* 24 May The amalgam of Hollywood cronyism . . . "distant" nepotism, the old spoils system operating under a new self-righteousness, and an unremarked abuse of the Justice Department—all quickly dubbed "Travelgate."

Troopergate [(STATE) TROOPER + -GATE] Allegations that Clinton had Arkansas state troopers procure women for him when he was governor.
1994 SAFIRE, *Times* 5 May The *American Spectator*, vanguard of Troopergate, is vindicated.

Hillary Clinton

Whitewatergate [WHITEWATER (DEVELOPMENT CORP.) + -GATE] The ongoing investigation of the Clintons' investment in the Whitewater real-estate venture.
1994 SAFIRE, *Times* 27 March Whitewatergate, a natural coinage, is too long to fit in a headline; the Whitewater scandal seems excessively critical, at least for now.

Illustrations by David Smith.

Pretoria's Secret

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

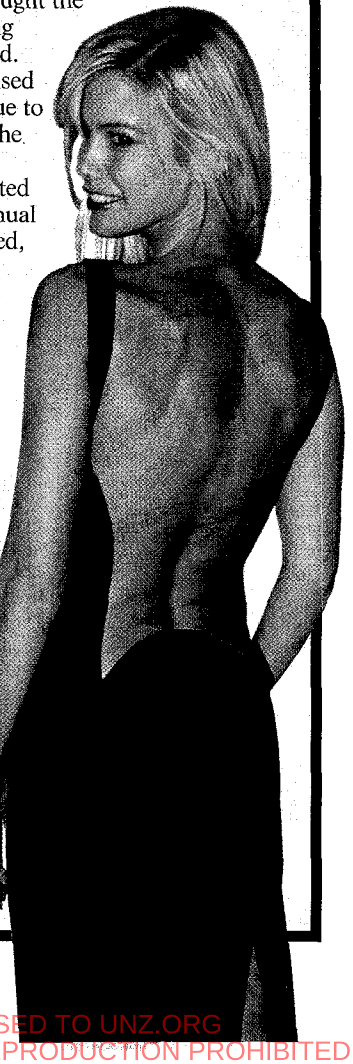
At the Official All-Star Cafe for Sports Illustrated's 1996 Swimsuit Issue Party.

Top, Tyra Banks with *Sports Illustrated* publisher Dave Long at the All-Star Cafe. Above, fellow swimsuit models Stacey Williams, Rebecca Romijn, and Georgianna Robertson, and retiring senior editor Jule Campbell.

Around the top of the room, in slides projected high above the fray, famous models were enjoying "South African Adventure"—lounging in the desert flanked by tribesmen, snuggling an elephant, etc. Down below, the women (in gowns now, not bikinis) were standing immobile as a line of guys filed past, eager to have their photo taken with an arm around one of the living statues. Tyra Banks, the first African-American woman to appear on the cover, graciously thanked the editors for their courageous choice.

"This issue has Super Bowl numbers without a Super Bowl cost," bragged publisher Dave Long to a few hundred advertisers enjoying beers and a burger. He and new managing editor Bill Colson introduced each other in the standard form (years with the company, positions held) as well as the *SI* variant (varsity teams, positions played). Then one by one they brought the models onstage. The guys teased them lightly, joking around with the crowd. The girls giggled and smiled. And the audience laughed in all the right spots. Poised and friendly, Banks suggested, "It's the perfect venue to say Rodney King's 'Can't we all just get along?' " She sure looked great.

Retreating from the throng, Jule Campbell reflected on the 32 years she's spent putting together the annual issues: "America has changed a lot. When we started, Lycra wasn't discovered yet."



James Wolcott with Dani Shapiro (left) and Ron Rosenbaum with Elizabeth Wurtzel (below) at Nell's for the party celebrating Shapiro's novel *Picturing the Wreck*. Right, swimsuit model Valeria Mazza.

---

to feel comfortable about it.") Don called to say he was grateful, and for the next few years he was effusively friendly when I ran into him. He had a string of mega-hits, beginning with *Beverly Hills Cop*. He—along with his partner, the slender, clean-living Jerry Bruckheimer—became a Hollywood supermogul. Along with the fame and the money came stories. The drug stories were old and had been attested to by so many people that they were almost commonplace. The stories that really rang bells in Hollywood were about his imperial childishness and capriciousness: A guard at Paramount did not open the gate fast enough one day, so he just drove through it, then sent Paramount the bill for the damage to his car; he would scream so violently at underlings that women would go see him only in pairs; a studio publicist once went to his Coldwater Canyon home leaving instructions that if she was not back in three hours, the legal department should call the police.

And the girls. Girls on call at all hours. A beautiful young woman whom I employed met Don with me at Mortons. She "dated" him off and on for years. He always got her job interviews, but she rarely got jobs. "I don't understand it, Ben," she would say. "How come I, alone among all the girls he knows, don't wind up with the job? I'm thinking of suing him."

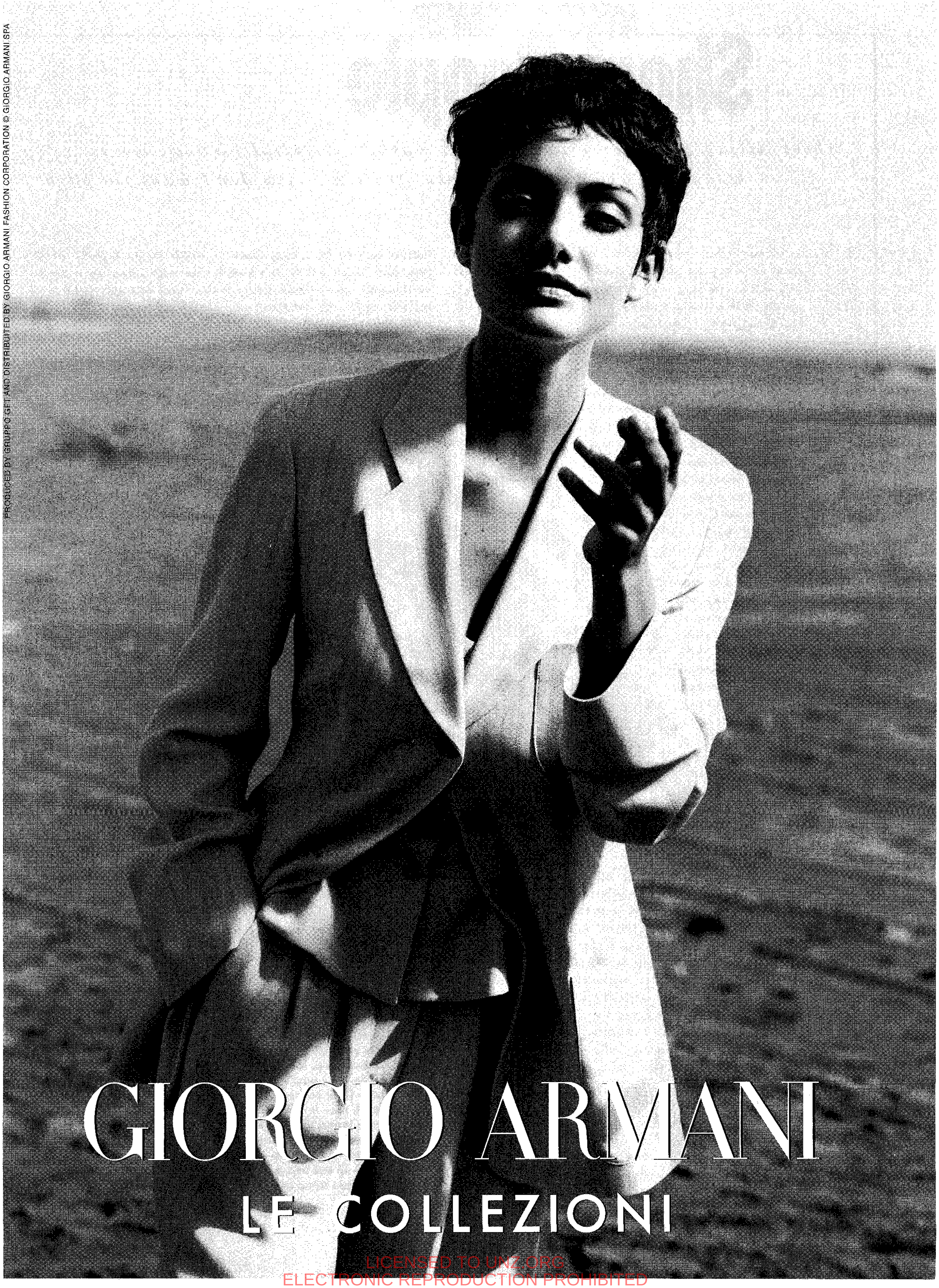
There were more hits and more money and more girls. More cocaine, more rehabs, more struggles with his weight.

In every meaningful sense, he had conquered Hollywood. Now, in middle age, his struggle was solely against himself: to be sober, to be healthy, to somehow remove himself from the person he had become. He started to have deep depressions, and then deep rages. He called in a doctor to help him with the drugs. The doctor was found dead soon after from a drug overdose out by Don's pool.

The last time I saw Don was at Mortons about six months ago. He looked paunchy, and he was wearing seriously tight clothes, as if he were trying to cram his chaotic oversize self into a more orderly shape.

"I'm going to be an actor—like you, Ben," he said. "I'm going to have action parts and I'm going to play heroes and villains. I'm also going to direct myself. Acting and directing. That's where the fun is in this town."

Then he grabbed my forearm and gave it a painful squeeze. "I'm working out," he said. "Want to see how strong I am? Want to arm-wrestle? I have a trainer and I am getting really, really strong." ■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THE BOTTOM LINE **JAMES J. CRAMER**

Short People

Short selling is tempting in this stock market, essential for some money managers, and muy macho. But trust us—you don't want the pain.

EVERYONE IN MY OFFICE KNOWS WHEN I'VE GOT A BAD short on. They see me slink from my trading turret and in a meek, cracking voice announce that I've got to go off the desk to make a phone call. I sneak back into the computer room—like many other traders, I have no office, just my desk—and punch out my home number.

"Do you have a second?" I ask when my wife picks up. "There's a problem at work."

"Which short is it this time?" she says with all the knowing weariness of someone who traded with me every day for six years before leaving for domestic sanity. Recently, I had to tell her it was Barrick Gold (ABX), the continent's largest and best gold-mining concern. I had calmly been selling 25,000 shares short every quarter-point starting at $25 as part of a larger bet I was making against gold, hoping that I could buy the stock back at a lower price for a substantial profit. But Barrick had rocketed up four and a half points in an almost straight line, and I was now frantically short 400,000 shares, and down more than a million dollars, in a wink. I had been caught swimming against the tide of the biggest gold rally in years. By day three of my short, it had gotten to the point when all I could do was hit up ABX on my screen again and again, as if I could somehow stop the buying wave by madly clicking on the stock symbol.

"Clear your head" was Karen's sage advice. "Just cover it all." Which I did, buying back the whole 400,000 shares at $29.50. To hide my embarrassment, I was careful to use a broker who didn't know I was buying to cover a short. Never mind how ill-timed this turned out to be, that the very next day, Barrick announced that its biggest shareholder was unloading his stake, which quickly drove the stock down to where I would have been profitable had I ignored my wife and waited 24 hours. Like Dustin Hoffman begging for and receiving oil of clove from Laurence Olivier in *Marathon Man*, I was at last anesthetized from Barrick's gnawing drill.

When the hedge-fund honchos get together in New York, everybody cracks jokes when various longs get touted. It's all hype, they say cynically. Everything's phony. But you can hear a pin drop when the conversation turns to shorts. Unlike mutual-fund managers, who get paid a percentage of assets no matter whether the portfolio goes up or down, hedge-fund people take a piece only of profits. It's a high-risk, high-reward game in which the mandate is to make money in a down market, not merely survive. So selling short is considered the highest art they practice—that's where they look for the edge. Shorting is macho, vertiginous, glory-filled. Every hedge-fund manager is far more turned on by the prospect of finding the next U.S. Surgical, which plummeted from 120 to 20 in steady and deliberate fashion, than by discovering the next Amgen or Motorola.

But shorting lately has gotten a tarnished reputation, and it should. Not because it's un-American, but because the market, astonishingly, hasn't declined by more than 10 percent at any time during the past five years, the longest stretch ever without a big correction. In 1996, however, we've had a couple of sessions where being short has made you a fortune. So should you consider betting against some companies as part of a diversified portfolio? In a rational world, where visceral pain thresholds never get crossed, the answer is yes, even though I'm maniacally bullish on 1996's prospects. But in the real world, the emotional toll is just too great. If a supposedly thick-skinned professional like me has to flee the desk to stave off suicide, I can promise you there's no way you'll be able to ride out a horrible short and stay cool.

Why is it so hard? Unforeseen events lurk everywhere: How did I know, after I shorted Hasbro toys because it had no hot new products, that Mr. Potato Head—*Mr. Potato Head*—would rise from the dead after *Toy Story*? (Or that Mattel would bid $5 billion for it last week, for that matter.) Worse, of course, your potential loss is infinite. How did I know that gold wouldn't soar to $500, and Barrick wouldn't zip through the thirties to 40, to 100, thereby wiping out my whole company?

But the more important consideration is that today's stock

Shorts for Dummies: **To "be long" a stock is the normal, all-American way: You simply buy shares in a company and make or lose money as their value goes up or down, respectively. Going "short" is the mirror image. Instead of buying, you sell shares—which you've borrowed from a broker. Then you hope the price goes down so you can buy them back at a lower price. So you borrow five shares of Company X, priced at $100 a share, and sell them for $500. If the price sinks to $50 a share, you buy the stock back at the new, lower price of $250 and return the shares. You pocket the $250 difference.**

If the stock rises to $150, however, you may feel compelled to "cover" your losses by buying back the stock at that price, $750 for the five shares, and when you replace the borrowed stock, you've thus lost $250. Or more: A "short squeeze" is when lots of short sellers are covering their losses at once, and with all that buying pressure, the stock keeps going up. You don't want to get caught riding one of these.

Illustration by Owen Phillips.

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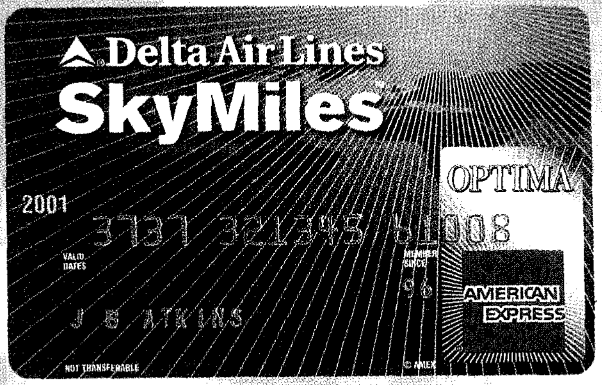
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market and the mutual-fund-brokerage complex that dominates it are increasingly geared to moving stocks higher, not lower. Take the recent case of IBM, a stock I suggested here three weeks ago that readers could short because of problems with its personal-computer division and its Lotus Notes acquisition. I didn't invent these problems. They were fed to me by bearish analysts, experts who cover IBM and had been led to believe that the company would make a dour forecast after it issued its most recent earnings numbers.

I thought I was okay when the earnings hit the tape. Sure, they were a little better than expected. But I was confident that IBM's 10:30 A.M. conference call with analysts would cause grave worry among shareholders—and, I hoped, selling. I couldn't have been more wrong. The call was not only rosy but downright exciting, dispelling whatever doubts had been implied beforehand by management. I escaped annihilation, however. As a precaution against just such a dreaded upside event, I had bought call options—the right to buy the stock if it hit a certain point—which stopped me out at $90. If I hadn't, the fourteen-point rally would have seen me scrambling with all the other shorts to get stock. The only scrambling I had to contend with was the egg mashed all over my face from my *New York* prediction.

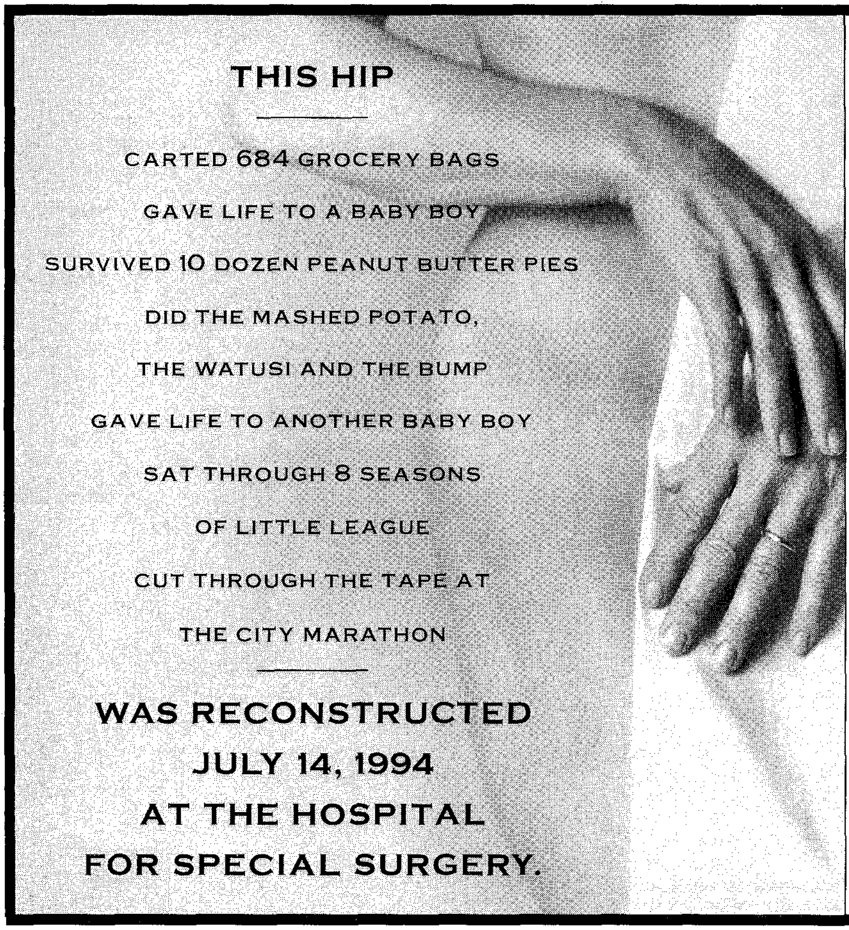
I had been victimized by the most vicious of long-side tricks, what we at Cramer Co. call UPOD—management at IBM had underpromised and overdelivered. Because the mutual funds are so obsessed these days with making decisions on the basis of whether companies meet analysts' expectations, a downside surprise can be brutally punishing on a stock price. So companies are being increasingly conservative in their forecasting.

Corporate America has hundreds of ways to spoil the fun of short selling, and the mutual funds fall for all of them. Even the most inspired of great shorts can take forever to pay off. Two years ago, when we discovered Intuit's marvelous at-home checking software, I decided to short Deluxe Corporation, the country's largest maker of checks. Logical, right? Sometimes this job seems easy.

But Deluxe began busily diversifying into other industries, like electronic data processing. Then the company revealed that it had created a wonder ink that would solve environmental problems. Analysts at the big brokerages seized on the ink story to justify their buy recommendations, left over from when Deluxe dominated its pre-digital-revolution market. Deluxe also hinted that it would get a deep-pocketed partner to help market the new ink. More analysts reiterated buys. Finally, two years after I first started shorting Deluxe, management last month admitted that the paper-check business was slowing, that its diversification efforts were faltering, and that the ink project would be terminated or written off. But was I there to cash in? Nah, I gave up two quarters ago, believing that Deluxe would just keep coming up with new magic bullets.

If you believe that the great crash is coming, though, it's not a bad idea to sock in some put options on your least favorite stocks. This isn't short selling but merely betting on a stock's decline by buying the right to sell it at a certain price at a future date, which limits your liability to the price of the put if the stock goes into free fall. It's the trading equivalent of covering the mountainside with ropes and pitons. I know I always have them on, to protect my portfolio. But after my recent IBM fiasco, I think I'll keep quiet about the stocks I'm betting against. ■

James Cramer is a money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. He can be e-mailed at jjcramerco@aol.com.



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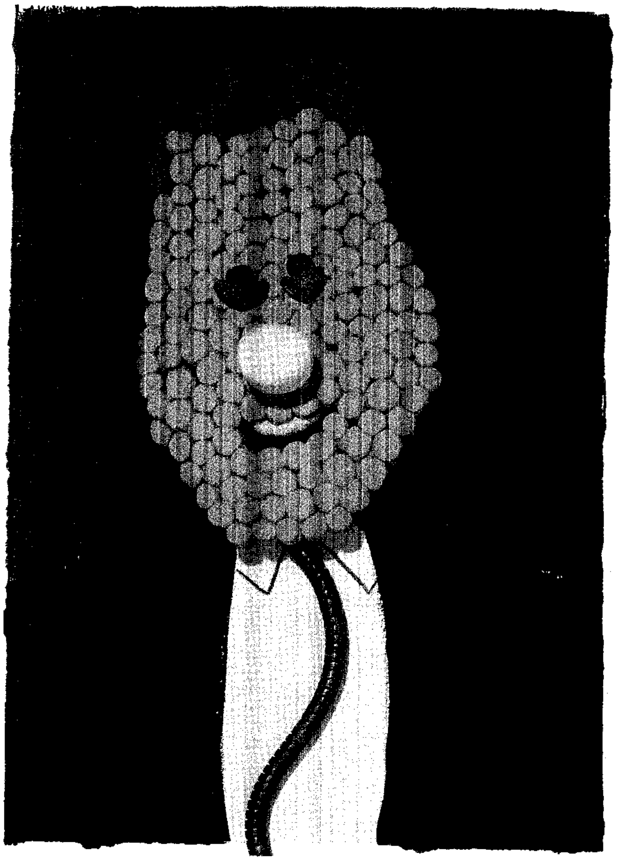
Standing Tallish

Conservatives are letting Clinton take credit for resoluteness in facing them down. But as last week's speech showed, he's already ceded major ground.



BASED ON HIS STATE OF the Union address, Bill Clinton deserves the prize for Most Improved American President of 1996. Last year, he talked airily and endlessly. This year, he disciplined himself, maintaining a brisk pace and finishing in an hour. Last year, he seemed at a loss for an answer to the Republican revolution; the *Times* said he was searching for a "rationale" for the rest of his term. This year, he was specific and lucid, addressing the nation's problems within the new context of fiscal restraint. Deft media management by the White House—another novelty—assured that the message the administration wanted was broadcast across the country: CLINTON DECLARES END TO ERA OF BIG GOVERNMENT.

But the biggest change in comparison with 1995 wasn't Clinton's performance. It was the mood of the Republicans. Last year the right side of the chamber was a triumphant army marching under the banner of the Contract With America. Nothing Clinton said (and there was little he didn't) could dim the enthusiasm of Newt's merry band. This time, despite instructions to behave, the frosh could barely contain their indignation. When a few Republicans rose to applaud a line in the speech about keeping the assault-weapons ban, others glowered at them as if they were committing an act of treason. When the president called for bipartisan consensus on welfare reform, one Young Turk angrily blurted out: "Been there, done that." In Statuary Hall, where members go to spin the speech to reporters afterward, Republicans were in a humorless lather. Majority Whip Tom DeLay brandished a handwritten list of alleged Clinton lies. "I mean, you just go down 21 outright lies," he sputtered. "And I didn't have a copy of the speech. That's just what I heard."

Actually, you could tell the speech was effective by how many times DeLay and others reached for the term *liberal* to describe it. It was plainly not liberal at all. The accusation bespeaks the current Republican desperation. Now that the president has forsworn deficit spending, his antagonists are reduced to flinging yesterday's epithets. Among the president's advisers, there is increasingly the feeling of giddiness that comes from being shot at and missed. But for Clinton, complacency would be misplaced. Nine months is time enough for another reversal of fortunes, and there is still plenty of reason to fear it.

The Clintonites would do well to understand the extent to which their current success derives not from their own heroics but from conservative stupidity. In recent weeks, the papers have been doing the kind of postmortems about the Republican revolution that followed the failure of health-care reform in 1994. What went wrong? Gingrich has commented that his miscalculation was underestimating Clinton's resolve. The president and his team were "tougher than I thought they would be," he said in one interview. But Clinton hasn't really been tough at all. Despite resisting on a few issues, like cuts in Medicare, Clinton has essentially yielded to the Republicans. He truly capitulated on January 6, when he issued a proposal to legitimately balance the budget in seven years. The State of the Union was practically a white flag. For Clinton to declare an end to big government is the ultimate tribute to Gingrich. Political debate now takes place almost entirely on conservative terrain.

What is actually undermining Gingrich right now is his own side's inflexibility. The mulishness of the freshmen has prevented the Speaker from either recognizing or claiming his momentous achievement; it propelled him instead to drop the big one, shutting the government and threatening default, which caused immense collateral damage among the electorate. If they weren't so busy denouncing Clinton's budget as socialism with a human face, Republicans might realize it secures most of their objectives. What they are fuming about now is the president's unwillingness to go beyond mere balance, to slash social spending even more deeply to pay for a bigger and more regressive tax cut. Conservative atavism has done what no liberal program could do—it has united the Democrats. However reluctantly, even the old-fashioned deficit spenders, the Gephardts and Boniors, have fallen in line behind the balanced budget. After the State of the Union, Jesse Jackson was the only Democrat in Statuary Hall I heard criticize Clinton for caving in to the right.

From the Democratic point of view, there is still the danger that Republicans will get smart and declare victory. Some of the freshmen seem to regard getting thrown out of office after one term as validation of their beliefs. But the wise old heads of the GOP recognize that it's time to sue for peace. If the Speaker can get his

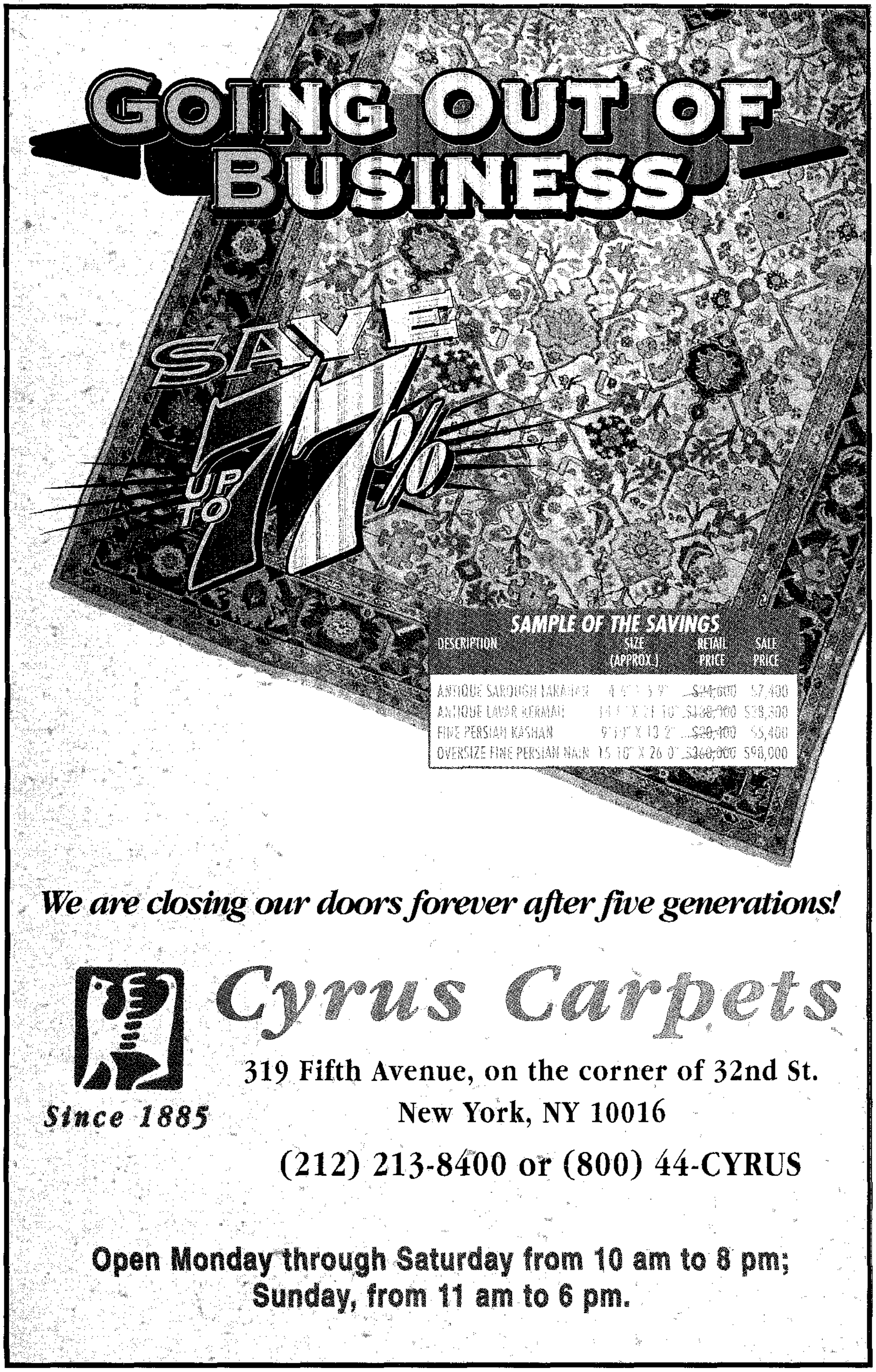
Illustration by Hanoch Piven.

side to compromise, it will give his party another chance to take credit for saving the country. Moreover, from the point of view of the presidential election, Bob Dole is the Republican who is least implicated in his party's extremism. He has done a subtle and effective job of distancing himself from the radicals, triangulating, as Dick Morris might put it, between Gingrich to his right and Clinton on his left.

There is also potential for the administration to miscalculate, as it has so many times in the past. According to White House sources, there remain two basic views of how the president should position himself for November. The Morris school holds that Clinton needs a deal on the budget and welfare reform. This will enable him to neutralize or even take credit for implementing the sensible bits of the Republican agenda. His centrist cred thus established, Clinton can horsewhip his opponent for holding extreme positions, not just on Medicare and tax cuts but on abortion, guns, and the environment.

Pitted opposite Morris are the lefties George Stephanopoulos, James Carville, and (some say) Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes, who would all prefer no deal. "I think a big election about big things is to the president's benefit," Carville says. "No deal makes it a big election." This faction wants to stress Clinton's fundamental differences with the Republicans—and take them to the voters in November. "I dispute with all vigor that the result would be a pox on both your houses," Carville says. One potential ramification of the no-deal strategy is that it is likely to provoke Ross Perot. But viewed from a Machiavellian tilt, that's the beauty of it: a Perot angry enough to run is a kind of insurance policy for Clinton, since his candidacy would take more votes away from the Republican candidate, as it did in 1992.

Either approach might well fail. If the president, pursuing a let's-make-a-deal strategy, seems to yield too easily, he could come to be seen once again as a man of few and flexible principles. Alternately, if he goes along with his no-dealers, he risks being seen as putting politics first. At the moment, however, the president is thriving by ignoring all his advisers. Carville acknowledges Clinton isn't listening to him; the president, he says, truly desires a compromise. Clinton wants to balance the budget, but not at such a reduced level of spending that it prevents the country from dealing with the "challenges" he outlined in his address. On this point he isn't striking a pose of "standing firm"—he's *really* standing firm. It's the right place for him to be. The only question is why it took him so long to get there. ■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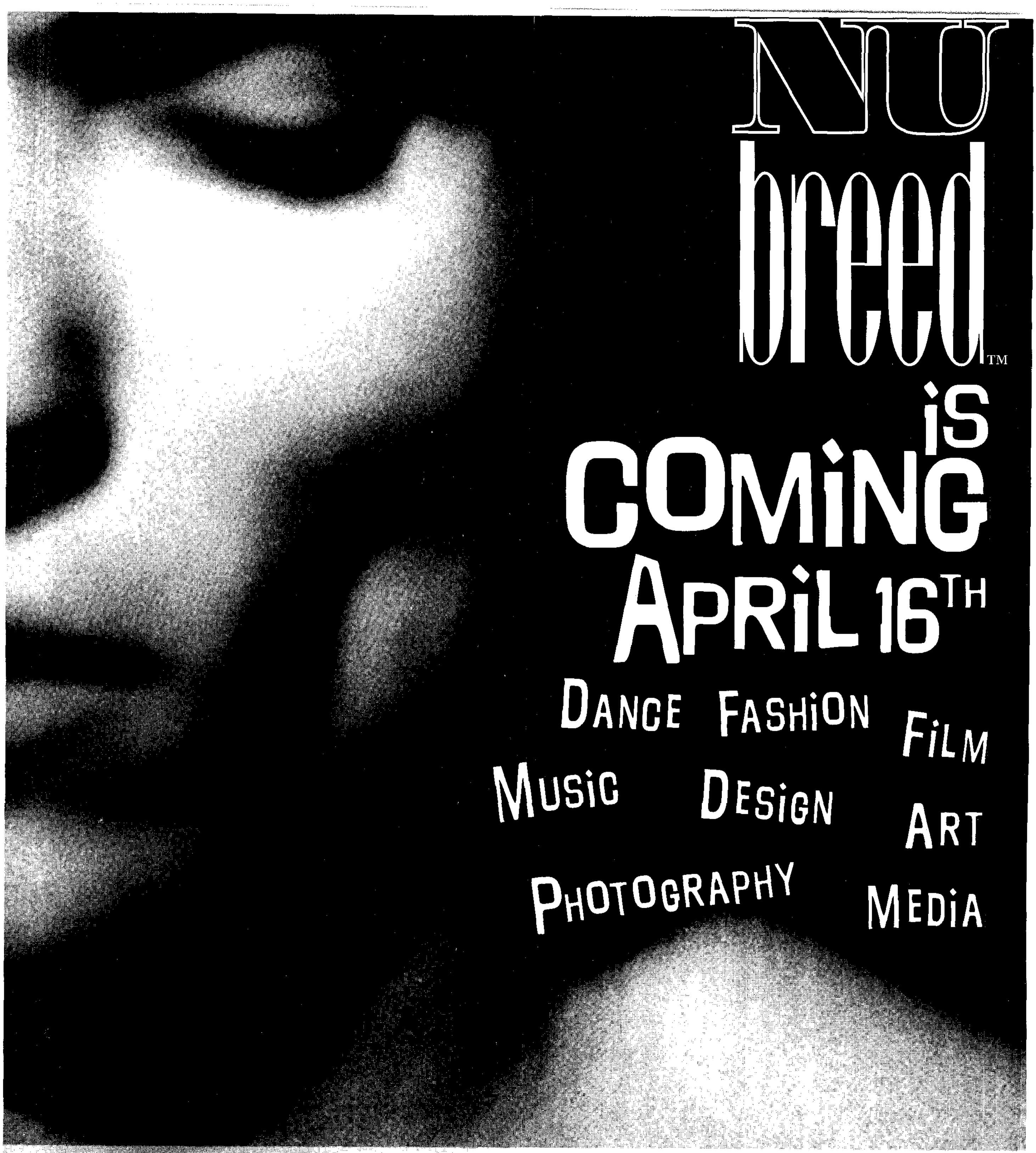
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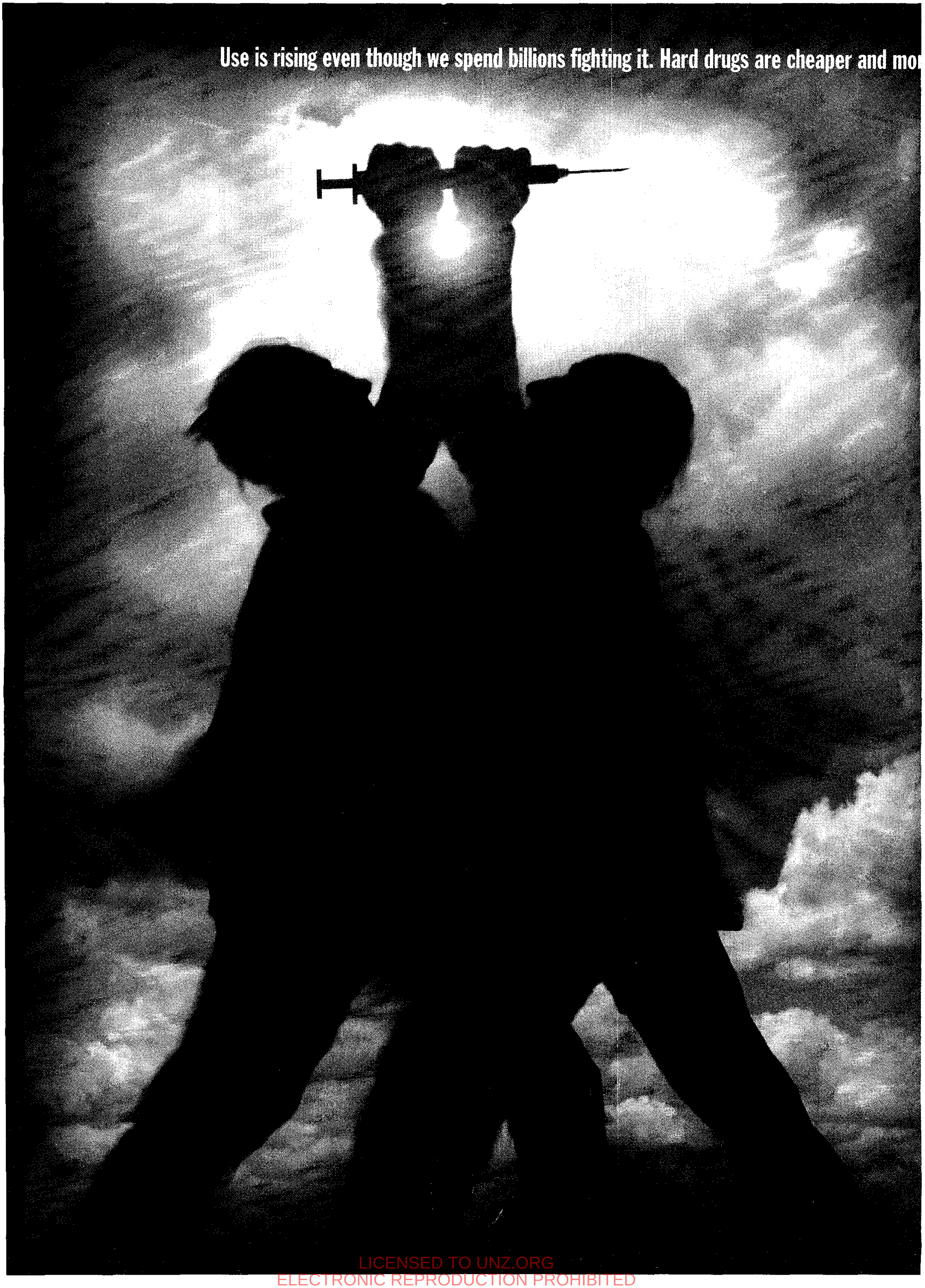
Use is rising even though we spend billions fighting it. Hard drugs are cheaper and mo



ntiful than they have been in ages, and for users illegality is no deterrent. As the NYPD gears up for an -out effort to combat drug crime in the city, it's time to ask whether the ongoing national war on drugs— w at a quarter-century and counting—is worth continuing. There is a better way. By Craig Horowitz

THE NO-WIN WAR

BY FIVE O'CLOCK ON A CHILLY MONDAY EVENING, THE GRIM PROCESSION AT THE LOWER EAST SIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE HAS BEGUN. One after another, men and women whose lives are dominated by their cravings drift in from a just-dark and mostly quiet Avenue C. Blacks, whites, Hispanics. Some appear remarkably healthy. Others are sallow and skeletal-looking, cartoon junkies with hollow, vacant eyes, papery skin, and bad teeth. The worst cases move in slow motion, listing slightly. Many

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

A joint DEA and FBI heroin-bust announcement–cum–press conference in downtown Manhattan.

"At all these press conferences, it's always the biggest seizure ever or the biggest bust ever."

carry brown paper bags filled with dirty hypodermic needles. Hands are pushed deep down into coat pockets, fingers wrapped tightly around used syringes.

Inside the crowded and noisy storefront, a miasma of cigarette smoke practically obscures the room's details. It's probably just as well. With its broken floor tiles, filthy carpet, decaying wall paint, and fluorescent lighting, the place could, if it were fixed up a little, pass for a seedy bus-station waiting room. In the back, a couple of volunteer doctors treat leg ulcers, abscesses, and *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, the opportunistic infection that strikes people with HIV. It's mostly triage, but they also give physicals, flu shots, and TB tests.

A few feet in front of the doctors, a counselor performs magic behind a flimsy screen, struggling to get addicts into treatment programs, solve housing problems, and defuse almost every imaginable personal crisis. There are even people to teach drug users safer ways to shoot up: "Always put the needle in at a 45-degree angle, or you risk puncturing an artery. Make sure you're injecting in the same direction the blood is traveling. Rotate injection spots to avoid scarring. Don't wipe the syringe in your mouth. You must rinse with bleach *and* water at least three times each to effectively clean your works." (The counselors should know—about 40 of the 60 volunteers at the exchange are active users of heroin or cocaine.)

The actual needle trading takes place quickly at a long white Formica table near the front door. The exchange rate is one for one (plus five more for good measure). Clients choose between "blue tips," for thicker veins, and "diabetics," or insulin syringes, for thinner ones. They also choose from a buffet table of shooter's supplies: alcohol pads; cotton balls; cookers; condoms; and small, hotel-size shampoo bottles filled with either bleach or water (homeless junkies often have no ready source of H_2O). On a typical night, the exchange hands out about 1,000 needles an hour.

Though there are people from the suburbs, as well as the occasional limo, most of the regulars are like Terri, an indigent 29-year-old Hispanic mother of two with expectant brown eyes and a life defined entirely by addiction. "In the beginning, it was fun. I felt like Superman," she says, barely audible over the last verse of Springsteen's "Born to Run." "It was like I had an *S* on my chest and I had my mask on, and I could conquer the world. The drugs took away the bad feelings." Terri pauses for a moment, pats her short, freshly washed hair, and seems to consider whether to go on. Perhaps the tale of how she lost everything—her children, her apartment, the respect of her family—is simply too wrenching, too intimate, for this setting. "Depression, heartache, loneliness, failure," she finally continues. "You know, whatever kind of pain I had was taken care of."

Within a few months, however, Terri's $200-a-day heroin habit—which began seven and a half years ago when a boyfriend asked her if she wanted to get high—was causing more pain than it was relieving. Inevitably, Terri started selling heroin to support her use (clearing $25 for every $100 worth of drugs she sold). About a year and a half ago, she sold a $10 bag to an undercover cop on 7th Street. She pleaded guilty and lost custody of her kids, lost her public housing, and was shunned by her family. While serving eight months at Rikers, she tried to kill herself with pills. "I was really ashamed," she says. After getting out, she spent some time as an outpatient at Daytop Village, a treatment center, but was drug-free only intermittently. "I just couldn't do it that way," she says, almost apologetically. Now Terri's enrolled in a methadone program at Beth Israel Medical Center where she must go every morning for her dose. So far she has been clean for about sixteen weeks.

While Terri sits in a hard-back metal chair and tells her story, activity at the exchange continues to swirl around her. The scene is at once ghastly and hopeful. Though the harrowing effects of addiction (and poverty) are on vivid display, so is a rare enlightened attitude toward the afflicted. "This place gives me hope and it makes me feel loved," says Terri, who also volunteers at the needle exchange. "This place keeps you from hurting yourself until you're able to make a choice to straighten yourself out."

Most important, needle-exchange programs save lives. Virtually every study done both here and in Europe has confirmed the fact that clean needles dramatically slow the spread of the AIDS virus. According to two separate reports last year, drug users accounted for nearly 75 percent of all new HIV infections nationally. Other reports—including one published recently by the federal Centers for Disease Control—confirm that distributing clean needles does not promote or increase drug use. In England, Australia, and the Netherlands, needle exchange has been employed successfully for nearly a decade.

Yet in the strange, often inexplicable world of American drug policy, where experts and politicians steadfastly, almost religiously, cling to failed strategies and misinformation, needle exchange remains a politically dangerous subject. Congress banned federal funding for needle exchange in 1988. There are now only a handful of modestly sized programs quietly running in larger cities, and there's practically nothing anywhere else. The six centers in New York are tolerated rather than supported and serve only a fraction of the city's 250,000 hard-core heroin addicts—half of whom are HIV-positive.

But the real problem with drug policy goes much deeper than simple disagreement over the merits of particular strategies. There is a fundamental intransigence that stifles debate, discourages innovation, and precludes almost any meaningful discussion of reform. In the new Washington, the one dominated by the bracing conservative ethos that *all* issues and programs should be on the table, drug policy sits alone very much off the table with Social Security reform as a subject you *just don't talk about*. Though the Republicans have amply demonstrated that once you break through the p.c. barriers, you can raise all sorts of previously unimaginable possibilities—who would've thought even two or three years ago that it would become widely accepted policy to deny welfare benefits to poor people for their own good?—the drug war has been subjected to no similarly rigorous, unsentimental analysis. In fact, one of the top-ranking Republicans in the House, upstate–New York representative Gerald Solomon, even introduced a bill last April to punish any group that *advocates* changing our approach to drugs. The bill—one of ten punitive drug-related measures he's written recently—would take away the tax-exempt status of any organization that merely *favors* drug legalization. The proposal, which is quite obviously and ludicrously unconstitutional, has languished in committee.

"Either **legalize it** or get rid of it," Gingrich said last year, "but **quit playing** the games that . . . make us look pathetic and weak."

We all know the reason for this sort of posturing, of course. Drugs are hopelessly intertwined with deeply ingrained notions of morality and sin, religious-style certitude, and righteous indignation. ("The people who say the drug war should be abandoned because we're losing it," says Solomon's chief of staff, Geoff Gleason, "are those who think everybody should be allowed to smoke dope and crack no matter what the consequences to society in general.") When the subject of drugs comes up, otherwise open-minded people stick to principle even when principle has little empirical support or practical value. Listen to Nancy Reagan's old pal Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal, the highly respected head of New York's Phoenix House. On needle exchange, he says, "the jury is still out." It is not—there's an incontrovertible body of research that says needle exchange works. "It's simplistic," Rosenthal continues, "to think that you give them [drug users] a clean needle and they're going to be good parents and good citizens and have safe sex." This is sophistry—no one has advocated needle exchange as anything other than a means to slow the spread of HIV infection. Which it does.

Or listen to Harlem congressman Charles Rangel, whose district could potentially reap major benefits if real progress were made in dealing with drugs. "I'm not for any damn reform," he shouts and then, with a gravel-voiced protest, cuts me off when I try to ask him about specific measures. "*I'm not going to talk about it.* Needle exchange, legalization, decriminalization, methadone . . . those people who have given up talk about this stuff. I know we haven't done what we can do. I know we haven't waged a battle. Look, I do understand the frustration of those people who say, *Take the violence out of it. If [drugs] are what those people want, let them have it. If they can't afford it, give it to them.* Well, I don't belong to that group, and I have withdrawn from the public debate on that."

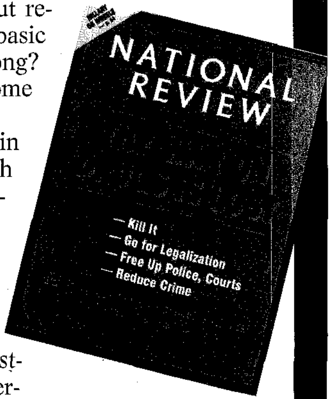
Rangel is not alone. While the drug problem gets no better, the sounds of any real discussion get harder and harder to hear. What is clearly audible, however, is more of the same old high-testosterone tough talk. More calls for "stepping up" the drug war and making more arrests. More talk of "zero tolerance" and a "drug-free society." Impose longer sentences, build more prisons, intensify border patrols . . .

There *is* a small but growing chorus of anti-prohibitionists among the journalist and think-tank set, including predictably reformist outfits like the *Washington Monthly* and the libertarian Cato Institute, as well as some surprising ones: a foundation started by multibillionaire global capitalist and philanthropist George Soros, and Bill Buckley's *National Review,* which in its current issue pronounces the drug war unwinnable and some form of legalization the right answer. But this is mere bleating into a hurricane: Simply bringing up reform in official Washington is understood to be tantamount to saying, *Please do not reelect me.*

"The fundamental issue here is not, *should* drugs be legalized or decriminalized, or should there be needle exchange or different mandatory-sentence structures for different drugs," says Dr. Robert Newman, president and chief executive officer of Beth Israel Medical Center on First Avenue, which runs the largest drug-treatment program in the world. "The fundamental issue is, should it be permissible to openly discuss the current approach?"

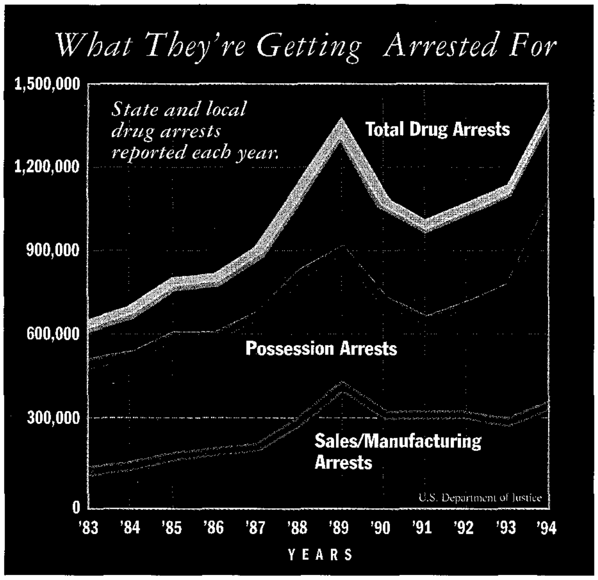
IT IS EASY TO DEMONIZE JUNKIES LIKE TERRI AND THE others who frequent the Lower East Side Needle Exchange. They lie, steal, abuse their children, and sell themselves. They lead unproductive, wasted lives. All because they can't control their urges. Aren't these people completely without self-control, without remorse or even the most basic sense of right and wrong? Aren't they, when you come right down to it, without humanity?

I'm being purposely hyperbolic, but in the current full-throttle political backlash against the downtrodden, it's hard to generate any sympathy for drug abusers. Still, one can apply a kind of cold contemporary calculus to the drug war: Win it or end it. This is the argument made even by Newt Gingrich. "Either legalize it or get rid of it," said the Speaker, who suggested putting this question to a national referendum, in front of a Republican National Committee meeting last summer, "but quit playing the games that enrich the evil,



The *National Review's* current issue: Breaking ranks with the right.

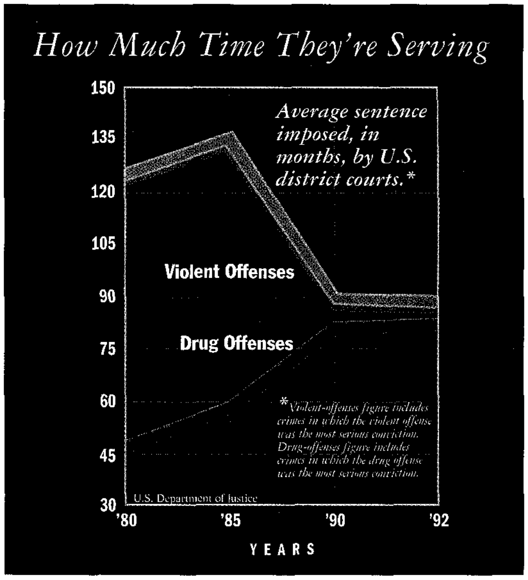
Tune In, Turn On, Get 20 to Life



What They're Getting Arrested For

State and local drug arrests reported each year.

U.S. Department of Justice



How Much Time They're Serving

*Average sentence imposed, in months, by U.S. district courts.**

**Violent-offenses figure includes crimes in which the violent offense was the most serious conviction. Drug-offenses figure includes crimes in which the drug offense was the most serious conviction.*

U.S. Department of Justice

strengthen the violent, addict our children, and make us look pathetic and weak."

Though the idea sounds good to some people, an actual decision to declare a Vietnam-style peace with honor would be excruciating. Relaxing prohibition would open the door for more abuse and addiction, though no one can say with even a modicum of certainty to what degree. In the years immediately following the end of alcohol prohibition, use went up about 25 percent, although alcohol-related deaths actually went down. Still, today's anti-drug warriors continue to predict confidently that the addict population could double, triple, increase tenfold.

When Alaska decriminalized marijuana in 1975, use by teenagers jumped dramatically, and Alaska voters passed a referendum in 1990 to recriminalize. On the other hand, when Oregon, Maine, and California decriminalized personal possession of pot, use apparently did not go up. And does anyone seriously imagine that people who do not use heroin refrain because it is *illegal*?

In any event, ending prohibition doesn't mean that crack will suddenly show up on supermarket shelves. There are vast tracts of unexplored territory between the extremes of total legalization at one end of the spectrum and a ferocious drug war at the other. The first, modest objective of reform might be what is referred to as "harm reduction," the endorsement and thorough implementation of measures like needle exchange, treatment on demand, full and immediate access to methadone, and, most important, a decision to stop arresting users. The goal of this approach would be to transform drug abuse from a criminal problem to a public-health problem.

But whatever shape reform might ultimately take, it is hard to imagine that drugs could be much more available than they are right now. In fact, most of what is generally labeled as the "drug problem" is actually the illegal-drug-*trade* problem—the pervasive, devastating collateral damage from a black market that now grosses nearly $60 billion a year.

THEN THERE'S THE IMPACT OF THE DRUG WAR ITSELF, WHICH HAS criminalized much of the young black male population, not to mention drifters like Terri, the needle-exchange regular. According to the Sentencing Project, a D.C.-based think tank, one third of all black men between the ages of 20 and 29 are entangled in the criminal-justice system: either in prison, on parole or probation, or being prosecuted. In some inner-city neighborhoods, the figure is actually more than one in two. A Rand study reported that a quarter of all the black men born in Washington, D.C., in 1967 would be arrested for selling drugs by the age of 29. In the past decade, the drug war has made felons of even casual users. The numbers are astonishing. According to the FBI, there were about 1 million arrests for drug possession alone in 1994, up from about 700,000 only three years earlier. And of all drug arrests—1.35 million—dealers accounted for only 27 percent, down from 33 percent in 1991 (see graph above left).

In New York City, there are almost 150 drug arrests made *every day* just for possession. The jails are full, but not with violent predators. In 1994, there were 23,140 new inmates sent to New York State prisons, and 10,508 of those were sentenced for nonviolent drug offenses. That's 45 percent. Many are truly penny-ante crooks: Under the state's Draconian Rockefeller drug laws, someone convicted of possessing four ounces or attempting to sell two ounces of cocaine or heroin gets a mandatory fifteen years to life. Violent felons, meanwhile, represented only 33 percent of the people sent to prison in 1994. By comparison, in 1981, the year New York's prison-building boom began—39,651 new prison beds at a cost of more than $4 billion during the Cuomo years—60 percent of those locked up were violent offenders, and 10 percent were nonviolent drug offenders.

Nevertheless, drug use continues to rise. The National Institute on Drug Abuse, which is staunchly hawkish on the drug war, reports, alarmingly, that marijuana use among eighth-graders more than doubled between 1991 and 1994. Among adults, use of all drugs has consistently gone up, though most of this increase is attributable to the runaway popularity of marijuana.

Using the new Republican cost-benefit template, the drug war simply doesn't make economic sense. New York spends $30,000 a year to keep an inmate in state prison. The most comprehensive residential treatment costs between $17,000 and $20,000, and outpatient-treatment costs run from $2,700 to $3,600. The cost of incarcerating the more than 10,000 people sentenced in 1994 for nonviolent drug offenses? More than $315 million a year.

At a time of wrenching budget cuts, what kind of sense does it make to spend this kind of money on a failing drug war? Indeed, one of the factors that finally brought an end to alcohol prohibition in 1933 was the Depression—Prohibition simply became a battle that government could no longer afford. Last year the federal government spent $13.2 billion fighting the drug war, two thirds of it on law enforcement. (This doesn't include incarcerations costs.) In 1996, the number is expected to go up to $14.6 billion. Spending by state and local governments will more than double that figure. Just ten years ago, federal, state, and local expenditures combined totaled $5 billion. Today, all told, the direct budgetary costs of drug prohibition in America probably approach $100 billion yearly.

The indirect costs are many times that. In fact, just as Charles Murray has argued against welfare over the last decade, one can make a strong case now that the drug war is making the crisis worse instead of better. The war on drugs, for instance, did not prevent Terri from becoming a junkie. But it did turn her into an outcast and a criminal, creating obstacles that make it more difficult for her to find help and virtually impossible for her ever to get a job. Likewise, the drug war's intense focus on the underclass has tended to erode its moral basis. Although blacks account for 35 percent of drug-possession arrests, they account for 55 percent of convictions, and 75 percent of those sent to prison. There are real-world reasons for this: Underclass drug use is more likely to be conducted in public view, and minorities and the poor tend to use "harder" drugs, like crack and heroin. "But clearly there's a major race issue and a major socioeconomic issue here," says Dr. Robert Newman of Beth Israel. "If, instead of 95 percent of all inmates in New York being black and Hispanic, half were white, somebody long ago would have said, 'What are you doing? You can't lock up the youth of America.' "

New York **State's jails** are full, but not with violent predators. In 1994, 45 percent of **new inmates** were nonviolent drug offenders.

JOSEPH MCNAMARA, WHO has spent 35 years as a cop, remembers the day nearly 29 years ago when he first realized that the police would never be able to control drug use or the drug trade. It was a bright, sunny afternoon in 1957, and McNamara was on his beat in Harlem. "My partner and I were arresting an addict on the top floor of a tenement building, which in those days were often used as shooting galleries," says McNamara, who worked his way up the NYPD greasy pole to deputy inspector and later was chief of police in Kansas City and San Jose.

"The guy was cooperative and surrendered the needle that he'd hidden in his belt. But he pleaded with us, 'Please give me a break—I'm just a junkie. I can't take a bust right now. Let me go and I'll give you a pusher.' I was a young cowboy back then who liked to turn on the lights and the siren and drive on the sidewalk. So my instinct was to say *no way*," remembers McNamara, whose maturation process has included earning a doctorate in public administration at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, where he did his dissertation on the history of drug-control efforts. "But my partner was older and more sensible. So we told the junkie okay. We'd follow him and he'd make his connection, and then we'd jump in and get the collar.

"We trailed him down Lenox Avenue, creeping along in the patrol car, never more than about fifteen feet away. It was a beautiful summer day, and the streets were filled with people. The junkie talked to one guy and then another, neither of whom made a deal with him. But the third guy he spoke to took him into a hallway to do business. We ran in and made the arrest and let the addict 'escape.' But while I had been sitting in the car and watching all this, watching how people were willing to do drug deals on a busy street in broad daylight with a marked police car right there, I realized this was crazy. The first two dealers weren't scared off by us; they were just out of supply," says McNamara.

"I had been a willing warrior, but I knew from that day on how truly futile the police effort really is. Millions of crimes just like the one we witnessed take place every day, and there's little the police can really do."

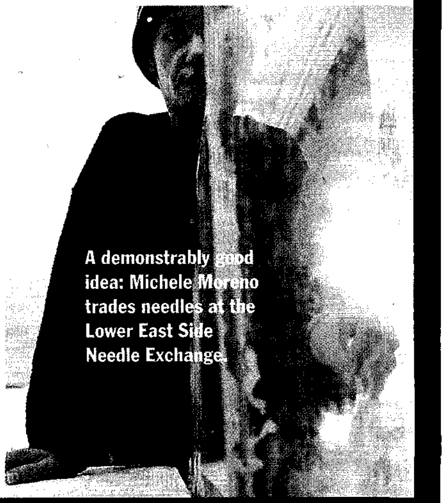
This belief, that the drug war is unwinnable, will get its most acute test starting this year, when the New York Police Department, hot off its near-halving of the murder rate, will target drugs, which have yet to give in to the NYPD's law-enforcement ministrations. "Despite two very good years, with a good track record," concedes Police Commissioner William Bratton, "to get at the heart of what's still scaring the hell out of the city, we're going to have to do more in this [drugs] area."

Though the specifics of the forthcoming NYPD assault are still being worked out, the general strategies are likely to mirror those drummed into every officer's head over the past two years: "Accurate, timely intelligence; relentless follow-up; a degree of local precinct autonomy; and management by results." While history indicates that the department may be headed for its first major failure under Bratton and company, there is a swaggering confidence at One Police Plaza. The always-ebullient Jack Maple, deputy commissioner for crime-control strategies, has little interest in discussing the failure of others.

"We're gonna go for the win here, just like we did with all the other crimes. If I had told you two years ago we'd cut the murder rate by 35 or 40 percent, what would you have said to me? You would have said I was crazy, right? We are going to mount the most comprehensive law-enforcement effort to knock down street narcotics in the history of this country. Nothing like this has ever been done before. It will be different in scope, in numbers of personnel, in coordination, and in the size of the areas affected. Believe me, we are going to take out the drug cells."

Despite his enthusiasm, Maple suggests that the department's offensive will not be a police action against drug *users*, a high-body-count strategy of simply rounding up the usual suspects. Lessons have been learned from past mistakes, Bratton says, about the difference between deft assertiveness and goony aggressiveness. When the mother of all drug offensives does get under way, probably in the spring, it will be critical, Bratton says, for the cops to work closely with residents of the affected neighborhoods.

But the complexities and the hazards of mounting this kind of anti-drug strategy may simply overwhelm even Bratton's high-tech crime-fighting methods. Just last week, two officers and a civilian police employee in East New York's 75th Precinct were charged with stealing from drug dealers. (The 75th was, of course, the base of operations for infamous rogue officer Michael Dowd, who ran a drug ring there for six years.) This follows a series of dope-related corruption arrests in Harlem and the Bronx in



A demonstrably good idea: Michele Moreno trades needles at the Lower East Side Needle Exchange.

the past two years. And all across the country, police departments have fought a difficult battle against the temptations of cashing in. “We moved when we got the first whiff that two cops were robbing dealers in the 75th,” says Bratton. “We had a sting apartment set up within 48 hours, and within 72 hours we had them on tape. If I didn't think we've dealt with corruption successfully and didn't think we've got a handle on it, we wouldn't go forward with this. I'm not crazy.”

AT THE VERY LEAST, THE WAR ON DRUGS, AS IT was declared by Richard Nixon in 1972, is supposed to stop narcotics from getting into the country. This sounds not only like a manifestly good idea but one that's doable as well. So why do the borders remain porous? Lack of commitment, say the hard-liners. “We can deal with the terrorist threat,” says John Walters, chief of staff under William Bennett when he ran the Office of National Drug Control Policy, “but we can't stop drug trafficking, when traffickers have to move hundreds of metric tons of product into this country? And then they have to retail it, so they're exposed at a variety of points? Then they have to move vast sums of money? And to do all of this, they have to have a whole range of support structures and people?” The reason interdiction and cartel-busting don't work, Walters says, is because the DEA and the FBI have “no plan. The management of this is not serious and focused.”

In fact, just as Charles Murray argued against welfare, one can make a strong case that the **drug war** is making the **crisis worse** rather than better.

What exactly, then, would a serious and focused drug war look like? Walters believes we have already seen a real national drug war. It was fought during the Reagan-Bush years, before, as drug hawks might put it, there was a baby-boomer crypto-liberal in the White House whose attitudes toward drugs and the drug war are ambivalent at best. “Just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned,” Senator Orrin Hatch told a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing in December, more or less summing up this point of view, “the Clinton administration fiddles while the drug crisis gets worse and worse.”

But even when the drug war was at the height of its military and propagandistic frenzy—remember Nancy Reagan? Remember Bill Bennett?—the results were highly debatable. The number of casual drug users was cut in half between 1979 and 1992, from 24 million to around 12 million. This is clearly a victory, but one that was overwhelmingly the result of education and persuasion—an early-to-mid-eighties surge of credible stories in the media about the dangers of cocaine, for instance. Still, casual users are not and have never been the primary problem. Though their money does fuel the drug trade, they play almost no role in driving the crime rate, clogging the criminal-justice system, and increasing the cost of public health care. The most serious problem is not use of drugs generally; it's addiction to heroin and cocaine. And no one claims that those numbers fell during the eighties.

Walters says the Reagan-era drug efforts produced a real victory when it came to interdiction: The amount of drugs coming into the country was cut substantially, he says, and this had a significant impact on price (it went up), purity levels (down), and use.

But when you look at the practical aspects of interdiction, it seems clear that it can never work. A year's supply of cocaine, enough to take care of every user in America, can be stored in thirteen truck trailers. It takes only twenty square miles of land, an area slightly smaller than Manhattan, to grow enough opium poppies to supply every junkie in America with a year's worth of heroin. “The war at the borders and in source countries cannot work,” says McNamara. “Not as long as $5,000 worth of heroin or coke in its country of origin will bring $100,000 on the streets of any American city.”

Even the vaunted goal of “going after the big guys, the kingpins,” seems to have little real-world impact. Though just-departed federal drug czar Lee Brown defends his often criticized record, and that of the president, by boasting that six of the seven leaders of the Cali cartel have been arrested and the seventh is on the run, he fails to demonstrate what impact this has had on the availability of drugs in America. No one is claiming that supplies are tight or prices are high. In fact, the opposite is true.

McNamara further believes that even when interdiction appears to work, it doesn't really. “The DEA officially says they seize 10 to 15 percent of what comes in,” he says. “Off the record, they say it's more like one percent. At all these press conferences, it's always the biggest seizure ever or the biggest bust ever. But what do the seizures and the busts mean? The media never ask the questions. Seizures get reported just like body counts were reported during the Vietnam War. The reporters just print the DEA handouts, while in the meantime, the efforts of law enforcement often actually work to solidify and promote the most efficient distributors of drugs.”

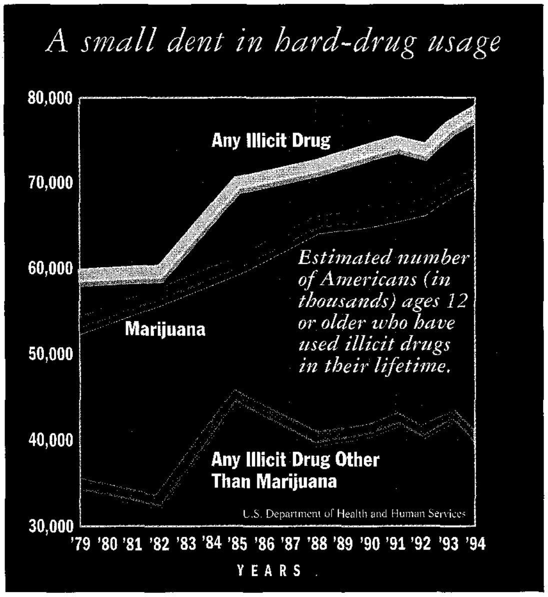
Bennett's man Walters insists, however, that after treatment, interference with production in the source countries is the most cost-effective use of federal dollars. Clinton is often criticized for dropping the drug problem to last on his list of 29 foreign-policy priorities.

But according to McNamara, it doesn't make any difference. “Every DEA meeting was the same,” he says. “They would say, ‘The good news is we got Turkey to stop growing opium. The bad news is it's now growing in Burma.’ We called it the sausage effect. You know, you squeeze one end and the other one swells up. If the drug war worked, I'd be all for it, but it doesn't. And when you look at what politicians say to get elected, you realize there's this bipartisan insanity. They say let's get tougher on drugs and do more and more of what hasn't worked for the past 80 years.”

LIKE ANY LASTING CRUSADE, THE DRUG WAR HAS AT TIMES USED FEAR, hype, half-truths, and well-crafted mythology to sustain itself. For the past decade, its mythmaking machinery has been conveniently sustained by crack. Here was a drug so addictive and destructive that, like a tornado, it wiped out everything in its path. Everyone it touched was damaged, and every neighborhood it went into was ruined. Mothers had no interest in their kids; fathers couldn't work; teenagers beat up and stole from their grandparents; horrible, depraved, and unimaginably violent crimes were committed because of the drug's mind-altering effects.

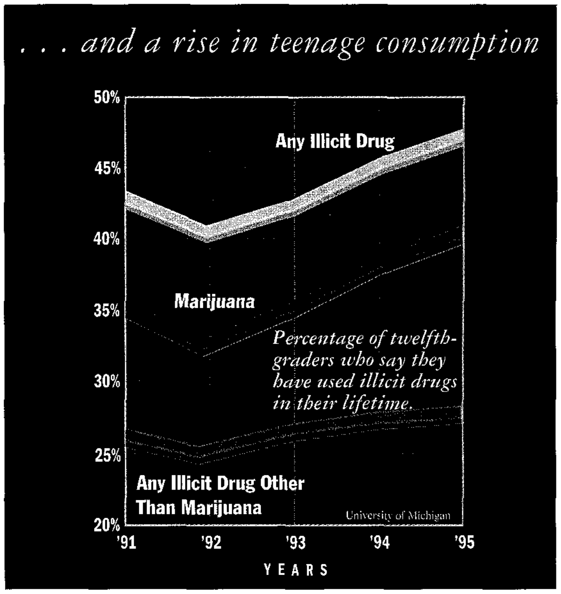
The drug-war hawks couldn't have invented a better menace than crack. As it happens, they did invent it—some of it, anyway. “You had this disgusting pandering of the media,” says Dr. John Morgan, a pharmacologist and a professor at City College. “If you look back to '85, '86, '87, you see these astonishing stories. You know, ‘48 Hours on Crack Street’ in *Time* and *Newsweek* and on the television magazine shows, all depicting this drug that was destroying a generation of young people in the city. But all those sto-

What We Get for $100 Billion a Year


A small dent in hard-drug usage

Estimated number of Americans (in thousands) ages 12 or older who have used illicit drugs in their lifetime.

U.S. Department of Health and Human Services


. . . and a rise in teenage consumption

Percentage of twelfth-graders who say they have used illicit drugs in their lifetime.

University of Michigan

ries were done before there were any data about crack's biology and its actual harm."

Now that some time has passed, the truth is a little easier to see. To begin with, crack is not instantly addictive. Its "discontinuation rate" is about the same as cocaine's, which makes sense since they are more or less identical pharmacologically. "The claims of instant addiction all came from the treatment people," says Morgan, who is considered a radical among the reformers. His credentials to analyze drugs, however, are unimpeachable: He writes the drug-dependency sections of the *Merck Manual,* the widely used medication textbook. The primary difference between the two drugs is that crack is a quicker, more intense high. Cocaine is a comparatively longer, smoother experience.

Most of the havoc created by the drug had little to do with its pharmacology but a lot to do with the economic and demographic vagaries of the illegal-drug market. It was the very fact that cocaine became so expensive that created the market niche for crack in the first place—another example of the sausage effect. And because crack was sold so cheaply—a couple of rocks cost $5—and its effects were so brief, people needed to use it again and again during a single day. Low cost was also responsible for crack's reach and the explosion of low-level street crime. A pocketbook, even if it had only a few bucks in it, was enough to get high.

"Crack emerged during the eighties, when there was a lot of interest in cocaine but it was too expensive for a lot of people," says Morgan. "But it's important to understand that in the context of poverty, a disruptive drug war, the loss of 400,000 low-level jobs in this city, and the continuing ravages of the Reagan years, the drug was given powers and blamed for things for which it was not responsible."

Probably the most compelling piece of crack agitprop was the crack baby: the indelible, heart-wrenching image of that tiny, scrawny, newborn infant crying unconsolably because of its hunger for drugs. According to a number of academic medical studies, this image is misleading. "All these kids who are supposedly damaged because their mothers smoked crack? Well," says Morgan, "it turns out not to be true. Yet everyone in America talked about it. It became a war cry, didn't it? But even people who first published papers about low birth weight and low head circumference have now decided that if you control for everything else, it wasn't the crack. It was multiple drug exposure, bad prenatal care, bad nutrition, and, more important, exposure to alcohol and cigarettes."

ON THE EXTREME WEST END OF 125TH STREET, only a block or so shy of where the legendary boulevard meets the Hudson River, half a dozen people are huddled in front of a small, plain building with a dull-red front door. It is a little before ten on a cool, sunny morning, and they are all sipping hot coffee from Styrofoam cups and feverishly smoking cigarettes. Awaiting them behind the red door is Reality House, a 28-year-old drug-treatment center that offers detox, methadone, acupuncture, and drug-free therapy. Anything that might work.

Executive director Sydney Moshette, an exceedingly buoyant middle-aged black man who in his wire-rims and conservative shirt and tie looks like an academic, says Reality House is the end of the line for most of its clients. Many come from the courts, and many have tried treatment before. Most have already been to jail. "For the majority of users, jail is a part of the culture. They'll say, 'Jail don't mean nothin' to me. I've been there, it's nothin' new.' " The typical profile is of a male between 24 and 39, the father of at least one child he doesn't live with, a tenth- or eleventh-grade education, and a long-running habit. There is a high incidence of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases, and most of the addicts suffer from multiple problems—which usually include a dual addiction, like crack and alcohol.

Because Reality House is devoted to Harlem residents, it is a good place to see the havoc that has been caused by drugs in the inner city. It is also a good place to get a sense of the ambivalence black people have about the drug war. It is a war that has been waged primarily in their communities and against their young men. Though there was a flurry of agitated publicity recently about the disparity in the federal sentencing structure—five grams of crack, a fraction of an ounce, carries a mandatory minimum five-year sentence; to get the same sentence for powdered cocaine requires more than a pound—that was, in most respects, a side issue. There were only 3,400 people convicted under the federal crack guidelines in 1994, and the overwhelming majority of them were hardened criminals or serious offenders. Only 51 were convicted after being arrested with only a small amount of crack, no previous record, and no weapon.

The far more critical issue, the one that should be viewed as a national emergency, is that an entire generation of young blacks is being sacrificed, lost probably forever as men who can be counted on by their families or by society. Yet when I ask Reality House's Moshette whether he favors legalizing drugs, his answer is a flat *no*. And when I ask about decriminalization, he says, "That's for white folks trying to protect their sons from getting a record."

In fact, young white druggies largely stay out of the criminal-justice system already. According to Malcolm Young, director of the Sentencing Project, "If you have resources and you do end up in court, you can present the judge with treatment options. This is what I'd do if my kids were involved. The judge is delighted to see something done . . . no one really wants to prosecute . . . and those kids leave the system, usually without a record."

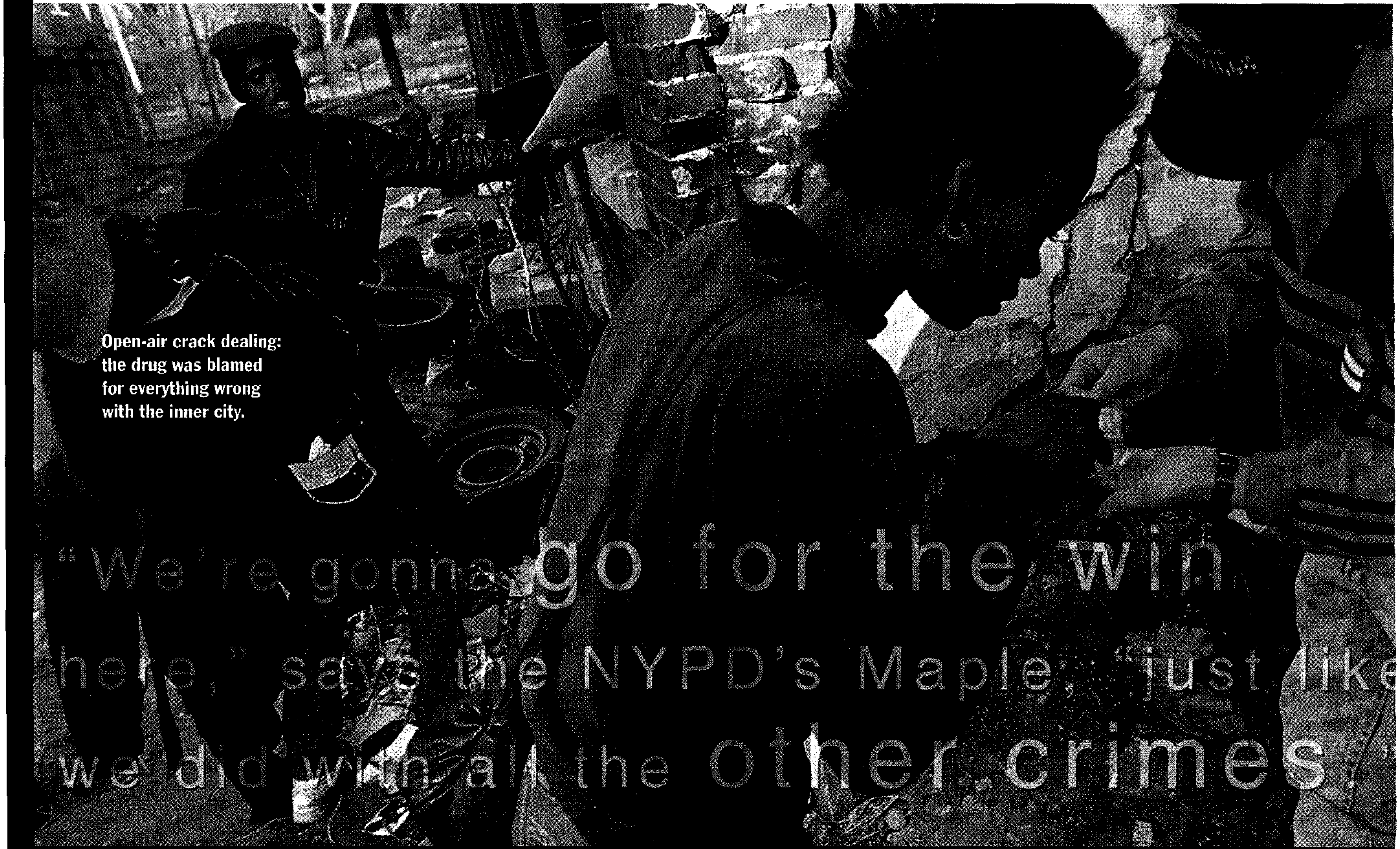
The choice between the status quo and reform can seem, for inner-city blacks, to be a lose-lose situation. Clearly desperate for some relief, they know that intensifying the drug war would just mean burning more of the village in order to save it. All of the most negative and debilitating consequences of the war on drugs are concentrated in the inner cities: astronomical arrest rates, violence as a way of life, splintered and ruined families, dealers as role models, the lure of drug money, overdoses, AIDS, police corruption. "The drug war has become a race war," says Joseph McNamara, who is white, only a bit hyperbolically, "of mostly white cops arresting mostly black men. It's the most un-American, racist, and disgraceful thing I can think of."

Nevertheless, most black leaders are as unwilling to consider serious drug-policy reform as anyone else. As a result, they often find themselves walking an impossibly thin ideological line. Julie Stewart, the director of Families Against Mandatory Minimums, ran into this recently when she appeared at a press conference with Jesse Jackson and South Central L.A. congresswoman Maxine Waters. After attacking the sentencing disparity between crack and powder cocaine possession and its impact on blacks, Jackson and Waters then called on President Clinton to step up the drug war. "I told Jackson I thought it was the worst possible terminology to use," says Stewart. "It's a way for him to sound tough on crime, but it gives the Republicans the endorsement of a civil-rights leader to intensify the drug war. It just leads to more punitive policies, more lock-'em-up stuff. And who gets locked up more than anybody?"

The best-known black proponent of reform is Baltimore's third-term mayor, Kurt Schmoke, who has said, "Substance abuse should be in the hands of doctors and nurses, not policemen or the military." Representative Rangel has no patience for this type of argument. "You're not gonna tell me, who comes from an afflicted community," Rangel argues, "that you would rather have [legalized drugs] in my community for those people who find it easier to get high than to get an education and a job. People who think that way can go straight to hell.

"Here you're saying that the schools are not working, the kids are dropping out, the children are born out of wedlock, the goddamned people are killing each other, they're filling up our jails . . . so give them some drugs? I say hey, open one up in your community. Just don't tell me you've done all you can in my schools; don't do that to me.

"All these **kids** who are supposedly damaged because **their mothers** smoked crack? Well, it turns out not to be quite true . . . it wasn't **the crack**."



Open-air crack dealing: the drug was blamed for everything wrong with the inner city.

"We're gonna go for the win here," says the NYPD's Maple, "just like we did with all the other crimes."

"Damn it to hell," he says in utter frustration after a brief pause. "We've beaten Communism around the world . . . " Rangel and Lee Brown, who is also black, have both often said that lifting prohibition would amount to "genocide" in the black community. There is a convincing argument to be made, however, that that's what is happening now.

The worst-case legalization scenario is put forth in a recently released white paper from the Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University. According to the report, only 39 percent of American adults say they can get cocaine now. The conclusion, obviously, is that the increased availability of drugs in a post-prohibition world would dramatically drive up the number of addicts. Dr. Jack Homer of USC argues that without retail-level street busts, which reduce availability and increase the danger of arrest for buyers, the number of compulsive cocaine users would rise to between 10 million and 32 million, five to sixteen times the present level.

But the paper is most chilling in its claims about the impact of legalization on teenagers. There are, the paper states, already 3 million adolescents who smoke cigarettes and 12 million teens who drink. "Since we have been unable to keep legal drugs like tobacco and alcohol out of the hands of children," the report says, "legalization of illegal drugs could cause a pediatric pandemic of drug abuse and addiction."

The clear subtext of this argument, though, is pediatric pandemic *in the suburbs*. There already is a pandemic in the inner cities. But reformers, derided by prohibitionists as out-of-touch cultural elites, will not have an easy time selling legalization to blacks. "Reformers can easily be misunderstood as saying, 'I want to protect my white wife and my white kids from crime and all those other things, so let *them* use it legally,' " Beth Israel's Dr. Newman says. "For someone to go into a black neighborhood and say, 'Wow, have I got good news for you. I'm gonna advocate being nice to addicts' . . . Well, that's going to take a lot of sensitive discussion."

One thing that would help is refining the pitch. "*Legalization* has become a loaded word that most people react to negatively," says Ethan Nadelmann, who heads the Lindesmith Center, the research group dedicated to drug-policy reform that's funded by George Soros. "We should be talking about the repeal of prohibition, not legalization," Nadelmann says. "There's a rhetorical element to this. Blacks don't like the message of government making drugs legally available, but when you talk about decriminalization—which means it's not legal to sell it but you're not prosecuting people for using or possessing—it's a different story. Clearly they don't want more young black men getting locked up."

Jeremy Schneider, the former head of Legal Aid's narcotics division, now in private practice, agrees. "We are putting the wrong people in jail for the wrong reasons for the wrong length of time," he says. The system, Schneider says, accomplishes little beyond further ruining the lives of people already on the edge. When someone without a record is picked up for possessing or selling a small amount of drugs, he is typically offered this choice: Plead guilty and take probation, which means no jail time but a felony conviction on his record. Or go to trial. Since the person often has no job, little education, and no roots in the community, if he chooses to go to trial, he can languish in jail for at least as long as six months until his case is heard.

"Everybody pleads and takes probation," Schneider says, sitting in his office across from the Manhattan criminal-courts building. "But then several things happen. They couldn't get a job before, now how are they going to get one with a record? And since they are now what's called a predicate felon, next time they get popped they face a minimum sentence of four and a half to nine years. And by the way, if the person's a user,

Extreme Disagreement

THE REFORMERS

MAX FRANKEL, columnist, *The New York Times Magazine:* I don't know how to proceed with drug legalization or treatment, but I know that the war is lost. Start from there. Then take the profit out of the drug business; then use that money to track down users and treat them.

DR. SPENCER FOREMAN, president, Montefiore Medical Center: Many of the social ills ascribed to the drug problem—crime, violence, HIV, destitution—are consequences of control strategies designed to prevent people from using. People think that we can mop up the problem if we throw more money at it, but there's always a kid who's willing to run drugs.

PAT MURPHY, former New York City police commissioner: If Americans weren't subject to anti-drug rhetoric, they would recognize that treatment on demand is a good investment. Now recreational users who support the drug business can afford treatment if they get hooked, whereas the poor addict ends up committing crimes. I wouldn't go as far as legalization, but it's fair to put the marijuana issue on the table.

LESTER GRINSPOON, professor of psychiatry, Harvard University: The government's attitude toward drugs is scientifically unsound, ignorant, and arrogant. It's tragic that marijuana—a drug as versatile, inexpensive, and nontoxic as the wonder drug of the forties, penicillin—isn't medically available.

BARNEY FRANK (D-Mass.), U.S. representative: We should get out of the business of physically preventing drugs from entering the U.S. Drugs remain illegal because of the crime that accompanies this type of trade, because users steal to buy them, and because political fear accompanies violence.

MILTON FRIEDMAN, economist, University of Chicago: Legalization is tenable—we don't regulate addictive and harmful drugs like tobacco or alcohol. Drug addiction is no different than TB or cancer, and its victims shouldn't get treatment on demand.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS

DR. ROBERT DUPONT, former Nixon drug czar: Cocaine in the Safeway—I can't think of a dumber idea! We just need to make the consequences of using and selling drugs more visible. We don't have to shoot people—punishments don't need to be that extreme—but we must get the message across. Drug-test in the workplace, schools, homeless shelters: People lose privacy when they go through airport metal detectors, but the ACLU doesn't have a problem with that.

DONNA SHALALA, secretary of Health and Human Services: We should provide users with treatment on demand and accept no excuses. But our priority should be to prevent people from using at all.

JAMES E. BURKE, chairman, Partnership for a Drug-Free America: The debate on legalization seems oddly out of step with a national movement that emphasizes the welfare of our children. Legalization, explicitly and implicitly, communicates a point of view about drugs that will erode key anti-drug attitudes among kids.

A. M. ROSENTHAL, columnist, the New York *Times:* Legalization is an insensitive economic measure that will create more addicts and will not substantially reduce crime. The affluent might not get bothered by hustlers as frequently, but the black and gray markets in crime-stricken neighborhoods would flourish.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: top to bottom, no credit; Brad Hess; Arthur Grace/Sygma; Terry Ashe/Gamma-Liaison; no credit.

The New York POLL

Fight On, Drug-War Soldiers

New Yorkers Believe We're Losing the Battle, But They're Not Ready to Give Up Just Yet

Declaring a Vietnam-style retreat on drugs is an idea whose time, in the popular view, has not yet come. A telephone poll of 601 New Yorkers conducted for this magazine last week by Penn + Schoen Associates suggests that while large majorities are dissatisfied with most aspects of the battle against drugs, New Yorkers are strongly divided over undertaking any significant change in tactics: A plurality remains unwilling to abandon the country's current, police-and-prisons approach to the problem. (Interestingly, majorities in Staten Island and Manhattan favored considering alternatives; Queens respondents were the most overwhelmingly in favor of continuing the drug war as is.) A comfortable majority citywide, meanwhile, is willing to bet that the NYPD, which is planning an all-out assault on the city's narco-culture this year, will indeed be able to take a bite out of drug crime. (The margin of error is 4 percent.)

Drug addiction is not a criminal problem—it is a medical one. People who are addicted to drugs should be given help by a doctor or other professional who understands how to treat dependency and can really help the person. We know that just making drugs illegal isn't working; it's time to focus on prevention and treatment if we are ever going to make a real difference.

Strongly agree—59 percent
Somewhat agree—23 percent
Somewhat disagree—6 percent
Strongly disagree—8 percent

More and more judges and district attorneys understand that the war on drugs is destroying our judicial system, violating civil rights, and letting violent criminals out to commit more crimes. It's just ridiculous to continue letting the rapists and murderers out of jail—and in some cases letting them off, without any prison time—to make room for nonviolent drug abusers.

Strongly agree—49 percent
Somewhat agree—24 percent
Somewhat disagree—13 percent
Strongly disagree—12 percent

The war on drugs is simply costing too much money and is not getting the job done. We already spend $100 billion a year, and we're losing the war. It's becoming like Vietnam, with no clear mission, and no real commitment to win. If we're not going to get serious about the drug war, let's admit it's not working and stop wasting taxpayers' hard-earned money.

Strongly agree—32 percent
Somewhat agree—33 percent
Somewhat disagree—13 percent
Strongly disagree—19 percent

A huge part of the crime problem that we have in this country—the shootings, the carjackings, the robberies—is a direct result of the war on drugs. If drugs weren't illegal, they wouldn't be so valuable and cost so much money, and people wouldn't have to kill and steal to afford them or to protect their gang turf.

Strongly agree—22 percent
Somewhat agree—26 percent
Somewhat disagree—15 percent
Strongly disagree—35 percent

Do you think that law enforcement's war on drugs should continue as is, or do you think it is time that we at least consider alternatives, like decriminalization or legalization, to the war on drugs?

Continue—49 percent
Consider alternatives—44 percent

Some people argue that drugs should never be decriminalized or legalized. They say that addiction is a horrible disease, and that we should never even consider condoning the further spread of drugs across America. Every society where drugs have been legalized has failed, and under no condition should we consider these out-of-touch ideas for America.

Strongly agree—45 percent
Somewhat agree—21 percent
Somewhat disagree—15 percent
Strongly disagree—15 percent

Mayor Giuliani and Police Commissioner Bratton are planning their own drug-war initiative that will begin this year. Do you think this will do a lot, some, not much, or nothing to help solve the drug problem in New York?

A lot—15 percent
Some—44 percent
Not much—22 percent
Nothing—19 percent

probation is the worst thing, because you know they're going to violate it."

To really understand how little sense this approach makes, consider the fact that while there are more than 68,000 people in New York's state prisons—an overwhelming majority of whom have a drug problem—there are only 300 intensive-treatment beds in the entire system. Nationally it's even worse: more than 1.3 million inmates and fewer than 5,000 slots.

"So what gets accomplished?" Schneider asks. "If the person goes to jail for small-time dealing, the community doesn't gain anything because there's ten people to take his place. And when he gets out, is he a better person? Will he stop using drugs? Has he been effectively punished and rehabilitated so he won't commit the same offense again?" Schneider shrugs his shoulders and sticks out his hands, palms up, in a classic New York what-are-you-kidding-me gesture. "It's all about perception, about making the system look like it's working."

BEFORE THE 1914 PASSAGE OF THE HARRISON Act, which is the cornerstone of today's drug laws, there were maybe one million drug addicts in this country out of a population of less than 100 million. Most were housewives hooked on opiates they could buy over the counter as remedies for a variety of ailments. There was no black market, and the addicted were treated, if at all, as a health-care problem, not a criminal one. Today, with a population two and a half times larger, there are approximately 5 million hard-core addicts among the 20 million or so Americans who use drugs. To place this drug use in context, there are 50 million people addicted to nicotine and 18 million alcoholics.

One reason prohibition has lost some of its moral charge is capriciousness. Why can people be trusted to manage their cigarette and alcohol use but not be trusted to use marijuana or cocaine? Nicotine is, by all accounts, at least as addictive as any other drug, legal or illegal, and is responsible for 400,000 deaths a year. And one in four families is affected by alcohol-related problems. Still, it has been sensibly determined that education and prevention efforts, along with advertising and sales restrictions, are enough.

And what about profoundly mood-altering drugs like Prozac? Since its introduction in 1988, more than 6 million Americans have taken it. Estimates are that by 1998, the market for antidepressants in this country will top $6 billion. Physicians can prescribe these medications—along with morphine, Demerol, and codeine—with impunity. Yet doctors cannot write prescriptions for methadone, the one universally effective treatment for heroin addiction. Though it is widely accepted by addicts, produces no high, kills the urge for drugs, and allows people to get on with their lives, its use in this country is widely discouraged. Methadone can be dispensed only through special government-financed centers. (In New York, for example, only 12 to 15 percent of the city's heroin addicts have access to methadone.)

Why should this be so? There can be no question among reasonable people that government and the civic society generally do have a responsibility in a democracy to educate citizens about the dangers of drugs and to discourage use. And when anti-drug warriors like Bennett and Jim Burke, who heads the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, try to amp up the societal sanctions against drug use, they should be applauded. But the fact is, when people want these "immoral" substances they will find a way to get them—just as they did from 1919 to 1933, during Prohibition.

It is easy to paint a post-drug-prohibition picture of America as a nation of doped-up, unproductive zombies. "Are you going to give the stuff away?" asks Dr. Herbert Kleber, executive vice-president and medical director of Columbia's Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse. "If cocaine sells for about $80 a gram now, the actual cost, if it were legal, would be about $10 a gram. That means that a dose of cocaine could then be sold for 50 cents. There's no question that use would explode."

> "It's become a **race war**, of mostly white cops arresting mostly **black men**. It's the most un-American and disgraceful thing I can think of."

But there are many indicators that use would not in fact "explode." Even the ultraconservative Dr. Rosenthal at Phoenix House concedes that most people can use drugs with some "sanity," the same way most people can use alcohol with some sanity. Surveys done by the pro-legalization Drug Policy Foundation show that nearly everyone who has an interest in using drugs already does. People predisposed to use heroin or cocaine are rarely deterred by the stigma of illegality. Fewer than 2 percent of those questioned by the institute who don't use drugs now say they might be inclined to experiment if drugs were legalized.

There are also lessons to be learned from alternative policies tried in Europe. The best-known European drug experiment remains Switzerland's "Needle Park." It is also the most overused example, regularly cited to prove that relaxing prohibition in this country would be a catastrophe. But Needle Park was never about lifting prohibition. Zurich's authorities, beginning in the late eighties, only tried to locate the drug scene where they thought they could manage it, creating a sort of narcotics "combat zone." They forced users and dealers into one place, and it became a scene of enormous disorder, almost a microcosm of prohibition, with dealers fighting over turf. When it was shut down in 1992, it was a failure of police policy more than a failure of progressive drug policy. For the past two years, the Swiss have been road-testing a program of prescription heroin for addicts. Though it's too early to draw any definitive conclusions, the results have been positive enough for the government to expand the experiment from Zurich to more than a dozen other Swiss cities. The Dutch and the Australians now have similar plans in the works.

It has been nearly two decades since the Dutch adopted a policy of separating the soft- and hard-drug markets. Marijuana is sold in small quantities for personal use in hundreds of coffeehouses. There are no ads, no displays, and no legal sales to minors. Consumption among teenagers has nearly tripled, but use remains at half the level it is in the U.S. (For anyone who thinks marijuana has been effectively decriminalized here, there were 480,000 arrests last year for marijuana possession.)

"The people who lose it to drugs," says Dr. John Morgan at City College, "are overwhelmingly people who have very little at stake, very little hope, and are most often encircled by poverty, oppression, and a lack of a future."

Morgan supports his claims with empirical evidence from his own neighborhood. "Crack is sold extensively by Dominican dealers on Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues between 106th and 110th Streets," he says. "But the drug has no foothold with the white middle-class kids who live to the west of the dealing areas. Its devastating foothold is completely on the other side, where poverty and a lack of hope already exist. Draconian law may deter some use, but it deters use among those people who would not have any trouble with drugs anyway—middle-class recreational users."

TO EVEN BEGIN TO DEAL WITH THESE PROBLEMS, PUBLIC OFFICIALS must start an honest, open debate about the drug issue. Then they must let go of the self-important moralizing and the ideological posturing. The same kind of harsh, clear-eyed assessment and approach that is bringing an end to welfare-statism must be applied to the drug problem. We don't have to endorse drug use; we need only to recognize that there are more effective ways to deal with drug addiction. Our wholesale, indiscriminate prohibition policy has led to a kind of slow social suicide. It has ravaged the inner cities, decimated young blacks, corrupted the police, and wasted billions of dollars on enforcement that could be spent on prevention and treatment.

Though drug warriors always use the rhetorical scare tactic of asking, "Are you going to legalize crack?," that's the wrong question to ask right now. Decriminalization can be done in steps. Recognize that whatever measures we take are not irreversible, and, as with welfare, states and cities should be encouraged to experiment until they find the best solutions. And policy-makers should enthusiastically embrace what already has been proved effective: education and prevention, treatment programs in prisons, methadone, and needle exchange. They should, at the very least, do *something*. A continuation of the present policy is little more than a prescription for failure, more despair.

"We can't, to paraphrase Voltaire, continue to let the best become the enemy of the good," Beth Israel's Dr. Newman says. Decriminalization may not be a perfect solution, but, he says, it "is imperative from every conceivable perspective: for the individual, for the family, for the community. It is simply insanity to keep locking these people up."

Grumpy Old Men

What happens when the fearsome lord of Seventh Avenue breaks bread with the meanest man on Broadway?

By Maer Roshan

FOR AS LONG AS MOST ANYONE CAN REMEMBER, JOHN FAIRCHILD HAS been the most powerful man in fashion. Once the scourge of the industry, his publications *W* and *WWD* (which, it has been reported, are for sale along with the rest of Cap Cities/ABC's publications) have a combined circulation of 430,000. They're also required reading not only for those who make their living in the fashion trade but for everyone devoted to the business of style. In a realm where the cult of personality reigns supreme—the more capricious, the better—Fairchild manages to bring some of the biggest prima donnas this side of Coco Chanel to heel, reviewing (and often eviscerating) dozens of designers' collections several times a year (can anyone forget the scene in *Unzipped* when Isaac Mizrahi runs out in the snow to buy a copy of *WWD* and is devastated to discover his show has been panned?). His reviews affect not only the aesthetic direction of fashion but its business as well.

And then there's our very own big bad John—Simon, of course, *New York*'s theater critic and something of a tough nut himself. Also the film critic for the *National Review* and author of about a dozen books, Simon is one of the most feared and loathed critics in the business—and, unbeknownst to most of those who adore or detest his reviews, a surprisingly adept fashion *homme de goût*. To find out what has sustained these two cranky but enthusiastic critics through 40-odd years of making and breaking careers, *New York*'s Maer Roshan invited them for lunch at a corner booth of The Four Seasons.

Maer Roshan: *There's this perception out there about you that we ought to clear up right away. Listen to this: "John is very, very smart and very, very mean—"*

John Fairchild: [*Laughs*] That's almost the same thing.

"—a spoiled psychopath who thinks nothing of destroying careers for his own amusement." Now, which John do you suppose they were referring to?

John Simon: Not *me*. Because—and I think John will agree with me—one should not write just for one's amusement. One should do it out of a sense of the beautiful and the noble and the exalted.

Fairchild: By the way, if you accept the philosophy that a critic can only write sweet little nothings, the first thing that happens is you don't have any readers. The second thing is, there will be no standards. I think that quote is absolutely crazy, stupid.

You don't consider yourself a fearsome person?

Fairchild: No. I know people say that. But I *suffer* from that. I suffer from it! John does, too.

Simon: Now, let's be fair. The truth is somewhere in the middle. I think those people who say that we are fearsome are not entirely wrong.

Fairchild: But you see, it's a question of age. Had you asked me that years ago when I was struggling to make my mark in the fashion world—there were certain people who tried to exclude *Women's Wear* from everything, and it was horrible. There's nothing worse than being left out. Because I was *not* going to sit in the last row at a Christian Dior collection. I just wasn't. That's not the way I was made. I am very competitive. My biggest thrill is to get something before anybody else does.

Simon: *My* biggest thrill was seeing when very young the French movie *Falbalas,* about the lives and loves of a couture designer. I was hooked. All he ever did was draw and make love to models. So I decided to become a designer. It seemed like the most macho profession in the world. The reality, of course, is sadly different. There's not much macho in *mode.*

So you decided to go into theater *instead?*

Simon: Yeah. A devilishly virile field. At least less perverse than Gaultier, Montana, and Mugler.

Fairchild: Well, I admit some designers cross the threshold into the perverse, but for the most part, I hate categorizing people. Charm is all that matters. The rest makes no difference at all.

Simon: Now, I think Gianfranco Ferré is a fine designer. But when I met him and said, "I am wearing one of your suits," he mumbled something and left me. *Absolutely* charm-free.

Fairchild: His things are quality.

Simon: But his manner was *not* quality, I must say. And that's too bad. You know, a big, fat guy like that ought to be charming to make up for his obesity if nothing else.

Fairchild: Oh, John, you must start writing for us!

But what are you going to do with all those homosexuals running about? I'd think you'd want to keep a safe distance.

Simon: No, no—look, let's not exaggerate. I hate to say this because it's so clichéd—but some of my very best friends are homosexual; they are witty, charming, and intelligent. And heterosexual, homosexual, or in between, *that's* what makes the difference.

Fairchild: Yeah, but how many people today do you really see who have good manners?

Simon: Not many. What I would like to see is an aristocracy of

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO
FOR NEW YORK

good manners, a society in which the most mannerly people would be on the top and the least mannerly at the bottom. *That* would be a great society.

Fairchild: Boy, there's nothing like good manners. Like standing up when a woman comes to the table. As my father tried to teach me.

Simon: You know, my wife can never understand why I bother to stand up when she leaves the table or comes back. She says, "Oh, for God's sake, cut it out." I think it's beautiful. Opening a door for a woman is a wonderful thing.

Fairchild: The only thing is that they never thank you. I'm very put out by that.

Simon: It's true. That's the way our society is going, I'm afraid. The thank-yous are fewer and farther between.

Fairchild: Today, I had a letter from a man who used to be the president of my company, handwritten, *handwritten* . . . saying how much he enjoyed working together and everything. *That's* good manners. Being sensitive to the other person's feelings.

Simon: I always try to handwrite *all* my letters. Even my reviews.

Fairchild: Too bad reviewing clothes is not half as interesting as writing about the theater. Though we are both walking on eggs, you and I. When you see the person you've written about cross the street to avoid you, that's tough to take.

FAIRCHILD: "THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN BEIN
LAST ROW AT THE CHRISTIAN DIOR COLLECTIO

Simon: Well, then, reviewer to reviewer, there is something I would like to ask *you*. I have here two contradictory quotations by good authorities, and I'd like you to reconcile them if you can.

Fairchild: Oh, my God.

Simon: You will. This is not a puzzle. This is *not* a trick question. Now. Eugenia Sheppard said, "To call a fashion 'wearable' is the kiss of death. No new fashion worth its salt is ever wearable." But on the other hand, you have Carmel Snow saying, "Nothing can be more mysterious than simplicity. Simplicity is completeness." Well, "simplicity" sounds like something that should be eminently wearable. So how can something be simple and yet not wearable? Or are these two ladies at loggerheads?

Fairchild: Well, I think they're both saying the same thing. In the first place, if it's not wearable, what the hell is the point of making it? Because fashion is just a craft . . .

Simon: I agree with you. But there is Sheppard saying if it's wearable, it's not worth anything.

Fairchild: What she probably means is that you *start out* with an idea which is not wearable, but the Americans are geniuses of making it wearable and acceptable. Fashion is a business after all.

But it seems like the American designers who are *wearable are dismissed by the fashion purists. You've described Ralph Lauren as a stylist rather than a designer. Why? Because he's wearable?*

Fairchild: Designers like Ralph and Calvin are both geniuses at merchandising—seducing the public to buy their wares. You've got to admire them. Twenty years ago, they were running around pushing their carts on the street, and look where they are now. But ultimately they are both stylists: A stylist is somebody who can take from the world around him and make it attractive, as opposed to a designer, who starts out with an isolated dummy—the body—and tries to do something different.

Simon: Is one less good than the other?

Fairchild: No, they're both important. But I mean, I don't think that fashion is an art. It's like eating a good meal—it's delicious and then it disappears. But the important thing is, it makes people feel better. If they are dressed attractively and look nice, and got the right lipstick, they feel great! But that's hardly an art.

Simon: Could we perhaps agree on there being major arts and minor arts?

Fairchild: That's a better way of putting it.

Simon: Fashion and ceramics . . . these are arts, but they're minor arts, and when they think they are the equal of painting and poetry and music, they are wrong.

Fairchild: That's when they get out of whack.

But then how did designers emerge as celebrities? It's partly because of you, Mr. Fairchild, isn't it? You and WWD.

Fairchild: It's true that way back in the fifties, we started writing about designers as people. Because back then designers were locked in a back room, chained to their chairs, and there was a Seventh Avenue manufacturer out front who passed himself off as the designer. And we brought them out of the back room and started writing about them, because they are interesting people.

And so began this cult of fashion. . . .

Fairchild: That's what seduces our readers. Personally, I couldn't care less. If I had to criticize anything that goes on in this business, I would have to criticize the idea that one day somebody is the cat's meow and the next day they're the dirt of the dog.

Somewhat surprising coming from the guy who invented the In and Out lists.

Fairchild: I perhaps agree that we can be capricious. But I think it's because we're living in the belly of the beast, fashion, which is by its nature capricious.

Simon: Oscar Wilde said fashion is "a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months."

So I guess your dilemma is that you are this old-fashioned gentleman stuck in the mire of Seventh Avenue. You decry the circus while being an eager participant.

Fairchild: No, I am *not* a participant! I'm an observer. And often I observe things I don't approve of, and sometimes we make fun of them. We cut it with a razor. I don't deny that.

It's the way you wield your power—

Fairchild: Well, forget the word *power*.

Simon: Yeah, forget it.

Fairchild: That's *your* generation. Your generation is locked into the word *powerful*—power this, power that!

I think the only people who can afford to be cavalier about power are people who actually have it. I know people who have gotten collections badly reviewed in Women's Wear *and have lost their businesses or who have been reviewed by John here . . .*

Simon: Oh, God. No! No! I have never, never been able to destroy anybody's career. In theater, only the *Times* can do that. Look, when I attacked Rex Reed once and showed that he was an illiterate, and proved it chapter and verse, I was told he took to his bed for two days afterward. But on the third day, he was back again, more Rex Reed than ever. Basically I think the *word* has very limited power. And that much it deserves.

Fairchild: You know, here we are sitting in this restaurant, and there are [*counts*] four people I know. And if I sat here and observed them, I'm sure I could come up with . . . For example, the lady who came up to us with the Walkman, Linda Wachner, an extremely successful, extremely nice lady who runs Warnaco. A billion-dollar company. So if I'm sitting here and she walks in, and I see her meet [the restaurant's co-owner] Julian, give him a kiss, and then she shoves her coat into his arms, I'm going to write about that. Do you understand? All's fair.

Simon: She looked like a tent that became unmoored.

You've described yourself as kind of a lonely guy.

Fairchild: Well, I'm *not* lonely. I just don't want to get involved. I'm like a little kid who does something naughty, sticks his finger in the candy jar, and then afterward, I suffer. If I walk into a room and I don't know anybody, I feel really uncomfortable.

It seems with the influence you wield it would be hard to get too lonely. Given its virtual monopoly, do you think WWD *covers the fashion business as responsibly as it should?*

Fairchild: Our only responsibility is to be honest. And if we like something, if we say something is fantastic, our readers, the buy-

EFT OUT. I WAS NOT GOING TO SIT IN THE
JUST WASN'T. THAT'S NOT THE WAY I WAS MADE.

ers, might look at it again. That's the only influence we have.

But it's your dislikes *that get all the attention. Your feuds with Yves Saint Laurent, Pauline Trigère, and, of course, Geoffrey Beene, who hasn't been featured in* W *for years.*

Fairchild: Only because he hasn't invited us. It started because Mr. Beene wanted to have control over who reviewed his collections. He wanted to personally pick the writer.

Mr. Beene's version is that you are still angry because way back in 1967 you demanded an advance look at Lynda Byrd Johnson's wedding dress and he refused. He told me, "The president himself called and asked me not to show it to anyone. And I'm afraid my allegiance to the president of the United States outweighs my allegiance to Mr. Fairchild."

Simon: Well, obviously he had his priorities all screwed up.

Fairchild: [*Laughs*] But seriously, we will go where we are invited to go. I can't be sending spies to cover his collection. If he invites us, we'll be there.

Do you think there is a designer who leads the pack in fashion? Who do you think has the biggest impact?

Fairchild: Armani. Absolutely Armani. I mean, look around. You go to Bloomingdale's and every designer is trying to be Armani. The young girls coming out of the offices in New York, in London, in Paris? It's always Armani. It's all about simplicity, which always looks right. Whereas some of these sorts come out of their stretch limousine dressed to the T's, spend a fortune on clothes, and look hellish. They look like astronauts!

Simon: Well, if you ask me, everyone has his specialty. For example, in neckties I am inclined to say there are only two designers who are first-rate, Valentino and Zegna. But one has to revise . . . Today I'm wearing a Canali, and I think it's perfectly swell. But gone are the days of Balenciaga . . .

Fairchild: One of the world's greatest designers.

Simon: Balenciaga once said, "You don't need to have any taste at all. You are fitted by my fitter, and that's it." Do you agree with that? Can a person with no taste go to a Balenciaga and emerge . . . ?

Fairchild: Yeah, if they submit to really losing control.

Simon: *But the trouble with people who have no taste is that* they *don't* submit. Especially not if they're Americans, if they're nouveau riche and they're stupid, which often goes hand in hand.

Fairchild: Rich Americans have the worst taste in the world.

As opposed to poor Americans.

Simon: No. Poor Americans, unfortunately or fortunately, don't count. If they *did* count, they would be tasteless, too.

Mr. Fairchild, you once said that a good designer can last for just a decade. Do you still think that's true?

Fairchild: Well, Dior said, "A designer's peak is only ten years."

And a critic's, too, perhaps.

Simon: I should hope not! But there seems to be a wholesale decline lately.

Fairchild: Well, you've got to understand that all the designers have fallen under the evil spell of Hollywood. And it's appalling. Because Hollywood is a rarefied world where everything revolves around money and gold, and everybody is starstruck and removed from normal life and yet no one can resist that influence. Versace and Armani and other designers would do *anything* to get a movie star to wear their clothes. And yet, when you see what these Hollywood stars *look* like. . . . They're the worst-dressed people in the world. In the world!

Why do you think that is?

Fairchild: Because they don't have the education. They're not civilized.

Simon: And because they imitate the studio bosses, who are even less tasteful.

Fairchild: It's not a question of taste. It's just that the young stars are not interested in clothes. They're interested in *acting*. Which is fine. But everybody still looks up to them and wants to dress them. The problem is, designers don't care anymore whether rich women wear their clothes. They don't care about anybody except stars. And they forget who *buys* their clothes.

Is that why Seventh Avenue is dying?

Fairchild: I don't think it is dying. Seventh Avenue designers are still pretty smart. But they're surrounded by these old-time manufacturers who can't keep up. Saks has an entire department that spends its time checking to see whether buttons are sewed on. The quality control is just not there. But the quality businesses are thriving.

What do you think of the new designers?

Fairchild: Some of them—a few—are very good. But most of them can't even sew a shoulder onto a sleeve. They aren't knowledgeable about fabrics. They spend all their time working the press.

But isn't that partly your doing? Part of your legacy is that you've changed not just fashion journalism but journalism in general. This whole attitude toward celebrity, the In and Out lists, the debate over hemlines, hot pants, Jackie O . . .

Fairchild: Well, yes. We thought up the name Jackie O. We helped create a new image of the First Lady.

What's your impression of Hillary?

Fairchild: I think she's a very intelligent lady who is trying to survive in the evil atmosphere of Washington, which is the pits.

Simon: But if she were really smart, she would cover up her legs *all* the time, not just part of the time.

Fairchild: And I wish she'd stop changing her hairdo. . . . But John, the way you talk, you should have met Chanel. You would have met your match. When she was in her eighties, I used to watch her cutting clothes on a model, and at her age she'd shake a bit, and often she'd draw blood. She'd invite me for dinner, and I used to dread it. After the third time, I couldn't take it anymore. She'd start out with champagne, then you'd have a little whiskey, then the most fantastic dinner, and then you'd go back to whiskey and champagne. I fell asleep with her after one of these dinners where I didn't say one word.

Simon: At 80, was she still worth falling asleep with?

Fairchild: I just fell asleep. I got totally bombed and she still kept talking. Then she woke me up and said, "So you don't feel badly tomorrow, I'm giving you this little blue pill." I still don't know what it was. But I didn't have a hangover, though I suffer from them.

Your magazine coined the term nouvelle society, *which seems to have fallen by the wayside. What's replaced it?*

Fairchild: I don't think there is any society—in the *old* sense. You have charities still, and a few people go out. But in the old sense, it's dead. You have people on the board of the New York Public Library who can barely read. They join because it gives them prestige. Pathetic. The only thing that makes society today is money.

And who are the leaders of that *society?*

Fairchild: I don't think there *are* any leaders. I don't think anybody will ever surpass Brooke Astor. . . . Such intelligence!

Simon: Except she made Charlie Rose into a big deal. A *huge* mistake.

Fairchild: She still loves to flirt. She still gets crushes on people, and she happened to admire and love Charlie Rose! That's the human element. She said, "I'll have *anybody* into my house as long as it helps me raise money for my charities." That's what society is today . . .

It is much more egalitarian. More people are let in now.

Fairchild: Absolutely. But when it comes down to it, rich people still feel secure only with each other.

(continued on page 87)

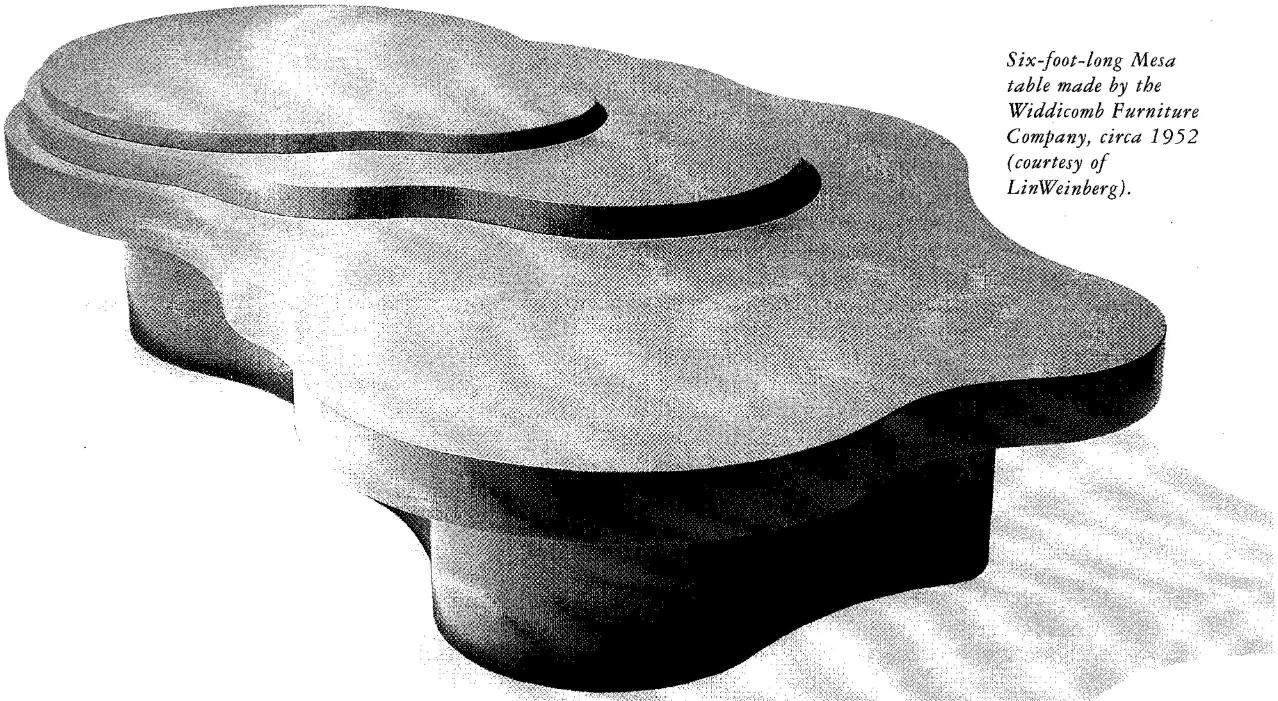
X-base coffee table, circa 1950, made by the Widdicomb Furniture Company (courtesy of Donzella 20th Century).

The

"AH, YES, MR. TERENCE HAROLD ROBS-john-Gibbings," a SoHo furniture dealer says earnestly. "Better known as the gay Heywood-Wakefield."

Furniture jokes. One more indication that we live in a city where people are judged by the type of chair they sit on. Subscribe to *Metropolis,* cruise the 26th Street flea market, see a few Cooper-Hewitt exhibitions. This is how it happens. Of course,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSHUA McHUGH
FOR NEW YORK

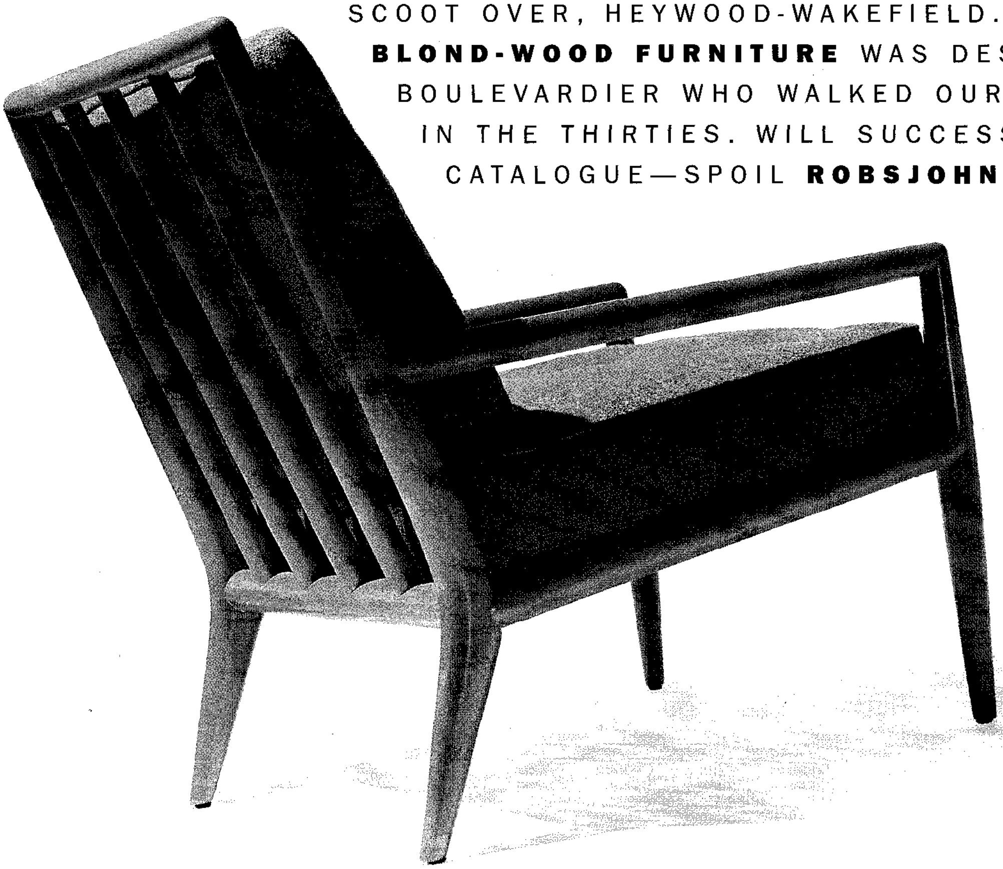


Six-foot-long Mesa table made by the Widdicomb Furniture Company, circa 1952 (courtesy of LinWeinberg).

BY RENE CHUN

Next Big Thing

SCOOT OVER, HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD. *THE* ULTRA-FAB **BLOND-WOOD FURNITURE** WAS DESIGNED BY A BOULEVARDIER WHO WALKED OUR CITY STREETS IN THE THIRTIES. WILL SUCCESS—AND THE J. CREW CATALOGUE—SPOIL **ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS?**



A once and future classic? The repro Gibby chair by Michael Formica for Dennis Miller Associates.

aside from the occasional pithy remark, Heywood-Wakefield and T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings shouldn't really be mentioned in the same breath. Not among furniture victims, anyway. It's simple enough: "Gibby" is fashionable. "Wakefield" is not.

Which isn't to say that Wakefield *wasn't* fashionable. When an Eames chair surfaced in 1993 on the set of the NBC sitcom *Frasier,* thereby exposing a heathen prime-time audience to the wonders of circa-1956 molded plywood, Wakefield was there to supply the next rush. But after a heavily illustrated Wakefield article ("Forties Something") appeared in the September 1994 issue of *Martha Stewart Living,* the blond-wood furniture was suddenly as ubiquitously uncool as wrought iron at Pottery Barn.

The next mid-twentieth-century furniture designer to be awarded icon status was Warren McArthur. You know McArthur—the tubular, Machine Age aluminum stuff that Linda Evangelista is sitting on in the current Dolce & Gabbana ad campaign. Very fashionable. That is, until this month, when word got out that Martha Stewart had ordered 120 repro pieces for her offices. Insiders knew it would be only a matter of time before a McArthur feature ("Thirties Something"?) appeared on the pages of the haute suburban housewives' style bible. McArthur would now seem as played out as Biedermeier, Mission, Mackintosh, Prouvé, Knoll, Wakefield, and all the rest.

The question was raised once more: Who will fill the great furniture void?

Tom Flynn, a freelance prop stylist and former contributing editor at *Martha Stewart Living,* explains how pricey second-hand furniture fits into the scheme of urban dwellings and the modernist movement: "In Europe, people appreciate design and there is a tradition of handing furniture down. Style is much more transitory in New York. Something new comes out in a magazine, and suddenly everybody wants to redo their apartments. New Yorkers always need the next thing, the next fix."

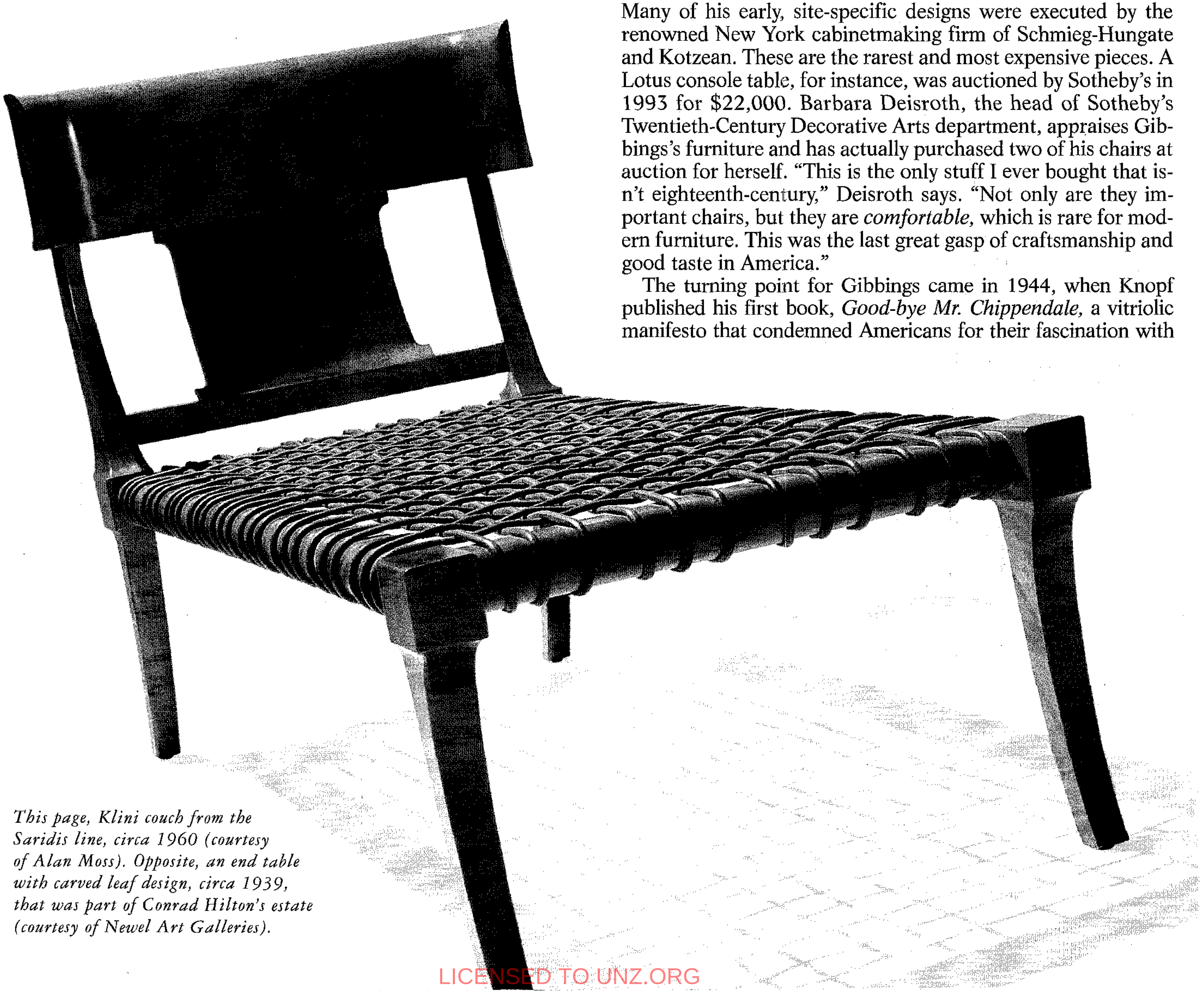
And the next fix is T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings.

To begin with, the furniture is predominantly blond wood, which is voguish once again. It is also twentieth-century neoclassical, the aesthetic favored by everyone from the chic architect Peter Marino to Stephen Sills and James Huniford (probably the most talked-about decorating team in the country). But most important, Gibbings is in sync with the today's Less Is More sensibility. "People no longer want to associate themselves with extravagance," explains Dana Nicholson, a prominent New York interior designer. "Clients like Gibbings because it doesn't necessarily reek of big money. Think of it as a minimalist version of Empire."

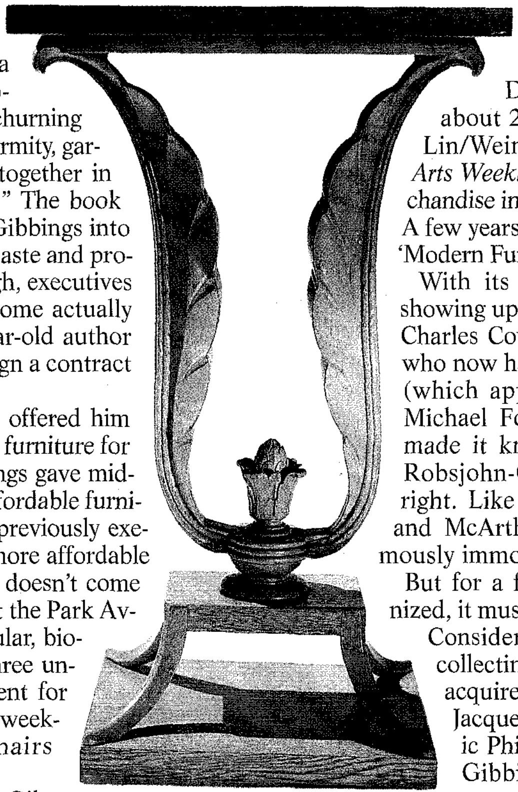
That Gibbings was a flamboyant character doesn't hurt, either; furniture victims love a great back story. The native Englishman favored bespoke double-breasted suits and carried a cigarette holder. Friends called him Gibby. After working as a decorator and antiques dealer in London, Gibbings expatriated himself to New York in 1936 to open a decorating firm with a Madison Avenue showroom. He quickly gained a reputation among the town's socialites, and his elegant, Greek-inspired furniture became all the rage. Doris Duke, Thelma Chrysler Foy, Elizabeth Arden, and Lily Daché were a few heavy hitters on his client roster.

"The rich are always with us," Gibbings once riffed off Fitzgerald's famous line, "and we should learn to enjoy them." He certainly did. One of his frequent boasts was that he could "spend more money in five minutes than any living decorator." Many of his early, site-specific designs were executed by the renowned New York cabinetmaking firm of Schmieg-Hungate and Kotzean. These are the rarest and most expensive pieces. A Lotus console table, for instance, was auctioned by Sotheby's in 1993 for $22,000. Barbara Deisroth, the head of Sotheby's Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts department, appraises Gibbings's furniture and has actually purchased two of his chairs at auction for herself. "This is the only stuff I ever bought that isn't eighteenth-century," Deisroth says. "Not only are they important chairs, but they are *comfortable,* which is rare for modern furniture. This was the last great gasp of craftsmanship and good taste in America."

The turning point for Gibbings came in 1944, when Knopf published his first book, *Good-bye Mr. Chippendale,* a vitriolic manifesto that condemned Americans for their fascination with



This page, Klini couch from the Saridis line, circa 1960 (courtesy of Alan Moss). Opposite, an end table with carved leaf design, circa 1939, that was part of Conrad Hilton's estate (courtesy of Newel Art Galleries).



antiques and furniture manufacturers for their willingness to reproduce them. Grand Rapids, he wrote, was “a hotbed of vulgarity, sterility and ignorance,” its production lines devoted to churning out “the most frightful grab-bag of conformity, garishness, and pretentiousness ever put together in the entire history of human habitation.” The book became a best-seller and transformed Gibbings into one of the country’s leading arbiters of taste and proponents of modernism. Strangely enough, executives in Grand Rapids read the book, and some actually agreed with him. That year, the 39-year-old author became the first interior decorator to sign a contract with a major Grand Rapids firm.

The Widdicomb Furniture Company offered him an irresistible challenge: Design modern furniture for the masses. From 1946 to 1956, Gibbings gave middle-class homeowners distinctive and affordable furniture, much of it adapted from designs previously executed for his private clients. While it’s more affordable than the early work, Widdicomb today doesn’t come cheap. At the recent modernism show at the Park Avenue Armory, his Mesa table, a spectacular, biomorphic coffee table on wheels with three undulating levels, sold for $10,000; it went for around $750 back in 1952. That same weekend, an X-base dining table and chairs fetched $8,500 at the triple Pier Show.

The most notable achievement of Gibbings’s final creative period, 1961 to 1976, was his nineteen-piece line of furniture manufactured by Eleftherios Saridis of Athens and based on Greek antiquity. *Life* devoted an extensive photo essay to the line, and Diana Vreeland’s *Vogue* pronounced the fifth-century-B.C. reproductions “completely now.” While touring the British Museum in the early thirties, Gibbings noticed a Greek candelabra with a bronze miniature chair sculpted on the base. Scimitar legs and mattresslike cushions balanced on leather straps can all be traced back to this *klismos,* a piece he praised as “perhaps the most beautiful chair extant.” It is a tribute to Gibbings that the Saridis line has never gone out of production. Steady demand by celebrity designers has ensured the company’s survival. But those thinking of picking up a few side chairs for the house in Quogue should be forewarned: The Klismos chair today sells for $6,050 wholesale (fabric not included). Although he was a naturalized U.S. citizen, Gibbings decided to stay in Athens after his Saridis project was completed. Living there in semi-retirement, he resumed his role as interior decorator to the rich and famous, scattering his famous Klismos chairs and stools around the homes of shipping magnates like Aristotle Onassis and Nicholas Goulandris. Gibbings died at 71, in his apartment overlooking the Acropolis.

“CLIENTS LIKE GIBBINGS BECAUSE **IT DOESN’T NECESSARILY REEK OF BIG MONEY,”** SAYS ONE INTERIOR DESIGNER. “THINK OF IT AS A MINIMALIST VERSION OF EMPIRE.”

“Perhaps I have designed one chair that may live. That is the most that a furniture designer can hope for,” Gibbings once said. Paul Donzella, an East Village furniture dealer, is amused when he hears this. Visitors to his shop, Donzella 20th Century, are interested in anything Gibbings, from X-base magazine tables ($1,500) to custom-made daybeds ($8,000). Much of this demand can be attributed to an exhibition of 60 pieces mounted at the shop last April. The elegant furniture designed by the man with the unwieldy name was embraced by New York’s unofficial style council. Collectors, dealers, designers, and magazine editors came, saw, and coveted. “For the first time, there were limos parked in front of my store,” Donzella recalls.

The buzz had begun. “In the wake of Donzella’s show, prices have increased by about 25 percent,” confirms Andy Lin, of the Lin/Weinberg Gallery. “Read *Antiques and the Arts Weekly* and you’ll see people advertising merchandise in bold type as ‘T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings.’ A few years ago, this stuff was referred to merely as ‘Modern Furniture’ or ‘Widdicomb.’ ”

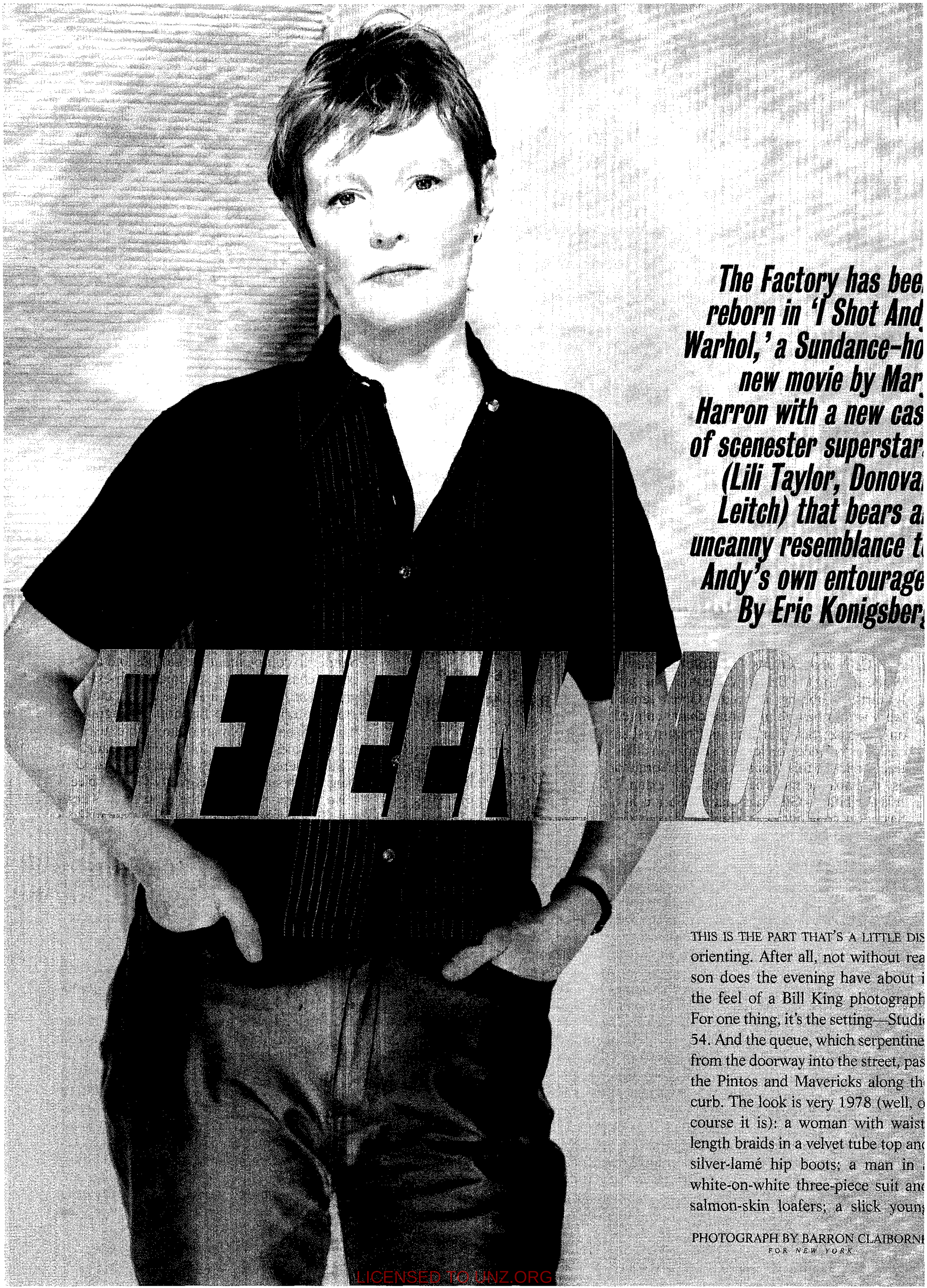
With its newfound pedigree, Gibbings began showing up in all the right places. Like the home of Charles Cowles, a prominent SoHo gallery owner who now has a Klismos chair and bench in his loft (which appeared recently in *Elle Decor*). And Michael Formica, a local interior designer, has made it known that he has secured the T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings trademark and design copyright. Like his predecessors—Eames, Wakefield, and McArthur—Gibbings, too, will be posthumously immortalized in reproductions.

But for a furniture trend to become truly galvanized, it must be adopted by the fashion community. Consider some of the people who have begun collecting Gibbings: Karl Lagerfeld has quietly acquired pieces within the past year; Parisians Jacques Grange (an interior designer) and Eric Philippe (an antiques dealer) both deal in Gibbings; Tom Ford, Gucci’s top designer, owns several significant pieces; and the model Veronica Webb has just purchased a Gibbings desk. Barneys New York’s Madison Avenue store has nine reproductions in its Jil Sander boutique. Customers frequently ask whether the leather-thonged stools are for sale. “They were chosen specifically by Ms. Sander to complement the clothes and cannot be purchased,” says a salesman with extravagant dignity. Stüssy, a Prince Street clothing store catering to the hip-hop demographic, has an X-base Gibbings dining table, used by pierced salespeople to fold oversize jeans.

Still, there are already rumblings that Gibbings’s cult status is in jeopardy. Certain pieces have become staples in the prop stylist’s arsenal. Two Gibbings bedside tables may make a cameo appearance in the film *Marvin’s Room.* A vintage Widdicomb X-base coffee table was recently leased to a stylist working on a Madonna video. An upcoming J. Crew catalogue is said to be rife with Gibbings. And what of the reproductions? Who’s to say that 200 R-G dining chairs won’t show up in the next Pino Luongo restaurant in Orlando?

AN IMMACULATE R-G CHAIR SITS ON A SHEET OF WHITE SEAMLESS paper in a Chelsea loft. Treading lightly on the pristine paper, a shoeless assistant nudges the chair into position.

Michael Formica is pleased. The prototypes for his new line of authorized Gibbings reproductions have turned out even better than expected, and now they’re being photographed for a brochure. This particular piece (an exact replica of the Widdicomb Company chair, 1946), called the Gibby chair, will retail for $1,950. Like the Eames lounge chair and the Wakefield bureau that preceded it, this is the classic that Formica is betting the public will scramble for. The shutter of the Hasselblad triggers the lights, which make a popping sound like a lightbulb exploding. Formica stares at the Gibby chair and smiles. The freshly varnished blond wood gleams in the tungsten light. *Pop.* ■



FIFTEEN MO

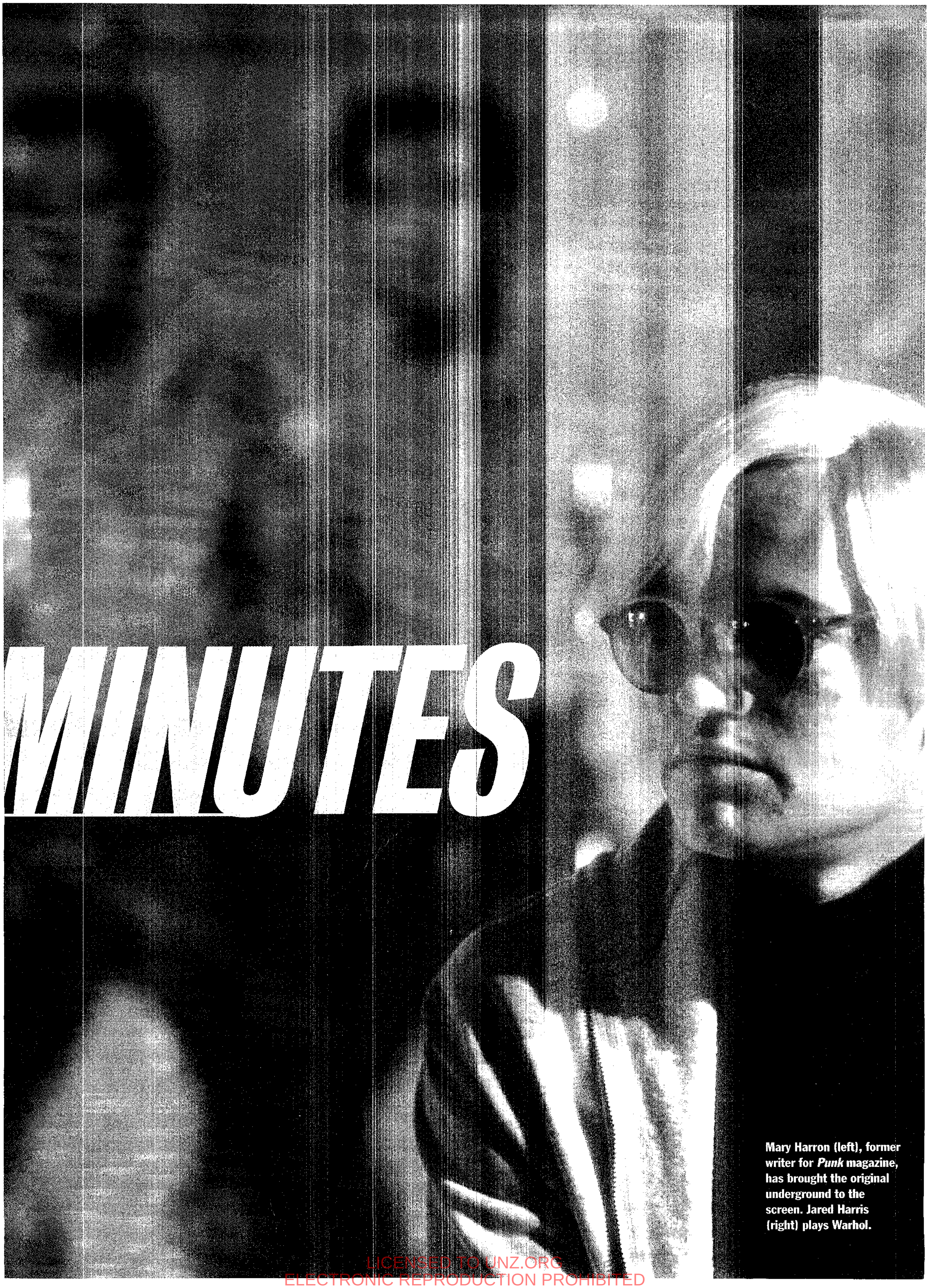
The Factory has bee
reborn in 'I Shot And
Warhol,' a Sundance-ho
new movie by Mar
Harron with a new cas
of scenester superstar
(Lili Taylor, Donova
Leitch) that bears a
uncanny resemblance t
Andy's own entourage

By Eric Konigsber

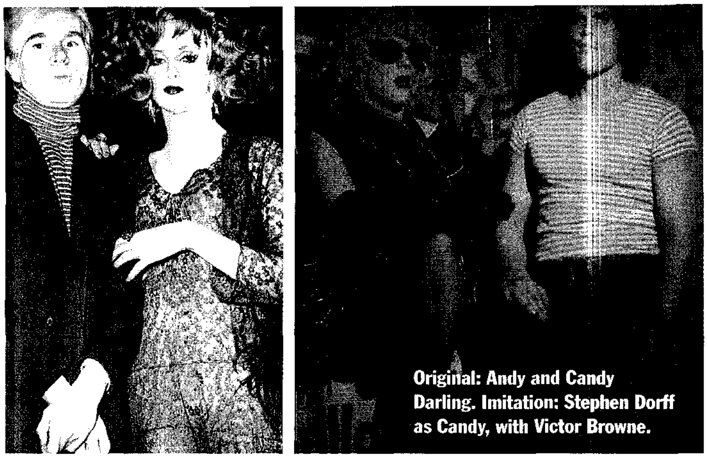
THIS IS THE PART THAT'S A LITTLE DIS
orienting. After all, not without rea
son does the evening have about i
the feel of a Bill King photograph
For one thing, it's the setting—Studi
54. And the queue, which serpentine
from the doorway into the street, pas
the Pintos and Mavericks along th
curb. The look is very 1978 (well, o
course it is): a woman with waist
length braids in a velvet tube top an
silver-lamé hip boots; a man in
white-on-white three-piece suit an
salmon-skin loafers; a slick youn

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRON CLAIBORN
FOR NEW YORK

MINUTES



Mary Harron (left), former writer for *Punk* magazine, has brought the original underground to the screen. Jared Harris (right) plays Warhol.



Original: Andy and Candy Darling. Imitation: Stephen Dorff as Candy, with Victor Browne.

Original: Viva and Gerard Malanga. Imitation: Donovan Leitch as Malanga, Tahnee Welch as Viva.

Travolta figure who wears a leather waistcoat over a Lichtenstein-print shirt.

Studio in ’78. Well, now, that was a wrinkle in time, wasn’t it? Before AIDS, of course, but also before the heyday of yuppies and before anyone knew coke was bad for you. There were Halston and Victor Hugo (the window dresser), Bianca Jagger and Andy Warhol. Andy always loved it here; he’d discovered some of his Factory members on the dance floor and wooed subjects he wanted to paint, like Liza Minnelli and Truman Capote. “The New Society,” Warhol called it, praising it for a door policy so stringent it fostered egalitarianism inside. “The stars are nobody,” he said once. “Because everybody’s a star.”

Tonight, there are no real stars. Gone, too, is the moon that would drop from the ceiling to snort twinkling stars up its nose. But there is still the entrance procession, which at this point is not proceeding at all but waiting, tense-shouldered, antsy, bleary.

An arbiter at the door, a slim gamine with boyish, chewed-up hair, wears a thermal T-shirt and a Converse windbreaker that are seriously unfabulous (not even in an X-Girl sort of way). She holds a clipboard and assesses the lineup.

“She’s getting in,” she says of a blonde who most puts one in mind of Cornelia Guest. “And the preppy coke whore—he will, too.” She tilts her head at a burly man in leopard-skin shirt and matching boots, and his companion, who wears a T-shirt printed to resemble a tuxedo. “They’re not getting in. They’re here from New Jersey, probably; they just got it wrong. They’re fantastic, though, aren’t they? I’ll find a way to use them.”

The gamine with the clipboard is Mary Harron: not a bouncer but the co-writer and director of *I Shot Andy Warhol,* a freshman-effort movie that finished filming this summer. The film tells the story of Valerie Solanas, a lesbian feminist who in 1968 managed to pump a bullet into Warhol (the title is what Solanas said to cops when she turned herself in, in Times Square, hours after the shooting.)

I Shot Andy Warhol is set to be released in March, and premiered to (mostly) raves last week at Robert Redford’s Sundance Film Festival. It was one of only a handful of movies—the others being *Care of the Spitfire Grill, Meet Ruth Stoops,* and Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott’s *Big Night*—whose Sundance screening was crowded enough that people were turned away. Although the film’s distribution arrangement with Goldwyn looked tenuous last week as it became more and more likely that Goldwyn would get bought by Polygram or Metromedia, word had Miramax as a keen and probable taker, withholding its final decision until all the buzz from Utah filters in.

The line of extras Harron surveys is for a flash-forward scene that will occur near the end of the movie. And she’s deciding not who will gain entrance to the club but who will get into the movie, or who within the fictional context of the movie will get into the club. Harron’s former lives were as a rock journalist and BBC documentary-maker. She’s paying a disproportionate amount of attention to the door policy; it barely figures into the scene, and the scene itself will be brief and fleetingly allegorical. “I just love this sort of thing; it’s so paradigmatic,” Harron says. “I mean, here are all these extras, trying to outdo each other, hoping to get to play club kids, club kids who try to outdo each other in order to be what were essentially the extras to the scene taking place at a nightclub.”

> **“The actors who auditioned were so nineties and you’re not bored in the same way.’ There’s a different**

IT’S THE SORT OF ODD HALL-OF-MIRRORS moment the past two months have been full of, downright Warholian. Consider the cast: Stephen Dorff, the son of film composer Steve Dorff, plays the drag queen Candy Darling; Tahnee Welch, Raquel’s daughter, plays Warhol’s muse Viva; Donovan Leitch, son of the folksinger Donovan and a recordless glam-rocker in his own right, plays Warhol’s assistant Gerard Malanga; Martha Plimpton, Keith Carradine’s daughter, plays a friend of Solanas, and Jared Harris, Richard Harris’s son, costars as Warhol himself. (Lili Taylor, whose parents aren’t famous, plays Solanas.)

What these names have in common, aside from celebrated genetics, is that all of them are human punch lines of young Hollywood, getting on magazine covers with nary a hit film or a critically successful performance to their names. They are, as *GQ* recently wrote of Leitch junior, “virtual stars,” famous for showing up. And they bear a definite—if unintentional—generic likeness to the real-life occupants of their roles, the members of the Factory, Warhol’s *salon des refusées,* who in the sixties poked fun at America’s emerging cult of celebrity by calling themselves Superstars and adopting stage names such as Billy Name, Ultra Violet, and International Velvet and declaring themselves famous for being famous.

On the set, Harron is smoothing a loose strand of Harris’s silver wig. “Perfect Andy,” she says. “Okay, so it was cast a bit to type. I think Warhol would get a kick out of the casting.”

Earlier in the filming, Billy Name, a photographer now living in upstate New York, had been on the fake-Factory set. “It was like visiting an archaeological dig,” he says. “The atmosphere, just when the actors were hanging out and dancing between takes, was *just* what we had. Donovan and the rest, they are today’s Superstars.”

“It got so convincing,” Harron says, “that none of us could believe it when we found out that Jared and Tahnee had become an item, because, well, *Andy* was *gay*. He wouldn’t have been sleeping with Viva.”

She sees this less as ironic than as a stab at realism. “It may be the case that the children of people who were famous in the sixties are the only ones who could capture that Factory style, maybe just from growing up with those people,” she says. “When I first began looking to fill parts, people were suggesting Christian Slater, or even Keanu Reeves”—she pronounces it, charmingly clueless, *Kee-noo*—“to play

Photographs: left to right, AP/Wide World Photos; Chris Smith/Samuel Goldwyn Company; AP/Wide World Photos; Joyce George/Samuel Goldwyn Company.

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Andy. The actors who auditioned were so nineties and so slacker, and I was like, 'No, you're not slacker; you're not bored in the same way.' There's a different quality to sixties boredom, sixties ennui. It wasn't actually disinterested. You need someone who's really still up there, just that they're complaining all the time."

So while the players may be similar, the movie has little in common with the films Warhol made and their clumsy, disconnected postadolescent artiness. "I loved what Warhol did, but I'm really tired of self-conscious New York–downtown irony," Harron says. "When Warhol did it, it was good because it questioned at a time when everything was very straitlaced and art was so firmly classified. People would say, 'This is good; this is bad,' like they had to give you permission to like something. Warhol was egalitarian at a time when culture needed that." A film like Warhol's *Sleep,* for example, which consisted of a single shot of John Giorno sleeping (nothing more), and lasted five hours (nothing less). "But I didn't want the kind of Hal Hartley detachment that's so popular in small-budget film nowadays. I wanted to be very direct, very emotional and realistic, sort of old-fashioned, really. At the heart of this movie is the story of Valerie Solanas, and there was nothing camp or ironic about her."

ON JUNE 3, 1968—TWO MONTHS AFTER Martin Luther King's assassination, two days before Robert Kennedy's—Valerie Solanas walked into the Factory's Union Square offices and shot Warhol and an art dealer and critic, Mario Amaya, who was visiting that afternoon. Both men survived, but the attack had a profound influence on Warhol's career. Already skittish, he grew maniacally paranoid and even more distant than before. He no longer devoted himself to making famous the freaks who hung around the Factory, instead running with the already famous, whose company he considered less dangerous, and spending more and more time at discos and photo ops. Even he was aware that all the partygoing with the rich hindered his creativity. He gradually stopped directing films, content to produce them. As for his painting, the Pop innovator became a court portraitist for the Studio crowd.

Solanas was something of a fringe member of Warhol's circle, having appeared in his film *I, a Man,* and her attempt on his life was written off as a frustrated groupie's revenge upon discovering her insignificance. For several months, in fact, she had been begging Warhol to produce her play *Up Your Ass,* and he had lost the script. (It turned up sometime after Warhol's death in a trunk of possessions the Warhol estate sent to Billy Name.) Eventually, however, Solanas's *SCUM Manifesto*—acronymically named after her one-woman sorority, the Society for Cutting Up Men, and put out by the sixties publisher Maurice Girodias—was recognized by some as a seminal, if fairly extreme, text of radical feminism: "[The male] will swim a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him."

Passages from the *SCUM Manifesto* are read throughout the movie, giving it the feel of a documentary. "The aim was to portray Valerie matter-of-factly," Taylor says. "She was crazed, you know, but not crazy. Which was kind of true in a different way of Warhol." There was initially word of some concern in the Warhol camp that *I Shot Andy Warhol* would be too sympathetic toward Solanas, though Warhol's house photographer Chris Makos worked on it. "I certainly wouldn't say I'm glorifying her," Harron says, "but the point of telling her story is not to ridicule her, either. I think we make her human, which is not really how anyone has ever thought of her."

For years, Harron had known about the *SCUM Manifesto,* though she'd never actually laid eyes on it ("It's impossible to find," she says), having researched a TV documentary about Warhol. One day, walking to work at *The South Bank Show,* the English arts documentary program, she looked in the window of the left-wing bookstore she passed every day and happened to see a copy of the *SCUM Manifesto* among the Trotskyist pamphlets. She rushed in and bought it.

"Television," she says, "hadn't been the happiest time of my life. That walk to work every day—I'd walk under the Brixton railroad, saying to myself, 'I'm never going to get anywhere; I'm past 30 and I'm in TV; I never went to film school and I don't know anything.' That whole self-pity bit, you know? But I was so inspired when I saw the *SCUM Manifesto.* I thought it would just be raving lunatic, but from the first paragraph, I knew it was so brilliant, so funny—nobody [had] ever said she had a sense of hu-

acker,' "says Mary Harron, "and I was like, 'No you're not slacker;
to sixties boredom, sixties ennui. It wasn't actually disinterested."

Warhol and his factory Superstars, 1968.

Photographs: top left, UPI/Bettmann; top right, Bill Foley/Samuel Goldwyn Company; bottom, Archives Malanga.

mor. I mean, I don't think all men should be killed, but what the *SCUM Manifesto* says about women and men and power relationships—and the fact that it was written when women were still wearing ball gowns—it was quite astute."

"I don't think all men should be killed, but what the 'SCUM Manifesto' says about women and men and power relationships—and the fact that it was written when women were still wearing ball gowns—it was quite astute."

Taylor and Harron on the *I Shot Andy Warhol* set.

JERRY'S, THE SOHO DINER THAT is the automatic choice for so many downtown interviews, is too noisy at lunchtime for Harron's small voice, so Manhattan Bistro has to do. She orders lots of food that she barely touches; she drinks four cups of coffee; she eats her food after it has gotten cold. Harron grew up Canadian in central London—she makes constant comparisons between the English and we "North Americans" and still has a rather Sloaney accent—and went on to edit *Isis,* Oxford's student magazine (of which other alumni include Tina Brown, Martin Amis, and Graham Greene). Her father was the comedian Don Harron, though she lived primarily with her mother and stepfather, Stephen Vizinczey, author of *In Praise of Older Women.* In 1976, she left Britain for the East Village, running the kitchen at "this awful hippie film company" in exchange for room and board. Soon, she fell in with Legs McNeil, who was starting a magazine called *Punk,* a venture that for a year or so reigned as the most interesting cultural institution below 14th Street, credited with coining the term *punk rock.* Harron was the first journalist in America to interview the Sex Pistols.

"The best thing about punk rock was that these people were much more aware than the people at Oxford," she says. "Oxford was very caught up in Evelyn Waugh mythologies, and then suddenly I was invited to be in the modern world, finally. And it was quite good because I caught the beginning of all this stuff, and nobody knew about it. Legs took me to CBGB to see and interview the Ramones, and the first time we went, Lou Reed was there. And I thought, *Oh, my God, Lou Reed.* I was a big fan of the Velvet Underground, and I was a Warhol freak. My entrée into understanding punk and the New York underground came through everything I had read about the Factory. There were a lot of similarities between the two. Both CB's and the Factory were for misfits. And there was the whole egalitarian bit, and the irony bit. I would go to these shows with Jim Wolcott, and I remember him saying, 'Everybody here was unpopular in high school.' "

Harron quickly developed a reputation as a polished cultural critic, writing a number of memorable articles for the music-press Establishment, including a long essay in *The Village Voice* about English punk in 1977—"the first big piece about punk in the American press," she says. She returned to London and got into television, first as a researcher and later directing. Her approach was offbeat and funny; one segment she directed for *The Late Show,* a profile of Martin Amis, included a plot summary of *London Fields* in which scenes were re-created on a café table, with salt and pepper shakers and mustard and ketchup representing the novel's characters. In 1990, Harron achieved considerable prominence as a host of the smart talk show *UK Late.*

By 1991, Harron had returned to New York to be a director on the PBS arts-magazine show called *Edge,* briefly sharing an apartment with RuPaul, not yet of drag-queen fame. Her BBC treatment for a Solanas documentary ended up in the hands of the producers Christine Vachon and Tom Kalin, who persuaded her to develop the idea as a feature-length, fictionalized concept. Lili Taylor, a fan of the *SCUM Manifesto,* was onboard early. Lynn Holst, who was an executive at American Playhouse International, attended a reading of the script and persuaded her production company to finance the film.

Both Vachon and Kalin have carved out a niche in the business as makers of films about real-life events involving homosexual characters. Vachon has had five movies released since the beginning of last year (including *Kids* and Todd Haynes's *Safe*). Kalin is the director of *Swoon.*

Harron, however, is not gay, and the film will probably not be marketed as "queer cinema." "If lesbians are the rage right now, it certainly didn't help me get the movie funded," she says. She is almost apologetic about how long it took her to make her first movie, and she hesitates to give her age, which is 40. "I don't mock my rock-and-roll days, but I realized that a rock writer's career doesn't change much after the age of 22. And I shouldn't be doing the same thing at 40 that I was doing at 22. It took me a while to get into movies, but I realized it was what I always wanted to do."

NINE YEARS AFTER THE ARTIST'S DEATH, AND all of a sudden, three movies about Warhol's orbit are in the works. (The other two are Julian Schnabel's *Basquiat,* which is scheduled to come out this summer, and Michael Zoumas's *A Low Life in High Heels,* about the Factory drag queen Holly Woodlawn. Two more works, adaptations of George Plimpton and Jean Stein's *Edie* and *The Life and Death of Andy Warhol,* by Victor Bockris, may yet find their way to the screen. "You have to wonder why this film is getting so much attention," Harron says, "all this hype already—Annie Leibovitz is doing a big fashion shoot of the actors for *Vogue,* and *Vanity Fair's* got something in the works also. I mean, it's not because of me; I've never written or directed before. It's the subject matter. The Factory was an underground culture at a time when there really was such a thing as underground. It was the same as punk, for a year or two. Today, some bit of youth culture comes along, and it's mainstream in about a week. It's on cable TV, and it's in malls. There are no well-kept secrets in popular culture anymore, and I think there is a desperate appreciation today for anything that's, well, authentic."

Harron stops to consider the notion of Warhol's authenticity. "He had it—he really did. It was a true counterculture," she says. "And it was something we tried very hard to re-create—to get across the contrast between these people and the normal people, between uptown and downtown, if one can still get away with using an expression like that."

The movie has a tiny budget, but Harron managed to make it go a long way, filling the role of the Velvet Underground with the band Yo La Tengo, another white-noise combo with a Jewish front man and a female drummer, and painstakingly re-creating the Factory at a warehouse in West Chelsea, with tinfoiled walls, silver floors, Brillo boxes, the famous silver Electrolux, a steamer trunk, a pay phone, and a replica of Warhol's fur-trimmed red divan.

Even better, Warhol's paintings and silk screens were reproduced for the set—Elvises, Jackies, Marilyns, flowers. This turned out not to be such a simple matter, permitted by the Warhol Foundation only under the condition that the works be marked as copies on the back and—this is the bad part—destroyed after filming.

"That was the most curious thing," Harron says. "Warhol said that all art was about appropriation. So what could be better than a slew of fake Warhols hanging on walls all over the country? I think he would've liked that fine." ■

Photograph by Bill Foley/Samuel Goldwyn Company.

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BY CORKY POLLAN

The Scarf of the Century

Louis Vuitton is in a celebratory mood this year: 1996 is the centennial of the company's LV monogram design. To mark the anniversary, Vuitton is introducing five exuberant hand-printed silk-twill scarves. They were adapted from the pastels of Franco-Togolese artist William Wilson, whose inspiration was the American Southwest ($245).

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The Russian Tea Spoon

With perestroika came the arrival of capitalists who began exporting Cold War anachronisms like KGB binoculars, MiG-29 cockpit clocks, and Spetznaz range finders. The export focus has now shifted from obsolete military paraphernalia to Kremlin curios, with the unearthing of the last of the official Kremlin spoons. Purportedly, these vintage utensils once used for official state dinners had been languishing in vaults beneath Red Square. They're silver and gold with hand-enameled handles stamped (on the back) with the hammer and sickle (coffee spoons, $59.95 for two; teaspoons, $69.95 for two).

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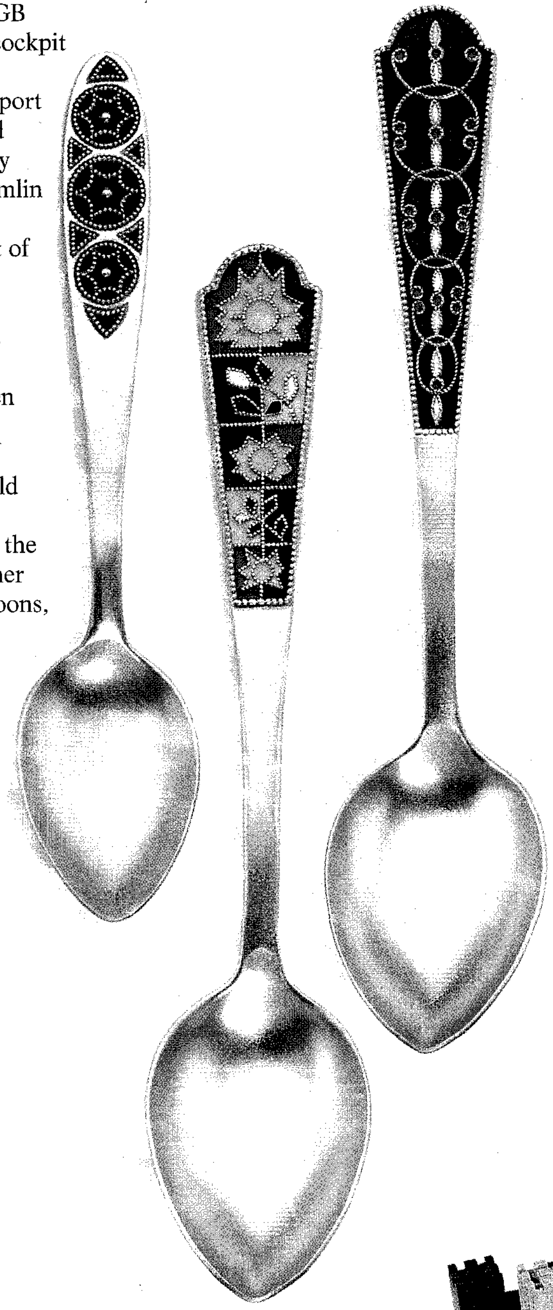

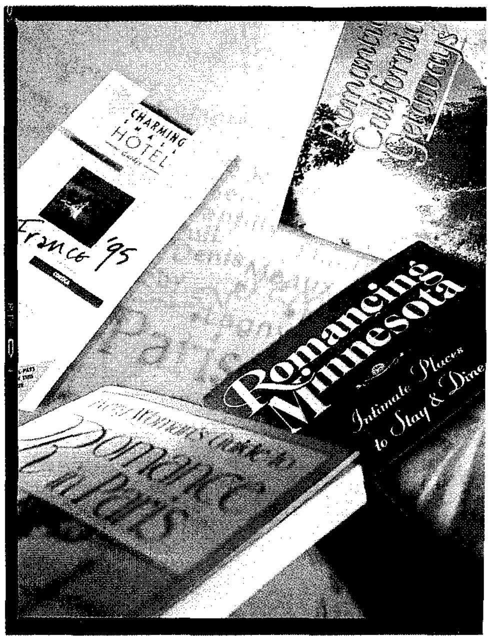
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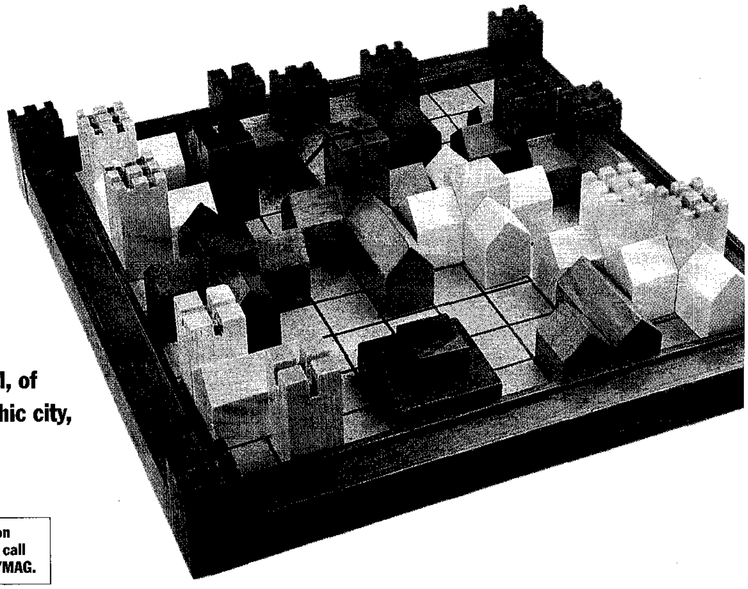

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Display it or play it? With Cathedral, a game in which architecture meets chess, it's a draw. New Zealander Robert P. Moore, a game inventor, was inspired by walled medieval cities. There's a cathedral, of course, and a castle, as well as the other structures found in a Gothic city, and they're all handmade in Canada of native timber ($59.95).

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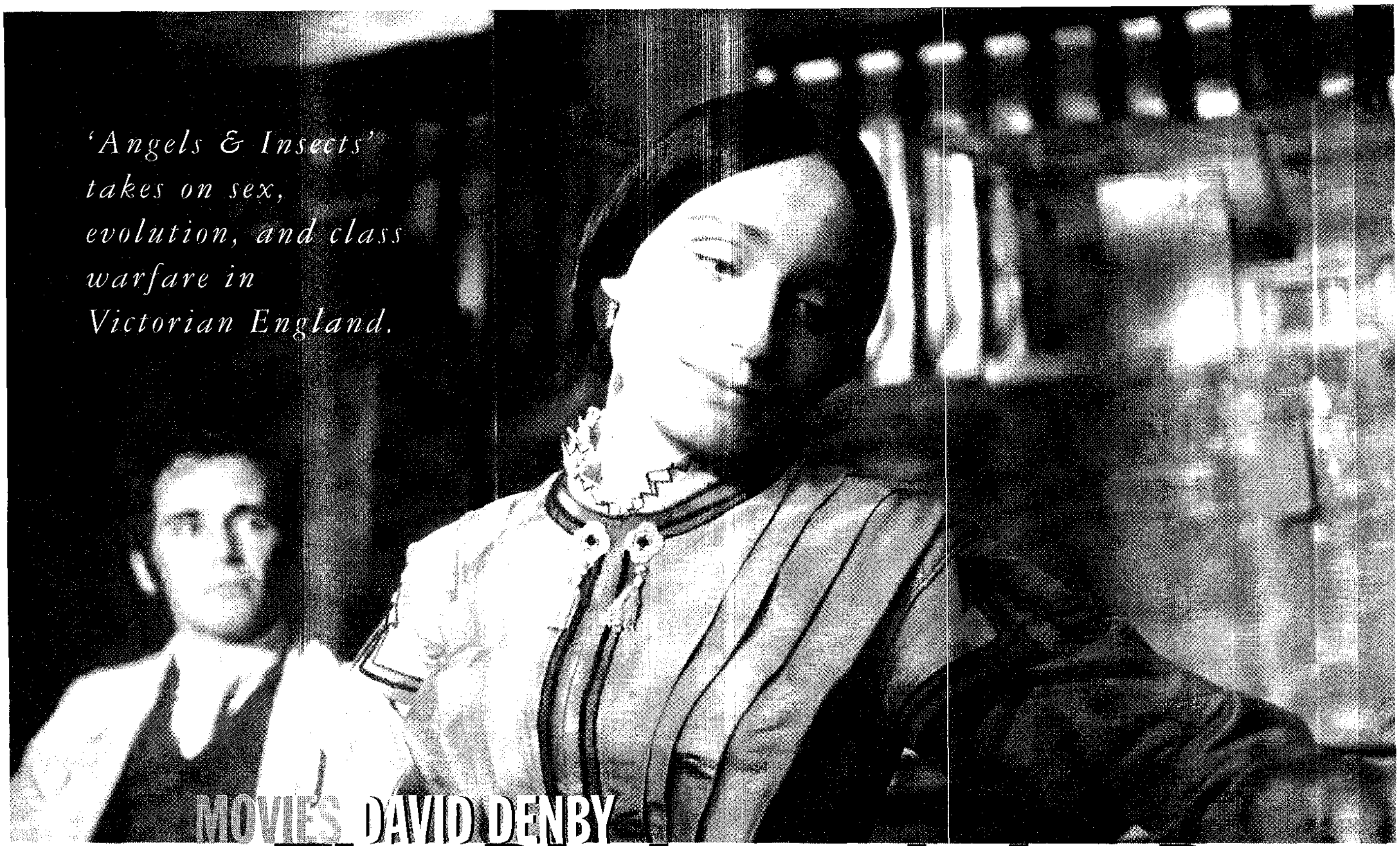

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

The Birds and the Bugs

'Angels & Insects' takes on sex, evolution, and class warfare in Victorian England.

Mark Rylance, left, and Kristin Scott Thomas.

A MOVIE THAT WE CAN'T IMMEDIATELY LIKE OR dislike is sometimes more provocative than an obvious winner—or an obvious bomb. By the end of the Anglo-American **Angels & Insects,** I was impressed by the picture's intellectual rigor and erotic daring. But at first the movie seemed stilted and off-putting, and possibly even inept. The director, Philip Haas, an American, has worked extensively in documentary and has made only one previous feature, *The Music of Chance*. Haas does not yet appear to have an easy way with the characters in a fiction. He does, however, have a clever eye for material. Working with his wife, Belinda Haas (who also edited the movie), he adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. In the early 1860s, just after Darwin's discoveries have begun assaulting the peace of the religious, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent for his living on the patronage of a wealthy aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose Gothic ancestral house he takes residence. The great ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order. Or by some dirty secret.

The Haases, learning from Byatt, appear highly expert in matters zoological and erotic, but at first everything else feels a bit off: The father (Jeremy Kemp), a naturalist and cleric, rants miserably about the blind struggle of creatures for survival—Kemp appears to be aiming for the back seats of a provincial theater. The mother (Annette Badland), overweight, her piggy snout emerging beneath a cap, sits buried in mounds of white silk and taffeta, munching on cakes and cream. Are we watching satire? No, the mood is too heavy: We're meant to think that Lady Alabaster is a parasite left behind by social evolution. The eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), a beautiful young woman, is a bit vague and open-mouthed. There's something hapless, saddened, distant yet also libidinous and available in her manner that puzzles us. She rouses the working-class Adamson beyond endurance.

Social rituals—in the ballroom, parlor, sun room—come off with ludicrous formality. There's so much dead air around the talk that one might be watching each sentence embroidered and framed on the wall. And Haas indulges some very strange and overemphatic performances: Young Douglas Henshall, as Eugenia's loutish brother, a barbarian-aristocrat with no interests in life but horses, storms about shaking his mane of blond hair. (We get the point: He's a thoughtless stallion.) Now, it turns out there's a reason for some of these people to act strangely. Our initial impatience with Mark Rylance's recessive performance as the hero (Rylance has fine, melancholy eyes, but he's terribly self-contained) and with Bernard Zitzermann's cold, grayish cinematography later gives way to admiration for Haas's daring in playing his cards so close to the vest. He's got a real secret. At first the strangeness of the movie appears to lack humor, as if Haas were trying for the haughtily distanced manner of Peter Greenaway (*The Draughtsman's Contract*), but the portentousness pays off in the end. These decaying aristocrats have truly reached the end of the evolutionary line. Something sinister is working in the atmosphere.

In the corridors of the great house, the teenage cham-

Photograph by Alex Bailey/Samuel Goldwyn Company.

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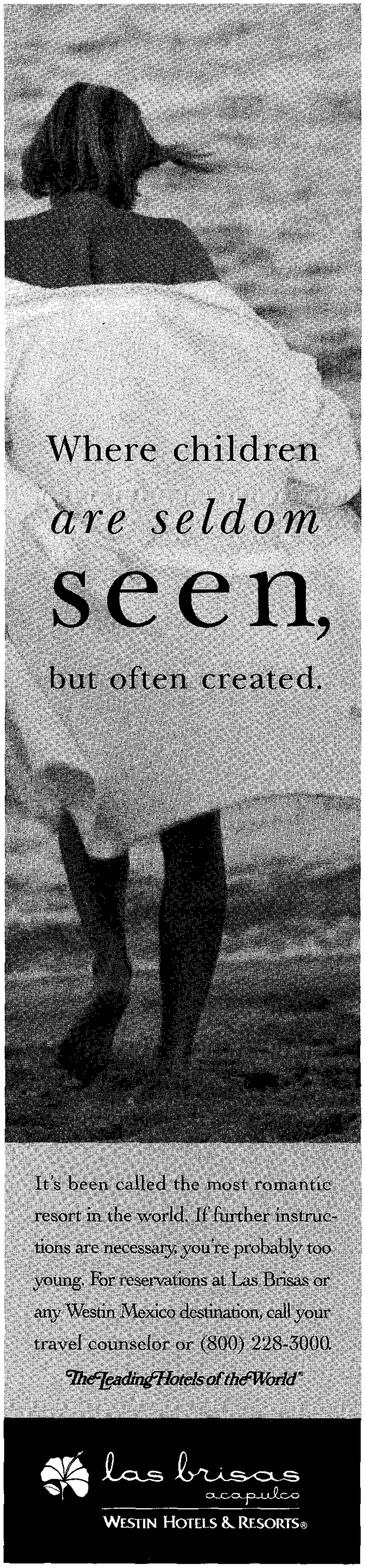
bermaids turn away from the men passing by. What are they turning away from? Extreme repression appears to be at war with . . . what? Extreme license? The very fine musical score by Alexander Balanescu swirls under the scenes, its pulsating strings matching the busy insect life that Haas shows us in the woods near the great house. A certain obscene energy of breeding and death, a larval intimacy, haunts the scene: Butterflies emerge squishily from pupae; biting flies land in Lady Alabaster's cream. The Victorian façade begins to disintegrate.

Oblivious, Adamson the naturalist goes on with his work. He marries Eugenia and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Miss Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thomas), a severe and exacting young woman who seems to have stepped out of the pages of a Charlotte Brontë novel and who burns with ethical and sexual passion. But Adamson is mesmerized by his wife, who lies in bed, surrounded by white lace; her bed is both a throne and a trap, and on the wedding night, as she giggles, it occurs to us that she is no shy Victorian bride. Later in their marriage, Adamson wanders into the bedroom and finds her naked as a goddess, long golden tresses lying almost to her waist. We seem to have stumbled into a forbidden dream of Victorian sex. Is she waiting for her husband? Or has someone else just left her? Haas doesn't break the bodies into the usual close-ups of golden intertwined limbs. He shoots them in whole shot, grown-ups making love, and for once nakedness has startling power.

Adamson is a democratic hero, and so is the ambitious tutor Matty, who, it turns out, shares with him a steely resolve. Kristin Scott Thomas, reticent in the early scenes, becomes a more forceful presence and finally takes over the movie altogether. *Angels & Insects* turns out to be a true Victorian fable. Haas makes vice hateful, which isn't easy, and he suggests that it's ethical attraction, not mere instinct, that furthers evolution in human beings. The movie gathers steam; shows us shocking, vile things; and sails into the clear.

From Dusk Till Dawn, DIRECTED BY ROBERT Rodriguez, is based on an early screenplay by an insufficiently evolved Quentin Tarantino. It begins as a nastily amusing put-on gangster film, starring Tarantino himself and George Clooney (from *E.R.*) as psychopathic murdering brothers on the lam after a bank robbery. It changes into a vampire movie (you heard me) with a lot of naked ladies swinging themselves around and biting men. Later, everyone's eyes pop out and their flesh melts into hissing puddles. The movie is vicious in so casual a manner that it's not worth getting upset about. The real problem is sitting through it. ■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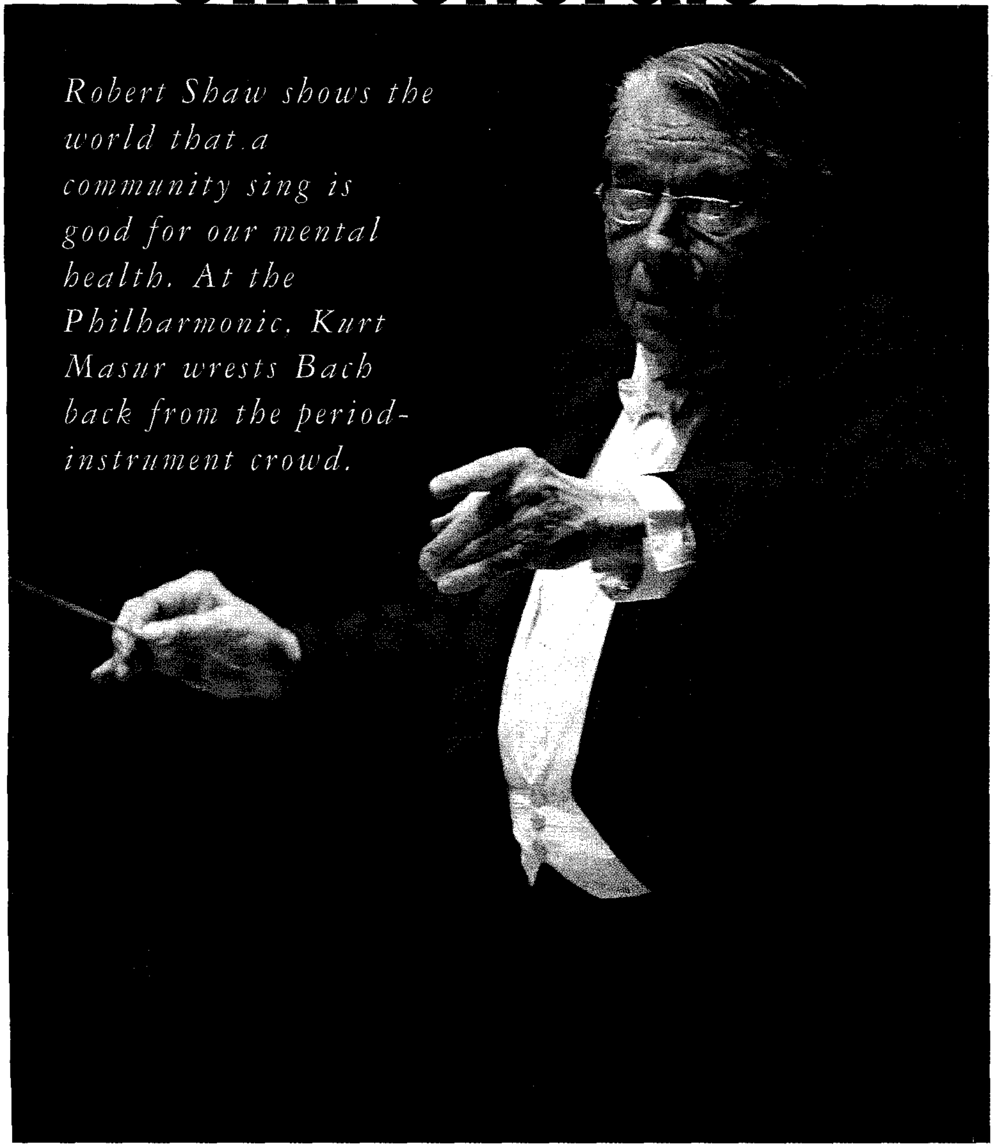

Robert Shaw shows the world that a community sing is good for our mental health. At the Philharmonic, Kurt Masur wrests Bach back from the period-instrument crowd.

This page: An octogenarian come April, Shaw leads Verdi's *Requiem* at Carnegie Hall. Opposite: Kurt Masur addresses Bach's Mass in B minor.

Robert Shaw HAS BEEN PREPARING SUPERIOR PERformances of choral music for a long time—he turns 80 in April—drawing upon an apparently endless store of pithy aphorisms to make salient points as he trains choruses to meet his exacting standards. He seldom repeats his bons mots, but the conductor came up with one that must have struck him as too pungently descriptive of his musical philosophy for him not to trot it out a few times as he rehearsed Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* for a performance in Carnegie Hall not long ago. "Like sex," quoth Shaw, "the arts are too important to leave to the professionals."

A bit ironic, that. Shaw, the consummate professional, was supervising his sixth annual Carnegie Hall professional choral workshop at the Manhattan Center on 34th Street, and the polished sounds he drew from the 163 voices that surrounded him in the center's faded twenties Byzantine ballroom scarcely resembled what you might hear from the local glee club. But most of the singers on the floor were veterans of the previous five Shaw workshops in New York—sessions devoted to Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and requiems by Brahms, Britten, Berlioz, and Hindemith, each one culminating in a Carnegie Hall performance. They probably didn't even need to hear his homily to understand what it is about a musical amateur's enthusiasm that this conductor finds so vitally important.

The composer Paul Hindemith, Shaw explained, used to say that he especially loved the choral arts, in part because the literature was so vast and rich in quality, but mostly because the field has always remained substantially an amateur pursuit: "What Hindemith was getting at, I think, is this: If a professional musician reaches the point when making music is reduced solely to a matter of raking in money and keeping a career going, then the whole process becomes meaningless. He might just as well stop." Shaw could have cited dozens of legendary figures he has worked with over the years who avoided that trap—musicians from Arturo Toscanini to Bruno Walter who, in his sense of the word, remained inspired "amateurs" all their lives—but he offered just two easily recognizable names: Pablo Casals and Rudolf Serkin. Both those performing geniuses made plenty of money, but, like Shaw himself, they threw most of it back into creating educational and performance possibilities for others, Casals at his festivals in Prades, Perpignan, and Puerto Rico, and Serkin at Marlboro in Vermont.

When not in front of his chorus, Shaw is more explicit about why singing together is an artistic activity available to all and why it might be a good thing for everyone, whether he or she can read music or not, to try out at one time or another. "Maybe you can't handle an instrument and will never know what it's like to play in an orchestra," he points out, "but you can still participate in great music under a great conductor simply by opening your mouth, producing a musical tone, following his guidance, and experiencing the joy of it all. That's the whole special magic about singing in a chorus, a common endeavor that is never merely self-regarding. Everyone can do it, and it creates community." Exactly how that happens can be read in close-ups of the singers' faces as they join voices on the five video documentaries of Shaw's previous choral workshops (available from CarnegieCharge; call 247-7800), each one tracing the development of a performance from the first warm-up to the final product.

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

The sort of choral community spirit that Shaw conjures up is probably at its most intense during those moments an audience never sees at a formal concert: that warm-up period when the conductor drills his forces in a series of group vocal exercises, built from changing vowel sounds on sustained tones. It's a fascinating process to watch and hear, one that helps to establish a unanimity of sound and achieve a sensitivity to the musical basics (pitch, rhythm, stresses of dynamic change, and shifting vocal colors) and allows each singer to become acquainted with his or her own acoustic space. After that rigorous work-out, any group might be prepared to attack the most difficult choral score.

And Verdi's *Requiem* is one of the more daunting challenges in the literature, even if the flowing performance that unfolded in Carnegie Hall made it all seem deceptively easy and natural. The mighty wall of sound that conjured up a terrifying scene of the Last Judgment was just as impressive as the hollow, shivering open fifths of the chorus's first hushed intonation of "Requiem"—"Make it sound like you're telling a ghost story to children," Shaw instructed his singers at rehearsal. The "Sanctus" movement was another tour de force that, for once, made every contrapuntal strand of this spirited if sometimes hectic and often garbled double fugue audible without sacrificing a moment of the music's celebratory rambunctiousness.

Those who still hold the Verdi *Requiem* to be an Italian opera in disguise (the composer would vehemently disagree) must have been pleased by the high-powered soloists: Sharon Sweet, Florence Quivar, Jerry Hadley, and Alastair Miles. Hadley deserves an extra bravo—his tenor has grown in size and quality since I last heard it—as does Quivar, a singer of such consistent excellence over the years that I wonder why she is not more famous. The Orchestra of St. Luke's also played with distinction. In the end, though, this was mostly a memorable choral event, and Shaw drove the point home by prefacing the *Requiem* with liquid performances of two gorgeous sacred pieces that Verdi wrote toward the end of his life, the *Ave Maria* and *Stabat Mater.*

DURING THE SAME WEEK THAT SHAW AND HIS forces polished up the Verdi *Requiem*, the New York Philharmonic under Kurt Masur's direction was busily at work in Avery Fisher Hall presenting another choral masterpiece: Bach's **Mass in B minor.** It's good to see the Philharmonic addressing Bach's big chorus-and-orchestra sacred works again. Back in the seventies, when the period-instrument crowd began to take charge of these and other large-scale choral treasures from the Baroque and early Classical eras, the scores threatened to disappear from the repertories of traditional symphony orchestras. The authenticists' dogma received a lot of powerful publicity, so much so that intimidated nonspecialist conductors stopped programming the pieces rather than risk exposure as musicological philistines. The new orthodoxy reached its climax not long ago when Joshua Rifkin put into practice his controversial theory that Bach originally intended his Mass to be performed as an intimate piece of chamber music with just one voice per part—the B minor Madrigal, as the scornful called the minimalist result.

Masur, of course, has his own direct ties to Bach, having spent much time conducting in Leipzig, the city where the composer lived and worked from 1723 to his death in 1750. Even with those credentials and today's more tolerant attitude about valid Bach performance practice, Masur took a fairly cautious middle-of-the-road approach, reducing the Philharmonic to chamber-orchestra proportions and employing a medium-size chorus (the New York Choral Artists, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt). Some of us had hoped for a rather grander statement of the score, but at the very least it was a fastidiously articulate and lovingly shaped performance, if seldom an overwhelming one. The pacing was brisk, the textures were kept light and buoyant, the rhythms danced brightly, and the choral-instrumental balances could not have been more finely judged. Only the vocal soloists seriously disappointed—here one did miss the current crop of Baroque specialists—with Edith Wiens and Janis Taylor sounding especially scratchy and out of tune in their duets. The men were more tolerable, although John Aler's honeyed tenor had little to sing and William Stone, like so many other baritones, found the register extremes of his two arias an uncomfortable stretch.

All of Bach's Masses and Passions offer many wonderful opportunities for the instrumentalists, and the B minor Mass has especially exquisite solos for flute, violin, oboe, and horn—no doubt another reason why Masur is so eager to program these works with his orchestra. Since the Philharmonic's first-desk players performed their obbligato parts with a lyrical eloquence and tonal sheen that often put the solo singers to shame, it seems too bad that the musicians' names were not listed in the program. Next time, perhaps—the Philharmonic should perform lots more Bach in the future. ■

Photograph by Chris Lee.

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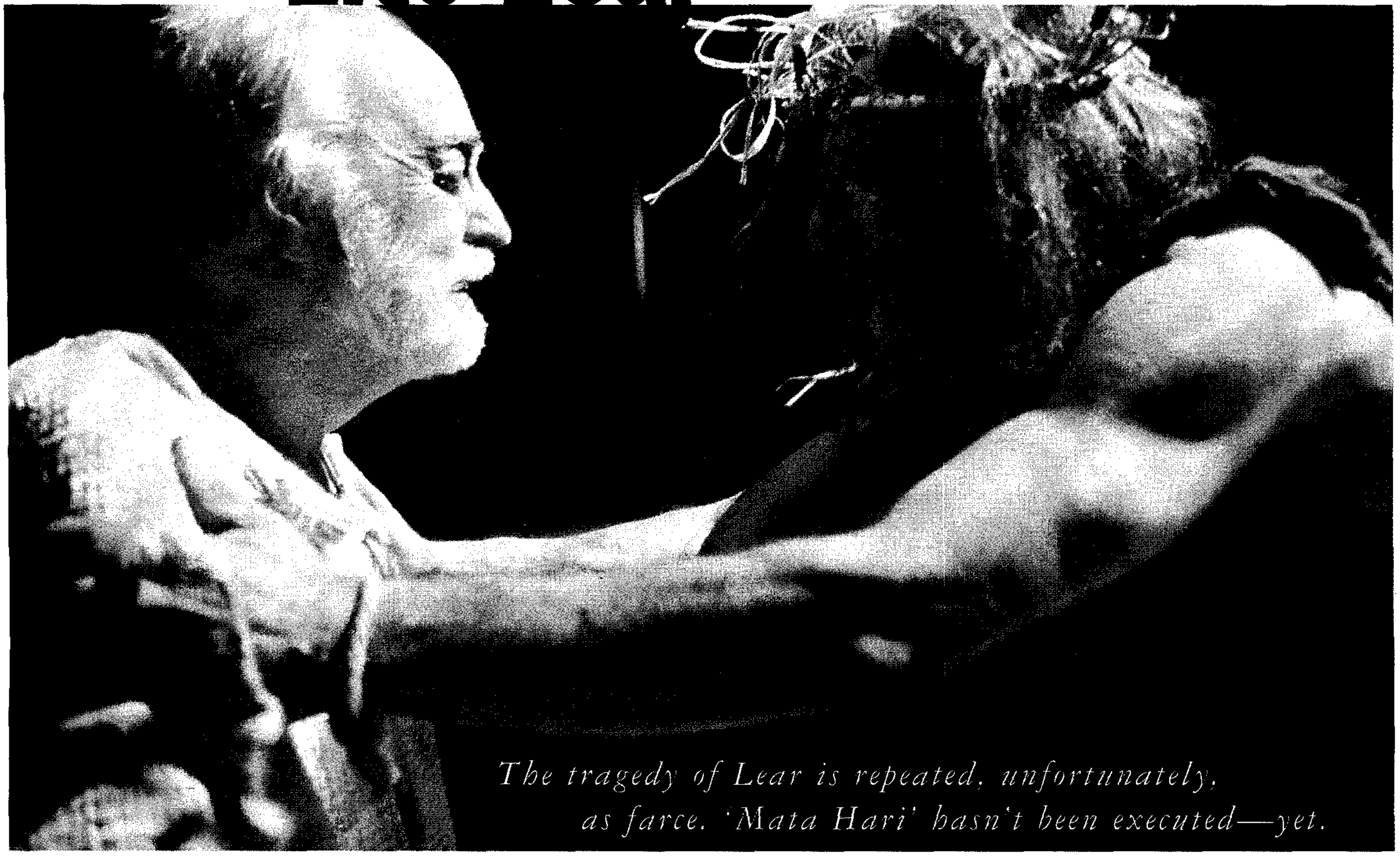

The tragedy of Lear is repeated, unfortunately, as farce. 'Mata Hari' hasn't been executed—yet.

No laughing matter: Abraham's Lear and Thomas Hill's Gloucester; Marguerite MacIntyre (right) as Mata Hari.

FORCED TO NAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLAY, I suppose I'd pick **King Lear.** Forced to name the actor I'd least want to see starred, I'd choose, ahead even of Macaulay Culkin and Matthew Broderick, F. Murray Abraham. But until the Public's current production, I would not have thought a director could reduce this towering masterpiece to the mess Adrian Hall has perpetrated. We are told here that the most shattering tragedy is, in fact, a farce. Clearly, Hall took the line about "this great stage of fools" literally.

One can see playing the opening scene in a light vein, but with Cordelia's repudiation, the proceedings should darken. This is impossible if Lear is played as a cross between a clownish snake-oil salesman and a churlish shyster by an actor who seems at most 50 and is in great physical shape. Abraham (accent on the last syllable), with beady eyes shiftily straddling a bulbous nose, speaks with an accent redolent of the fish market, in a voice that shuttles between the contemptuously patronizing and the querulously whiny. This is not even a comic king; it is someone you wouldn't buy a used heroic couplet from. And I haven't even mentioned his oozy self-adulation.

This Lear is father to three plainly unrelated daughters. Goneril (Margaret Gibson) has a spurious British accent and does the young Maggie Thatcher; Regan (Elizabeth Marvel) is a ditsy, affected New York debutante; Cordelia (Brienin Bryant), self-righteous and lachrymose, speaks something like black English under a finishing-school veneer. We also get an effetely English, patently unsavory Edmund (Jared Harris); a provincial-rep Gloucester (Thomas Hill); a bespectacled, book-toting, grad-studentish Albany (Arnold Schultz); a Cornwall (Ezra Knight) who, except for his dreadlocks, is a dead ringer in looks and manner for the pretrial O. J. Simpson; and a slopy-browed, receding-chinned, snarly Kent (John Woodson)—the one righteous man done as an Ozark ogre.

As a sometimes frontally nude Edgar, Rob Campbell, an engaging actor, tries hard, but is dragged down by the company he must keep. As the Fool, Jeffrey Wright (late the sassy black hospital orderly of *Angels in America*) wears one orthopedic boot and twists himself—when he can remember—into a stunted shape. He delivers his lines with a street-English intonation and an astounding humorlessness, managing to be at once flippant and leaden. Oswald is turned by Francis Jue into an Asian hustler.

Dare one blame Eugene Lee for his low-budget set? A metallic staircase zigzags up from near stage center, a sterile platform leads off to our right, a sawed-off center-stage barrel is covered with a tablelike plank, a column with a kind of steel railing allows Lear to practice his kicking on it, paint is peeling from the walls, there is a rough-hewn throne and a portable chair. Oddest is a small fenced-in enclosure, suitable for keeping one or two geese, with casters to wheel Lear out on.

Catherine Zuber's costumes are from a medieval Gap and suffer from severe depression: They have frayed edges even when they are supposedly brand-new. Some of Lear's men wear ski masks or stockings over their heads, though no bank to rob is in sight. Natasha Katz's lighting is exhibi-

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

tionistic, as when torches are brought on in broad daylight; natural-looking light turns *Caligari*-ish in mid-scene; and (this, of course, is also Hall's doing) every scene change is accompanied by thunder and lightning, making the necessary storm on the heath a wan anticlimax.

The hovel on the heath is a shallow, rectangular trap, in which the characters, squatting, seem to enjoy a communal bowel movement. The same trap later becomes the cell to which the captured Lear and Cordelia are escorted. She steps into it, but, apparently finding it unsuitable, steps out again, whereupon the captives are led offstage to other, presumably more than three-foot-deep quarters. Audience laughter seldom ceases, becoming loudest when Abraham tosses off some of his great speeches as if they were throwaway remarks. The time is neither quite now nor quite the past—possibly never.

As if to compensate for so much nothing, Hall throws in the odd, completely irrelevant *coup de théâtre*. When the Fool should have long since vanished, he suddenly reappears with a gaping wound in his middle, to be hoisted sky-high, dangled for a bit head-down, then incongruously lowered and forgotten about. Another time, Hall has the cast give Oswald a thorough dunking in that sawed-off water barrel, whose presence until then was the play's most urgent mystery. This production, by the way, is a feast for foot fetishists. At any time, one or another cast member may remove a piece of footwear or two for no apparent reason. Thus Goneril will appear fully dressed while her husband, in a nightgown, is barefoot. Next, Regan (who is a lot crazier than her father) is barefoot while her husband is fully shod. She then remains shoeless even on the battlefield, whereas Goneril is bereft of footgear only when, as a cadaver, she is carted about the stage hither and yon.

There are many other hilarious surprises. When Gloucester is blinded, he is promptly provided with a leather cap from which hangs a decorous veil hiding his bleeding sockets; though elsewhere the blood flows freely, the veil remains as pristine as a bride's. Two musicians wander in and out of the action playing Richard Cumming's nondescript music on various, somewhat bizarre instruments (waterphone, conch). The program reveals that F. Murray Abraham is "the voice of Merrill Lynch." In fraternal reciprocity, Merrill Lynch must be the voice of King Lear.

THE REAL-LIFE MATA HARI FACED A FIRING squad only once; the musical **Mata Hari** seems to think that such good things must come in threes. So the first Broadway-bound production failed years ago, partly owing to unprecedented technical glitches at its gala Washington opening, LBJ and family attending. An Off Broadway revival retitled *Ballad for a Firing Squad* fared scarcely better. Now, via the York Theatre Company, comes a revised third edition, seemingly spoiling to be similarly shot down.

The musical tragedy reinvents the Mata Hari story as a cornball romance between the titular heroine and the captain in charge of French military intelligence. The lady, it would appear, spies gallantly *for* France, whose general staff, abetted by a callous president of the republic, betrays *her*. An interesting take on history, but rather too creakily contrived even for a musical. Yet inasmuch as it requires a large cast, interest is sustained by a guessing game: Which undistinguished performer will pop up in what part for the second or third time? (Jim Jacobson rakes up five roles.) Even the clipboard, used during an opening speech soliciting subscriptions, reappears, perhaps by conscription, in the hands of French intelligence.

Still, *Mata Hari* is in every way a piece of thoroughly professional theater, but one that harks back to more innocent, pre-Sondheim and perhaps even pre-R&H times. Its very borrowings are archaic—e.g., the scenes involving an archetypal French and German soldier, going back to Paul Green and Kurt Weill's *Johnny Johnson*. An added problem is that a large-cast musical does not fit well onto a small stage; a miniaturized battlefield has an especially sheepish look. Somehow the American Army coming to France's World War I rescue should not consist of two Yanks relieving three poilus.

Edward Thomas's perfectly civilized music remains remarkably unmemorable; Jerome Coopersmith's book revels in hokum. Thus Mata Hari: "Better make it noon, Captain. You would not like the sight of me before then—or maybe you'd like it too much." Martin Charnin's lyrics have their old-fashioned forthrightness, so you can test your skill by predicting the upcoming rhyme. As Mata Hari, the charming Marguerite MacIntrye recycles her Grace from *Annie Warbucks*, now in a black wig, or dye job. She is likable where something rather more is needed. As her nemesis, Captain LaFarge, Allen Fitzpatrick is much better, helped also by looking like a balding French bureaucrat. Solid, too, is Robin Skye as his wife; the others range from adequate to not. Charnin's direction probably does all that circumstances allow. After Saint Peter's Church, where it is now playing, the show's next stop should be Saint Peter's above. ■

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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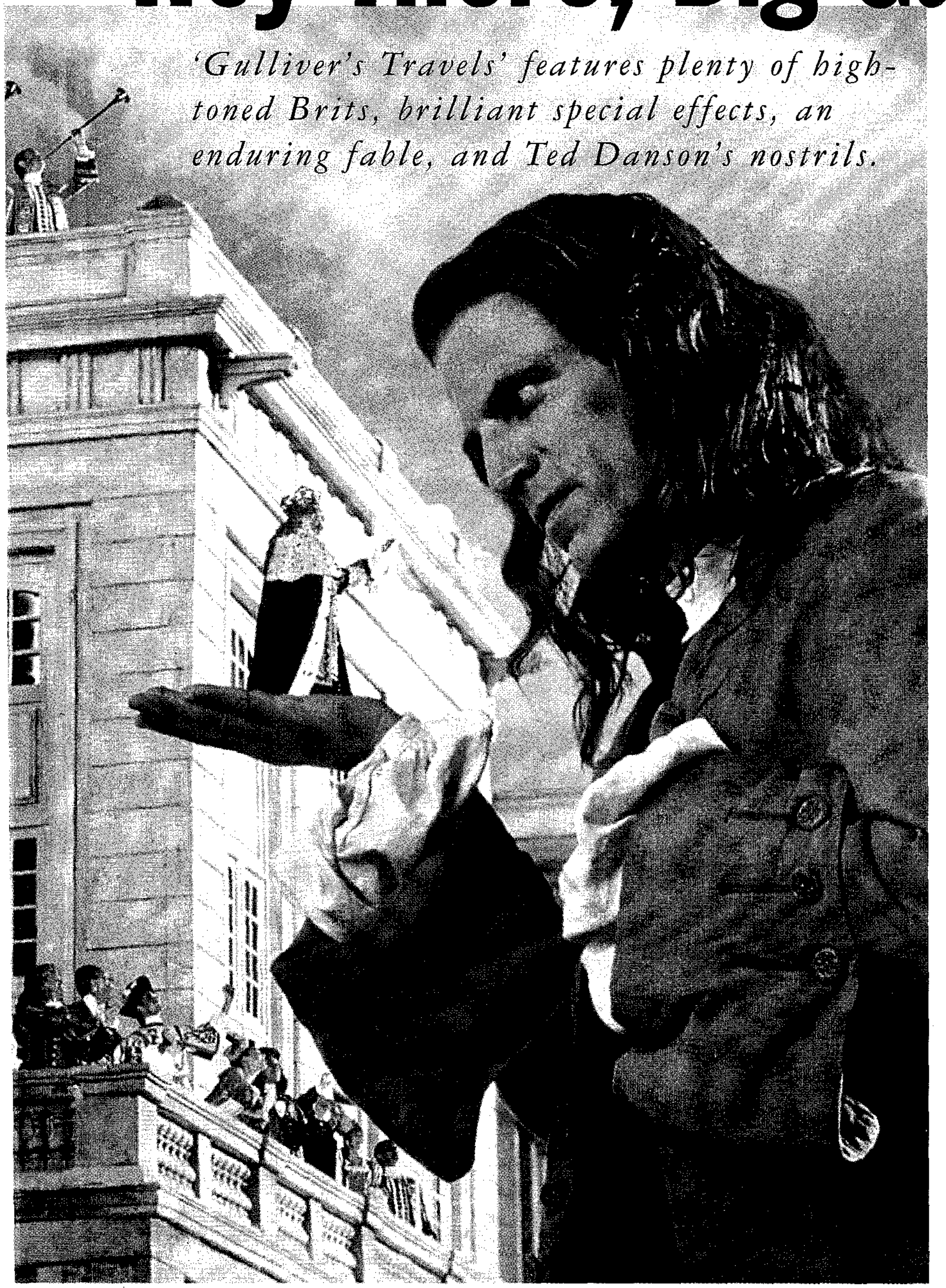
Hey There, Big Guy

'Gulliver's Travels' features plenty of high-toned Brits, brilliant special effects, an enduring fable, and Ted Danson's nostrils.



He's got the whole world in his hands: Danson with Peter O'Toole.

IF ONLY FOR THE FLYING ISLAND OF LAPUTA, THAT magic carpet of absentminded philosophers and undersexed scientists, I'd send up hymns of praise to the lavish and witty mini-series **Gulliver's Travels** (Sunday and Monday, February 4 and 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC). It's the chapter of the novel that least appeals to children, who have no difficulty otherwise identifying with gross disparities in size, like Lilliput and Brobdingnag, or poles of excessive behavior, like Yahoos and Houyhnhnms. But with Laputa, Swift was satirizing a Royal Society in its infancy. Making fun of Newton, he could just as well have been making fun of fractals or genetic engineering. Out of cucumbers, they try to manufacture sunshine; out of dirt, food. As their inflationary speculations might be said to have anticipated logical positivism, so perhaps did their diet—rhomboid joints and triangular legs of mutton—anticipate Surrealism. And what could be more surreal than Sir John Gielgud as a Professor of Sunlight?

But by the time we get to Gielgud, we've already met Peter O'Toole as the emperor of Lilliput, Alfre Woodard as the queen of Brobdingnag, Edward Woodward as Drunlo, and Ned Beatty as Grultrud. And we are about to be introduced to Geraldine Chaplin as the Empress Munodi, Omar Sharif as a sorcerer, and Kristin Scott Thomas as an immortal gatekeeper. And this isn't even to mention Shashi Kapoor, from *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. Or Robert Hardy, Phoebe Nicholls, and Edward Petherbridge, from *Sense and Sensibility*, *Brideshead Revisited*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. It's a mini-series heavy on the high-toned Brits, directed by Charles Sturridge (*Brideshead*, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*), from a screenplay by Simon Moore (*Traffik*). Besides state-of-the-art special effects from Jim Henson Productions—talking horses, tiny little people, magic mirrors, Portuguese castles, Cubist dreamscapes—what our side of the Atlantic has contributed is (mostly) Ted Danson, as the half-mad Gulliver, and Mary Steenburgen, as his long-suffering wife.

About Ted you should know he acts so much he risks a cramp; it's a muscular performance, without a hint of whimsy. (Nor was there anything whimsical about Swift's satire. Like Aristophanes, Plautus, even Molière, he followed each of our vices to its logical conclusion in absurdity.) Ted is genuinely astounded, indignant, afraid, and also homesick, even if he does seem to care more for horses than for his wife. Locked up in a lunatic asylum upon his return to England from wherever, reporting back to the other inmates on what he saw flying over their nest, he is part anguished cuckoo and part Hanuman the Monkey King. If Mary (that's her name in the novel too) has little to do but stand about devoted and perplexed, well, Swift's problems with women were notorious.

So, of course, were his problems with money. Seldom in our recorded literature has anyone written so much and made so little from it: not a shilling except from *Gulliver*, for which he received 200 pounds. To be sure, *A Tale of a Tub*, *A Modest Proposal*, *The Battle of the Books*, and *Directions to Servants* were all published anonymously, as was the habit of pamphleteers in those polemical days. But his buddies Pope and Gay, his acquaintances Addison and Steele, and his difficult cousin Dryden all managed to scratch out livings with a quill

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pen; none had to depend on ordination as a clergyman of the Church of England to pay his bills. What with petitioning for favors, switching political parties, and refusing to marry Stella, it is amazing Swift ever had time to despair about Ireland. *Gulliver* is one of the great get-out-of-town-and-start-all-over novels, the prototype of *On The Road* and *Rabbit Run*. No wonder Danson in the mini-series looks so often as though he wished he'd never come back. His nostrils flare. He'd really rather be a horse.

AS IF TO SPITE US WITH A SURFEIT OF QUALITY, *Gulliver's Travels* goes head to head in the exact same time-slot with **The Final Cut** ("Masterpiece Theatre," Sunday and Monday, February 4 and 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), the concluding installment of the Francis Urquhart saga. From *House of Cards* and *To Play the King*, you already know that Ian Richardson as "F.U." has climbed up the greasy pole to 10 Downing Street on the dead bodies of girl reporters, toadlike party whips, and the bloody-minded Irish. He has forced the abdication of an idealistic king and made a sociologist cry. As we renew his loathsome acquaintance, he is determined to better Maggie Thatcher's record of 4,227 days as prime minister. He has already put down the inconvenient elderly, the unsightly vagrant, and his pet bitch. What he needs now, at age 65, to secure his grip on a restive Conservative Party is something like the Mad Thatcher's lovely little Falklands war. He will whip one up in Cyprus.

After the bugging, blackmail, car bombings, rat poison, defenestrations, and cocaine traffic of the first two mini-series, a slaughter of Cypriot schoolgirls in the middle of a hostage crisis should come as no surprise. Neither will the reappearance of that incriminating tape cassette. But wicked indeed is the depiction, in an Andrew Davies screenplay from a Michael Dobbs novel, of Tory economic policy (insider trading) and Tory sex (uniforms, preferably those of doctors and nurses), and a clever deployment of apposite echoes from *Richard III* and *Macbeth*. As ever, Richardson is brilliantly reptilian. But this time he's also dead.

Savannah (Sunday, February 4; 9 to 10 P.M.; WB), the new Aaron Spelling soap, slips into its regular weekly time slot after a fraught two-hour premiere on January 21 in which three handsome young southern-fried best-friend female whoopee cushions managed not only to sleep around with one another's fiancés, and be both betrayed and embezzled, but also maybe to murder somebody, even though the body's missing from the car's trunk. The characters, like the situations, are made out of plywood and nylon prefab parts, but this one has the courage of its trashy convictions. ■

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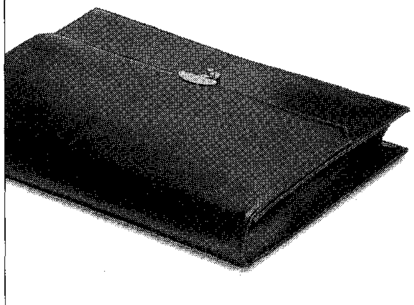

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POP MUSIC CHRIS NORRIS

Global Genius

Photograph by Jill Greenberg.

Girls of the moment: Miho, left, and Yuka.

Pop group Cibo Matto just may conquer the world—with samplers, ice cream, and ear candy.

MIHO AND YUKA: JAPANESE, FEMALE—CUTE IN an arch, club-kiddish way that hipsters just *love* nowadays. Their band's called **Cibo Matto**—Italian for "food madness." They do nothing but sing, jump about, play keyboards, and program samplers. Their subject matter consists of apples, beef jerky, cake, and ice cream. And, as it happens, they have made the best record of the year.

I admit it sounds unlikely. Lately, I've found this sort of wide-eyed, post–Talking Heads–ish celebration of the banal about as appealing in rock music as Barney, even less so when it's from Japan. A sure sign of intellectual bankruptcy or Ritalin damage, Gen X's coyly enthusiastic paeans to food, sitcoms, and brand names become doubly unsavory when they smack of racialized condescension. And, ever since a band of Osaka girls called Shonen Knife became an alt-rock cause célèbre, *gaijin* hipsters have embraced some of the most appalling stereotypes with their connoisseurish tastes: Cute, silly, excruciatingly naïve, too clueless to know they're cool—such have been the preferred qualities of a Japanese cult band (recently challenged by the likes of noise terrorists the Boredoms and the stylish Pizzicato Five). And a self-imposed cute shtick—which the bangs-and-barrettes-wearing Miho Hatori certainly might suggest—is scarcely more palatable.

But palatable is exactly what Cibo Matto is, a band that samples and loops these sorts of stereotypes right along with Muzak, film themes, sidewalk sounds, and b-boy beats; that mixes goofy lust jams with affecting ruminations on loss and desire; that addresses motherhood and memory, semantics and appetite, without an ounce of dogma or pretense. And *Viva! La Woman*—which is more Lower East Side than Japanese and which is about food like *Chinatown* is about water—would be one of the most sensual and transporting records I've ever heard even if I couldn't understand a single word.

Sonically, *Viva!* is a study in mid-nineties hipness. The band's post-hip-hop sound collages—moody textures, streetwise *musique concrète*—place them among such savvy, downtown cosmopolitans as Soul Coughing, Luscious Jackson, and the Beastie Boys, many of whom are either guests on the record or belong to the fan club. The sidemen alone—members of the Lounge Lizards and Parliament/Funkadelic—are enough to garner super-hip credentials; Honda, a veteran of the downtown scene, counts post-jazzbos like Arto Lindsay and John Zorn among her collaborators. And with the clatteringly distinctive boutique production of Tchad Blake (ambience auteur and producer of Tom Waits), *Viva! La Woman* has an almost painful level of cachet.

Which, again, might be a warning sign. Mixing Deee-lite silliness, riot-grrl ferocity, and a hip-hop methodology, Yuka Honda and Miho Hatori have a package that's almost too perfectly timed for the moment. "Apple" begins the album with floating dreamlike atmosphere à la "trip-hop" acts like Tricky and Portishead, introduces gonglike percussion, and then issues a sensual female wail that could pass for the post-rock diva Björk.

Oddly, though, this outrageously polyglot music ends up making a distinct, cohesive whole. Cibo Matto flex considerable punk muscle at times. *"Shut up and eeeeat!"* screams Miho on "Birthday Cake" 's cacophonous chorus, part Yoko Ono offspring, part suburban mom from hell. But Hatori and Honda are too cool to rock like that for long, preferring to cruise the global buffet table—steel drums, bossa nova beats, swing-era big band, Satie piano—and rendering softer, more nuanced works. Honda's

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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main M.O. is to combine live recordings of musician friends with obscure record samples, and it makes for a very specific ambience: one of conversations in other rooms—a muttering trumpet, overhead saxophone licks. It's an outsider's perspective, where a new, alien world flows into dreamy, disassociated images and foreign tongues flow together into music.

Among Cibo Matto's coterie of fans, the Beastie Boys are probably the most telling. Partially it's because the pair's club-kid milieu makes them obvious mascots for these hip-hop integrationists turned impresarios. But it's also that Cibo Matto's odd, oracular lyrics suggest that other Beastie mascot done good, Beck, whose surprise hit, "Loser," was the product of cunningly wielded dweebiness. Hatori shows nearly as much skill sampling her own notebooks as Honda does her record collection. Sometimes the effect is charmingly dorky, as on "Know Your Chicken," when she goofily raps lines like "I was cruisin', in Brooklyn, you know what I'm saying?" in a thick Japanese accent. But other lyrics are haunting, troubling, tremendously suggestive. "My heart is like an artichoke," she intones on one song, "I eat the petals myself one by one." And on the stunningly beautiful "Sugar Water"—a sort of dub version of Yma Sumac—she lilts a tone poem that's part lullaby, part invitation to a dream. "A woman in the moon/ Is singing to the earth," she sings, opening into a gorgeous la-la-la chorus that's catchier than anything on the radio. The title's less thematic than a verbal approximation of the sound—glistening, shimmering, sweet—and I've never heard a learned tongue work so impressionistically in rock. I find myself wondering whether Honda and Hatori are putting us on. Are they actually native English speakers, or are they pop's Joseph Conrad?

Or are they sisters from another planet? "I didn't have much background in music," Honda told a reporter, explaining her gravitation to the sampler. "But I like knobs and switches." Honda and Hatori are a pop team that could only grow in the strangely connected, computer-generated biosphere that produced the likes of Beck, Björk, Moby, and the Wu-Tang Clan. But they're also to the manner born, with a pop craft that makes their manic consumption of styles truly infectious. Listen to their eerie cover of "The Candy Man" and hear Hatori revel in her own tastiness, morphing the *Willy Wonka*–Sammy Davis Jr. classic into a telegraphic, two-note melody, imbued with potent eroticism. "You can even eat the dishes," she whispers over sinewy guitar.

And hear the refrain of the record's final fade-out, as Miho sings one last, open-ended promise. "Baby, baby, everything you wanna feel/ Baby, baby, everything you wanna taste." If there's a manifesto in this smart, beautiful, and utterly nonpolemical record, that is it. ■

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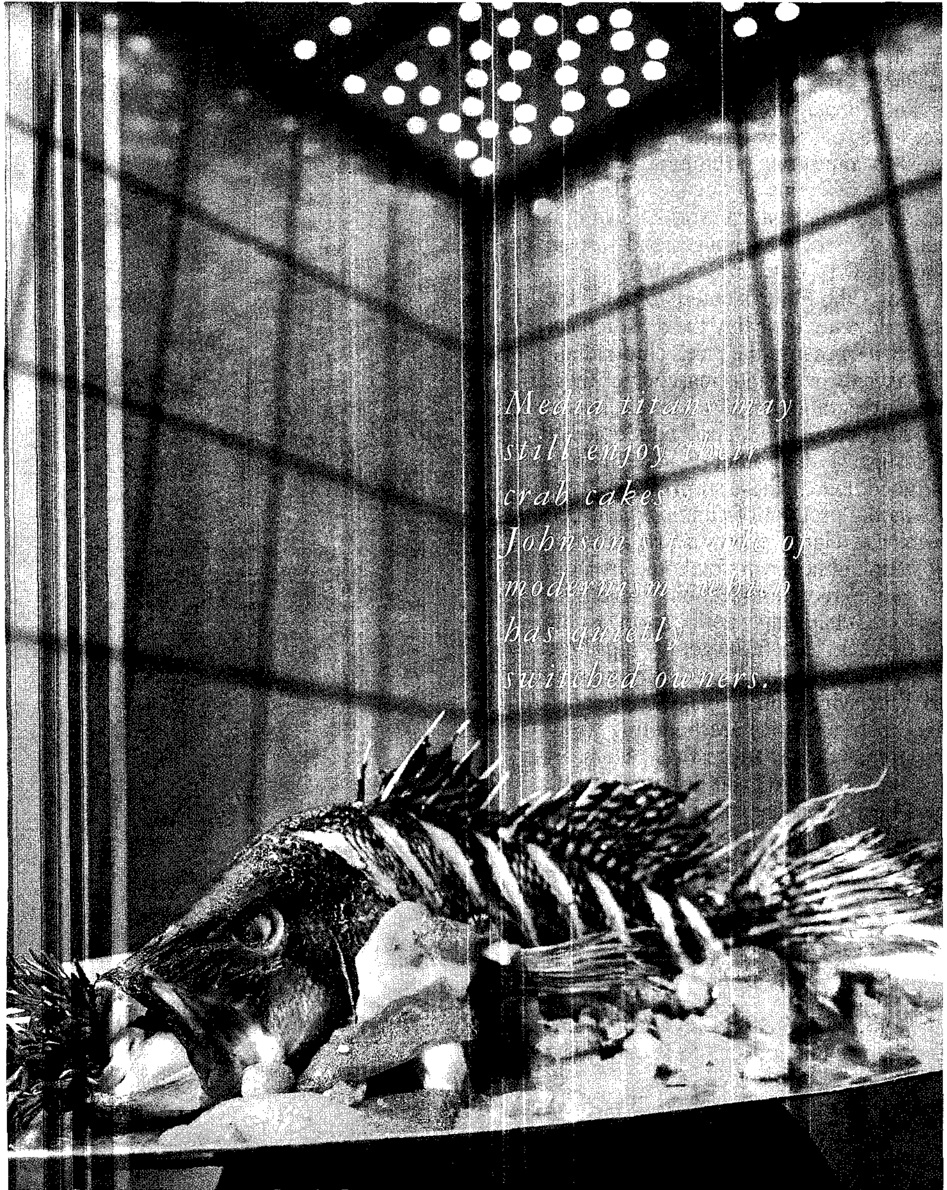


Media titans may still enjoy their crab cakes at Johnson's temple of modernism, which has quietly switched owners.

RESTAURANTS CORBY KUMMER

Changing Seasons

In the social swim: Whole roasted sea bass (above) with peppers, fried garlic, and ginger. Opposite: The Grill Room bar.

WITH RESOLUTIONS TO DIET THE ONLY THING people feel comfortable having on their lips, what better place to visit than **The Four Seasons,** originator of Spa Cuisine? The two longtime managers, Alex Von Bidder and Julian Niccolini, have just become the official owners, taking over from their old bosses, Paul Kovi and Tom Margittai, and entering into a new partnership with Seagram & Sons as majority owner. Seagram, which spent 4.5 million 1959 dollars (the equivalent of $29 million today) to put a showplace restaurant into the ground floor of the chilly Mies van der Rohe masterpiece, doesn't even own the building anymore, but it's still identified with the restaurant, and presumably the company wouldn't want to see The Four Seasons become a bank or car showroom—an off-and-on threat since the building was under construction.

Does the temple of modernism feel different under new owners? Well, they seem to want to warm the welcome. (CEOs and media titans burble in the January issue of *W* about how much they love the place, apparently out of fear of not getting a good table next time.) But even if it's a nicer place to visit, you still won't want to live there, unless your name is Newhouse or Astor or Bronfman.

I send a friend, whom I instruct to arrive coat-and-tie-less, to the Grill Room, home of the power lunch. Despite his having booked a 12:30 P.M. table with a week's notice, he is brought to the small balcony section—dreaded Siberia to the insecure, but in fact an intimate, pleasant, well-ordered place. He assures me, though, that every part of the transaction, from first phone call to a quick change from the table closest to the busboy station to a more central one, was done with grace. "Even getting the jacket is like walking into Brooks Brothers," he reports. *"We know what you need. This way, please."* And the blazer fits better than the one left at home.

I go to taste the food—something the lunchtime regulars rarely mention, because most of them don't pay any attention to it. And deal-making temperance prevents them from sampling the best thing the restaurant currently has to offer: wines.

When I arrive for my first dinner with a party of visiting Italians in tow, I mention to Von Bidder that although we are booked in the Grill Room, I've asked by phone for a table in the Pool Room—the nighttime address of choice. After shuffling some papers, Von Bidder looks up; says, "The Pool Room's not gonna happen"; and points us to the bar. Minutes later, he appears and says in a confidential tone that a table has just opened in the Grill Room balcony; do we still want to wait? "Whatever you think is best," I reply, and soon we are given one of the round banquette tables in the power nexus—real estate not available to mortals at lunch.

Von Bidder has, it turns out, done us a favor. Dinner in the Grill Room is one of New York's outstanding bargains. The limited fixed-price menu offers polished and far more consistent food than the Pool Room's, and you get three good, unskimpy courses without wine for $30 to $40—the cost of a Pool Room dinner entrée or Grill Room main course at lunch.

Odd as it may seem, for years, the whole Grill Room *was* Siberia. In John Mariani's entertaining *The Four Seasons: A History of America's Premier Restaurant,* Philip Johnson, who designed the interior, recalls waving across the room to the one or two other occupied tables at lunch. After Kovi and Margittai took a gamble in 1973 by assuming the lease of the failing restaurant, they set about attracting media kingpins, reasoning that businesspeople would be attracted to a publishing-entertainment club.

Still, the Grill Room doesn't fill up at night. Despite the low lighting and the votive candles on the tables (slightly tacky replacements for the custom-designed candlesticks, which kept breaking), the Grill Room looks like a very luxurious lobby—albeit one from the increasingly glamorous epoch of Idlewild Airport and the mighty Pan Am.

Hard as it is to think of the room in festive or anything like romantic terms, there's always the magical effect of the

Photographs by Andrew Garn.

whirring metal-beaded curtains. And being treated like a lunchtime mogul. Trideep Bose, the Indian-born manager, strikes exactly the right tone: *I'm much too worldly to fawn,* it says. *I'll get you exactly what you want without spending a second more at your table than necessary.*

The half-dozen appetizers are mostly fine, including a very good warm sesame-seed-dusted tuna tartare (a dish that in California is a cliché but isn't quite yet in New York) with enough perfectly fresh diced tuna to make a main course, and a shrimp-wonton soup full of shrimp whose broth has a pleasant lemongrass tang but is too salty. Main courses are uniformly professional and satisfactory, especially black bass, with snowy and tender flesh and crackling seared skin (the menu has recently undergone a mid-season revision; now there is seared salmon).

With prices so low, it's unbecoming to cavil. But the dishes give no clue as to who created them. Since the departure five years ago of Seppi Renggli, whose influential Spa Cuisine dishes put flavor into diet food, the custodians of the kitchen have been Christian Albin, Renggli's former second in command, and Franck Deletrain. Their menu is as expert and impersonal as the room.

The only place to turn for idiosyncrasy, moxie, and unexpected thrills is Julian Niccolini's wine list. The American selection might be unequaled on this coast. Kovi and Margittai did much to heighten the worldwide prestige of California wines, and Niccolini is able, as few other restaurants or collectors are, to coax reclusive vineyards like Grace Family to part with a few cases of wine. (He charges $195 for Grace's 1989 Cabernet Sauvignon, but not even Californians can get it.) He has tracked the career of the eccentric, sometimes great winemaker Helen Turley: Even if you're always pessimistic about Zinfandel, her 1993 ($55) will change your mind. To impress my Italian guests, I order a Beaux Frères 1993 Oregon Pinot Noir, at $85; we like it, but I ask Bose to pick a Syrah. He brings an esoteric one made by Turley—really notable, and $55.

I pretend to look for the bathroom in order to case the Pool Room and check out the dessert cart. (The bathroom, downstairs, has the odd detail of big, businesslike electrical outlets under the mirrors, as if guests were going to shave or dry their hair before going upstairs.) I ask if I can have a piece of the gateau Saint-Honoré, that gooey concoction of éclair pastry, pastry cream, and whipped cream. A busboy replies, "Nothing here can go into the Grill Room," as if the dessert would be arrested at the border. His supervisor overhears and says immediately, "Of course, I'll send it," and it doesn't show up on the bill.

On a later evening, when I arrive to dine in the Pool Room, Julian Niccolini recognizes me (as Von Bidder had not) and says cheerfully, "Here's where the trouble begins!" Little does he know how right he is.

A word about being recognized as a reviewer. As the food writer Barbara Kafka says, "It only makes a restaurant worse." Service, whether it was clumsy and nonexistent or discreet and attentive, becomes flustered and intrusive. Unrequested dishes appear from the eager-to-please owner, throwing off the balance of a carefully ordered meal—and often backfiring, by showing the kitchen to disadvantage.

My party has already ordered, having been greeted with the typical ebullience of Karen Klein, the Pool Room manager. Beaming, comfortably large without being imposing, Klein is just the type to put at ease a potentially awed out-of-towner there for a special occasion—which describes a large percentage of the Pool Room's customers. Maybe by definition, Four Seasons owners maintain evaluative hauteur and their managers supply the warmth.

I take Niccolini's recommendation of the buffalo in sun-dried-tomato sauce and ask a friend to order the day's Spa Cuisine special, lamb with jasmine rice. The lamb has a peculiar flavor, and the rice none at all; we send it back, and I give her my buffalo, which she regards with suspicion (it tastes like any mild beef). With the spring menu, the restaurant is retiring Spa Cuisine. Niccolini says it was Renggli's invention, and it's apparent that the current kitchen has no taste for it. A steamed-vegetable plate, for a startling $33, is a collection of cellulose cooked al dente, unidentifiable except by color and shape. Chard, from the gratifyingly long list of side dishes ($9.50), does have the right taste, but one night it's sandy. Dieters will have to make do with the tuna carpaccio and the famous $9.75 baked potato.

Niccolini sends out crab cakes for everyone, and they are perfect: greaseless and of superb delicacy, with plenty of real Maryland lump crabmeat. They arrive at just the right temperature, very warm but not mouth-burning. It's remarkable that a kitchen capable of frying with such expertise also produces as a side dish cool, oily rosti potatoes, clearly fried in advance and only partially reheated.

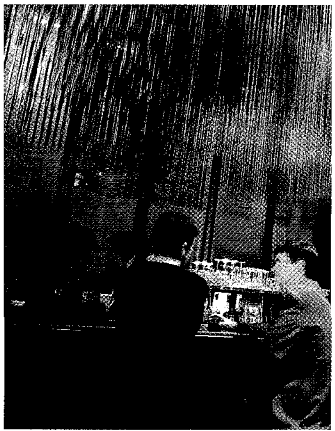
My guests have ordered the Four Seasons warhorses, which after 30 years are still great: crisp shrimp with mustard fruits, long fat shrimp in a tempura batter with what amounts to a sweet-and-sour sauce; and farmhouse duck, dried and marinated for several days beforehand, worth the $39.50-a-head charge for two. "Better than Peking duck," say my friends who go to China for the food. Maybe not better, but it's hard to imagine duck as sumptuous and richly flavored elsewhere. The other main courses are memorable more for their gargantuan portions and the spectacle with which they're served than for their taste. Desserts are also disappointing, with the exception of the orange-scented, dense chocolate velvet cake, another 30-year Pool Room fixture.

". . . Even if the Grill Room is a nicer place to visit these days, you still won't want to live there, unless your name is Newhouse or Astor or Bronfman . . ."

Niccolini surveys the room and our table with a darting grace, telling us that Philip Johnson has got it into his head to redesign the private dining room, which is opened when the Pool Room is full to provide extra seating; the estimated half-million-dollar budget for the "wild" design isn't in the new owners' range (they, not Seagram, would have to pay), and so the room won't be ready for a luncheon honoring Johnson next month—in his Grill Room, naturally.

Only the wines dance to Niccolini's tempo: a soft, delicious Arneis, for instance, the Italian white grape from Vietti, at $36. Why can't any of the dishes have his spunk or soul? The kitchen doesn't get pasta: an appetizer of pumpkin ravioli in the Pool Room has a bland filling in thick, tough dough, garnished with undercooked slices of dull shiitake and flavorless, hard little cubes of pumpkin or squash. The good, meaty filling of oxtail ravioli (new on the Grill Room lunch and Pool Room evening menu) is an essentially French preparation, and the pasta, this time thin, is again tough.

Still, if you stick to the classics, you might not go home and throw up for having spent so much, as Gael Greene did the first time she dined here. The tableside service, a tradition that is almost extinct in New York, is wonderfully entertaining. The carts and accoutrements could be in the permanent collection of a museum of modernist design. And unlike the almost oppressively grown-up Grill Room, the Pool Room is so indulgent that it's okay to be a kid.



The Four Seasons, 99 East 52nd Street; 754-9494. Monday through Friday, noon to 2:15 p.m.; dinner, from 5 (Pool Room) and 5:30 (Grill Room) to 9:30 p.m.; Saturdays, 5 p.m. (both rooms) to 11:15 p.m. A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

Dine like Bogey and Bacall at a bistro that offers incredible deals on meals; plus tableware and linens from a man who knows how to party.

Isabell of the Ball

ROBERT ISABELL, ONE OF NEW YORK'S best-known formal-event decorators, is offering, for one day only, linens and table accessories left over from his major bashes. Most items were used at least once; some were never used at all: tablecloths, including damask, sequin, metallic, moiré, gold lamé, Irish, and linen, in all sizes including banquet and 100-in. and 120-in. round, here $10–$45; white linen 22-in. hem-stitched napkins, here $2 each if stained, $4 each if clean; candleholders, including small terra-cotta votive candle holders, here $1; slim glass 2-ft.- and 4-ft.-high single candlesticks, here $12; brass candlesticks, here $10–$12 each; three-arm silver-plated candelabra, here $25; celadon-style vases and bowls, here $5 and $6; copper centerpiece urn, here $10; three-piece sets of wicker furniture (settee, chair, and coffee table) with cushions, here $200; genuine eighteenth-century urns and columns of marble for your garden, here $400 and up; boxes of chandelier prisms and parts, here from $10; cut-glass footed bowls and fruit baskets, here $3–$5; metal chargers, brass, silvery, or patina, here $4 each; boxes full of Christmas decorations, here $5–$25 per box. *Robert Isabell Warehouse, 410 W. 13th St. (645-7767); cash and carry only; all sales final; Sat., 2/3, 9 a.m.–5 p.m.*

Balloon Man

DURING FEBRUARY, RICHARD'S IS CUTTING the labor costs on custom-designed home accessories as well as the price of furnishing fabrics for orders written during the month (prices for labor are exclusive of fabric; measuring and installation are likewise additional). Balloon and Roman shades, were $16 per sq. ft. in labor, now $10; reupholstery, slipcovers, window treatments, draperies, and bedspreads, now 25 percent off; upholstered headboards, were $395–$795 for twin, full, and queen, now all $295 (king, now $350). All special-order upholstered furniture from famous makers is now 40 percent off manufacturer's suggested list; floor samples of furniture are 50 percent off. All in-stock fabrics are an additional 25 percent off their reduced prices. *Richard's Interior Design, 1390 Lexington Ave., near 91st St. (831-9000); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits on custom work only; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 3/7.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Net Gain

THE THREE USERFRIENDLY LOCATIONS IN Manhattan are offering a discount on private training sessions for such computer programs as Windows 95, Microsoft Word, WordPerfect, and Lotus 1-2-3. Sessions are available in 3-hr. to 10-hr. packages; each package includes a month of unlimited free practice time during off-peak hours (9–11 A.M. and 8–10 P.M.; all weekend hours) at any Userfriendly: 3 hrs. of one-on-one private training plus 3 hrs. of supervised practice, was $219, now $179; 10 hrs. of one-on-one private training plus 10 hrs. of supervised practice, was $650, now $519. Courses in Internet training are also available: Introduction to the Internet, 2 hrs., here $149; All About the Internet, 5 hrs., here $279. Appointments are recommended. *UserFriendly, 139 W. 72nd St. (580-4433); 1477 Third Ave., near 83rd St.; 401 Sixth Ave., near 8th St.; A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–10 p.m., Fri. till 6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–8 p.m.; through 3/31.*

The Face Card

THIS SALON IS OFFERING SOME OF ITS MOST popular services at one low price to help you escape the ravages of winter: Jurlique facial, with hot-towel compresses for deep pore cleansing and moisturizing, usually $65; one-hour aromatherapy massage with essential oils, usually $65; hair and scalp treatment with scalp massage and corrective conditioner, usually $30. These usually cost a total of $160; now all three are $99. An appointment is necessary. *Dorit Baxter, 47 W. 57th St., third floor (371-4542); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–8 p.m.; through 3/1.*

Didn't We Almost Have It All

THIS SMALL, FIFTEEN-TABLE FAMILY-OWNED Greenwich Village restaurant has incredibly low-priced meals for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Its prix fixe ($9.95) dinner is served every day from 4 to 11 P.M.: Your choice of four homemade soups plus a house salad with basil-walnut vinaigrette, and your choice of three entrées (all served with wine-sautéed mixed vegetables and rice pilaf): chargrilled mahi mahi; roasted free-range-chicken breast; and fettuccine with chicken chunks. Reservations recommended for dinner. *Key Largo Bistro, 470 Sixth Ave., near 11th St. (243-2222); A.E., M.C., V. accepted.*

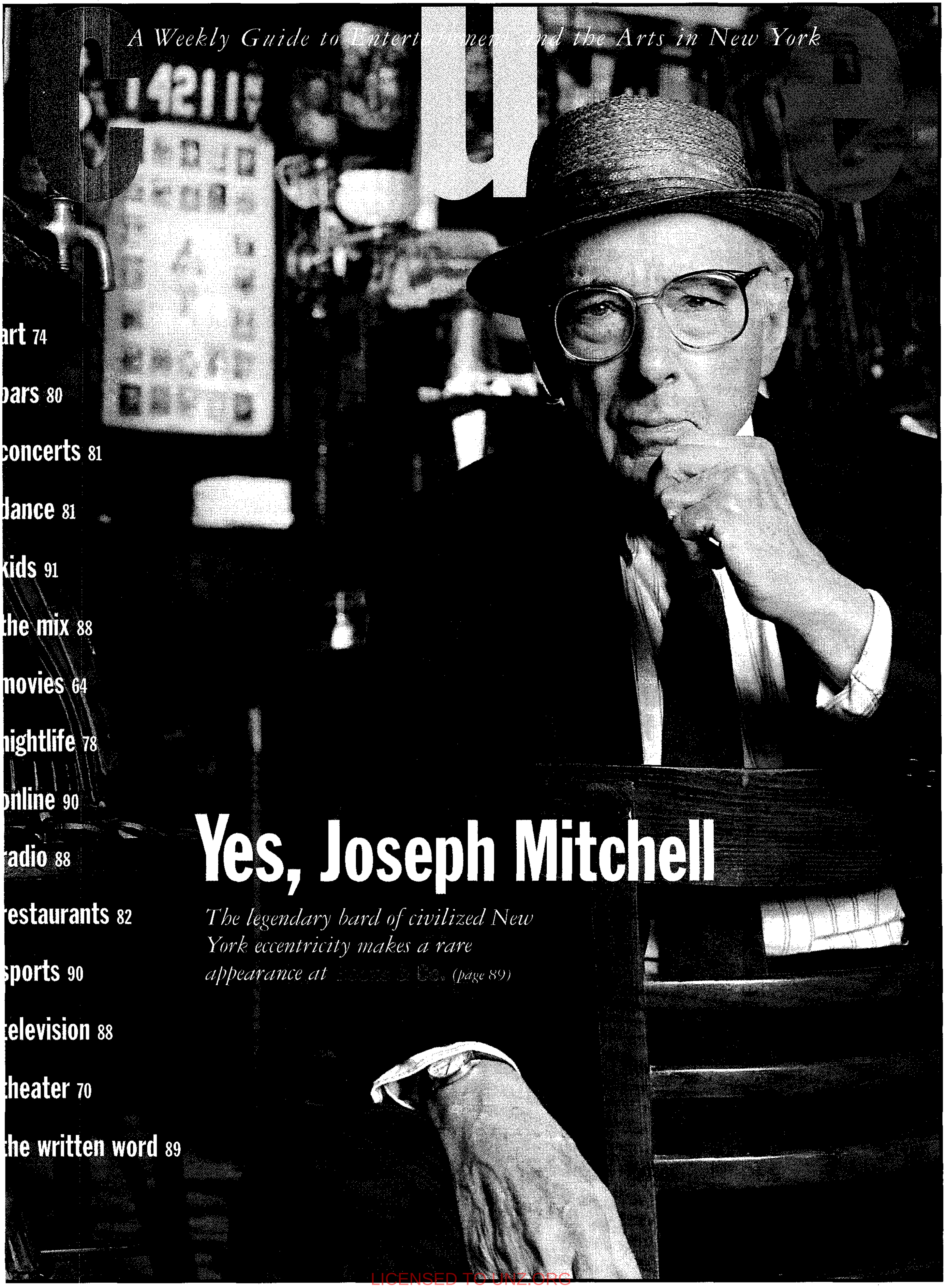
Big Frames, Little Frames

ALL CHILDREN'S FRAMES (MIGHTY MORPHIN Power Rangers, Fisher-Price, Tann's) are $125 at this handsome Upper East Side eyewear boutique: In February, you get $50 off the complete eyeglasses, and you can buy a second pair at the same time for half-price (and 10 percent of the bill will be donated to whatever school your child attends). Adults purchasing children's glasses get a 20 percent discount on complete glasses for themselves. *The Ultimate Spectacle, 1036 Third Ave., near 61st St. (371-4111); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits only, eyeglasses held until they clear; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–4 p.m. or by appointment.*

Sweet Lullabuys

GOOD-BYES, THE POPULAR EAST SIDE RESALE shop for used children's clothing, shoes, equipment, and toys, is now offering 20 percent off its toys and cribs, and 50 percent off all its one-of-a-kind clothing, in sizes infant to 10: all dress shoes and sneakers, were $8.50–$15, now $4.25–$7.50; snowsuits from 6 mos. to 2 yrs., were $32–$69, now $16–$34.50; outerwear jackets and a few coats, sizes 3–6, were $23–$79, now $11.50–$39.50. *Good-Byes, 230 E. 78th St. (794-2301); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Yes, Joseph Mitchell

The legendary bard of civilized New York eccentricity makes a rare appearance at Books & Co. *(page 89)*

movies

White Squall...Why You Should See Vukovar

New Films

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a centrist liberal, highly intelligent but with a tendency to waffle; he also has a general "character" issue hanging over his head. In other words, he's very much like Bill Clinton—except he's a widower. President Shepherd falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist, Sydney Ellen Wade (Annette Bening), and his principal opponent (Richard Dreyfuss) denounces him as immoral. The suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? As the big tuna, Douglas gives an entertaining and self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Not only does Shepherd rush her off her feet; director Rob Reiner does too. In fact, Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet.*

Angela—The story of a young girl who becomes obsessed with the rituals of Christianity as a means to counteract the unpredictability of her manic-depressive mom. Written and directed by Rebecca Miller. Winner of the 1995 Sundance Film Festival's Filmmaker Trophy. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Angels & Insects—See David Denby, p. 51. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris, who is best known for her 1982 film *A Question of Silence,* about three women who kill a man who has accused them of shoplifting. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Bed of Roses—Christian Slater stars as Lewis, a shy botanist who anonymously courts a driven, ambitious investment banker (Mary Stuart Masterson) with his elaborate floral arrangements. Written and directed by Michael Goldenberg. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Big Bully—Tom Arnold is Roscoe "Fang" Bigger, a former schoolyard bully who relishes the chance to once again pounce on his former prey (Rick Moranis), a successful novelist who returns to his old high school to teach creative writing. With Julianne Phillips, Jeffrey Tambor, Carol Kane, and Don ("Mr. Roper") Knotts. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Bio-Dome—Pauly Shore and Stephen Baldwin play two losers who accidentally wander into a Biosphere-like experiment and wreak havoc. Directed by Jason Bloom. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Movieplex 42.*

Black Sheep—A comedy about a gubernatorial hopeful whose candidacy is endangered when his overzealous younger brother (Chris Farley) shows up to help with the campaign. With David Spade as the lowly aide-cum-babysitter. Directed by Penelope Spheeris. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; UA East.*

Casino—The mob has bought the Tangiers Hotel in Las Vegas and set up Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro), a longtime mob bookie and gambler, as boss. Sam depends on the muscle of his old friend Nicky (Joe Pesci), who frightens away other gangsters and serves as enforcer of the casino's good health. *Casino* means to be a sorrowful epic: These two street guys had control of everything, and they blew it. But do we care? With Sam and Nicky at the center, the movie never develops much in the way of emotion or even ordinary human interest, and both they and the beautiful Vegas hustler (Sharon Stone) they get involved with are limited, obsessed people. What Scorsese has done earlier—discovering the lyrical, even operatic possibilities of gangster life—he can't or won't do this time. (Denby;

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

Opening

Egon and the Id

Jane Birkin (pictured) is one of two muses in [illegible] *(opening January 31 at Film Forum), about the last years of the Viennese artist, who, tormented from within and without, never recovered from the humiliation of having his sexually charged work publicly burned.*

"Cue" cover photograph by Theo Westenberger/Gamma-Liaison.

11/27/95) (3 hrs.; R) *Manhattan Twin; National Twin; 86th Street; Olympia Cinemas.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. With Ron Perlman. Photographed by Darius Khondji (*Seven*). Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Lousiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Director Tim Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Don't Be a Menace . . .—A parody of the recent spate of inner-city coming-of-age movies like *Boyz N The Hood* and *Menace II Society.* Written by Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans, and Phil Beauman. Directed by Paris Barclay. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Egon Schiele—Based on the short life of the artist, who was publicly denounced as obscene for his depictions of women. With Mathieu Carrière, Jane Birkin, and Christine Kaufmann. Written and directed by Herbert Vesely. In German with English subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*

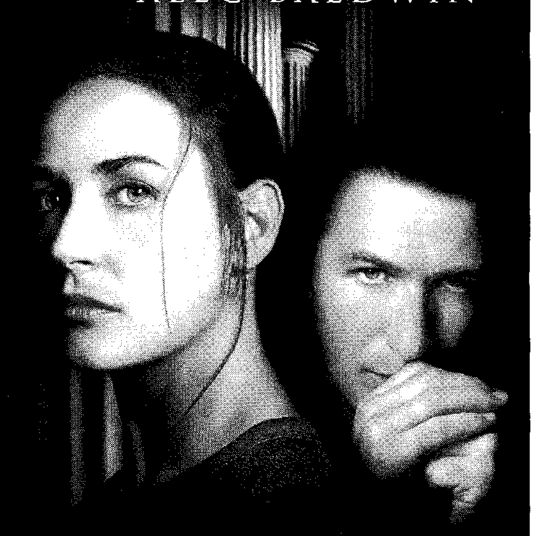
Eye for an Eye—Sally Field turns in yet another distraught mom performance as a woman seeking revenge against her daughter's killer (Kiefer Sutherland). With Ed Harris and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Four Rooms—The much-delayed anthology piece by directors Alison Anders, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, about the bizarre goings-on in four separate hotel suites on New Year's Eve. With Tim Roth as the bellboy who weaves all the stories together. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

French Twist—An attempt at farce that isn't airy and light enough to work: a suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

From Dusk Till Dawn—See David Denby, p. 51. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer without talent. She is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory; Sadie keeps on singing because of Georgia, but what is it that she wants from her sister? Love? Hatred? Recognition of her suffering, perhaps. This is a remarkable and perversely brave movie, but it's also an outrage, for the heroine of *Georgia* is not the suc-



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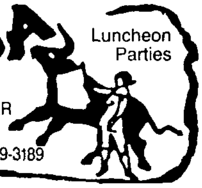

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cessful sister but the bullying monster Sadie Flood. Leigh's technique is astonishing (Sadie is blindly self-involved, and Leigh knows every desperate maneuver), but Leigh is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. She seems to be slipping into a confusion of painfulness with truth, a confusion unworthy of her talent. Misery, after all, is no more true than any other emotion, but Leigh is turning sickness and failure into a mark of integrity. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of that perennial movie subject, the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Juror—Demi Moore is a juror assigned to a high-profile case involving the mob, and Alec Baldwin the henchman who tries to bully her into delivering the desired verdict. There's a weird love story somewhere in there, too. Directed by Brian Gibson. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Jumanji—Robin Williams stars as a man who has been trapped inside a mystical board game for 25 years. Once he's freed, however, the animals who have pursued him throughout the game are unleashed into the outside world. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors, Roddy McDowall, Victoria Foyt, Martha Plimpton, and Andre Gregory. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and Figgis accepts them with something like awe: the doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Holland's Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction. Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career (she appeared briefly in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*), have affairs with quite a few artists, seriously pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor overly reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Nixon**—Anguish is not an emotion that Oliver Stone has ever shied away from, but tenderness is a new one for him. The most surprising thing about his fascinating new movie is how much warmth he extends to Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins), whom we are asked to see as tough but infinitely troubled—a typical Stone character caught in perpetual anguish. There's a generous soulfulness here, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat (Joan Allen, who is a revelation). It seems necessary to say that this is an interpretation—necessary because some very distinguished journalists cannot understand this commonplace idea. Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters combine, condense, and recast, and rewrite. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it? As Nixon, Anthony Hopkins gets some things dead right, but the trouble is, he responds emotionally to everything—a man this vulnerable could not have made it to the White House. The fault is Stone's, perhaps, more than Hopkins's. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, the masterful strategist, his fall into bathos would have been more striking. But this punishing yet oddly tender movie is at least a step in a new direction. (Denby; 1/8/96) (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love—each in love, perhaps, for the first time—and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; even ordinary life would have brought it down from this daring, thoughtless height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is the best thing in the movie—as always, he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acting it. He glowers and holds his dignity through everything, even in moments of utmost horror, and one sometimes gets the impression that dignity is more important to him than expression. Director Oliver Parker, trained as an actor, has simplified the play in ways that reduce it, and has eliminated almost every trace of excitement. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater; Plaza Twin.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel, though as heroine Anne Elliot, Amanda Root has a prim, tight-lipped demeanor (the movie is about delayed passion, not repression). But many of the other British stalwarts are wonderful. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Opening

A House Divided

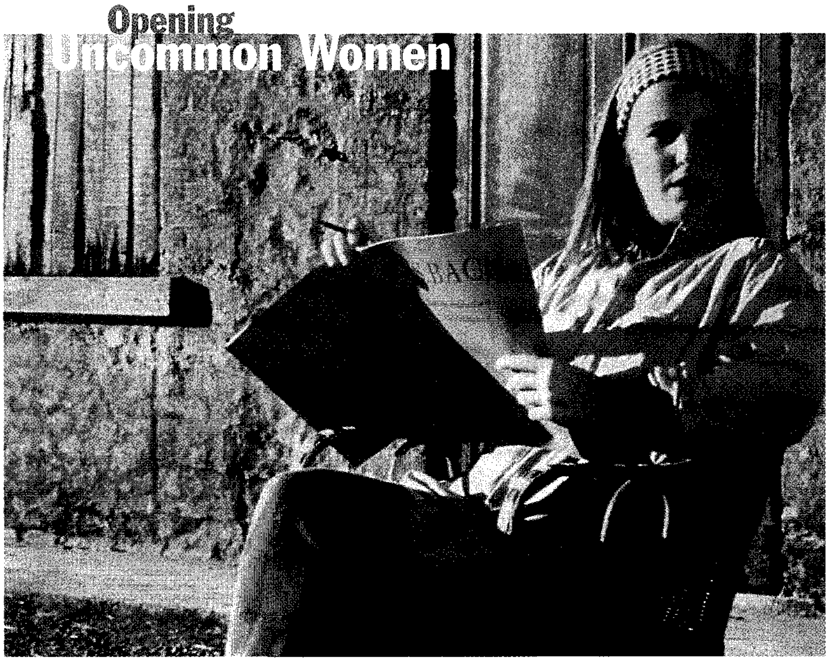
Twenty minutes before *Vukovar* (opening February 2 at the Quad) was due to be shown in December at a United Nations conference called "Celebrating Diversity," the Croatian Mission demanded the screening be canceled. Apparently, the delegation felt that the film—about a Serb and a Croat who fall deeply in love and marry just before war erupts in the Balkans in 1991—was anti-Croatian propaganda. "I was astonished," says director Boro Draskovic, who still lives in Belgrade and is half-Bosnian, half-Croatian. "All parts of this country are my country. I am not a soldier, but I have to react. I can't—I don't want to use a weapon. The only weapon is my camera." Draskovic (whose name means "life is beautiful" in English) shot the film in late 1993 in Vukovar, which, already bombed and shelled to dust, was only ten kilometers from the front lines. Combat scenes were shot in complete silence (gunfire was added in postproduction) so as not to inadvertently incite actual shooting or frighten Vukovar's few remaining citizens. "Of course, there are emotional and psychological troubles when you shoot in a destroyed city," says Draskovic, "but at the same time, you concentrate more, and with such difficulties you reach profound aspects of the film." The director, who could easily have made a didactic, righteously angry movie, focuses—quite gently—on the doomed young newlyweds Anna and Toma, and he subsequently draws us into tragedies both personal and political. "I feel that the world doesn't understand what is going on. They know there's a country in big trouble in the world, somewhere . . . but there's indifference." Though *Vukovar* isn't as technically accomplished or as seamlessly scripted as, say, *Schindler's List*, it is just as important and even more remarkable for its virtually real-time immediacy, for the way you feel ashamed at what Draskovic simply and accurately terms "indifference." Even more remarkable, perhaps, is Draskovic's unyielding optimism that the rest of the world will see his film, that the most recent treaty will be the last one drawn, that peace is imminent. "Always you have hope," says Draskovic, "even though you see a cruel world."

Mirjana Jokovic as Anna.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Richard takes over because the good people are too tired to stop him. Ian McKellan gives a mischievous, startlingly candid performance. He is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Generally, director Loncraine works in a rapid-tableau style; the movie has spirit, if not always sanity. This *Richard III* is not serious or essential, but it's thoroughly alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Opening Uncommon Women



Director Marleen Gorris—perhaps best known for 1982's stridently feminist 'A Question of Silence,' in which three women kill a man who has accused them of shoplifting—has apparently lightened up a bit. The less preachy yet still polemical 'Antonia's Line' (opening February 2) traces four generations of tightly knit, freethinking Dutch women who like men all right but, with the exception of Therese (Veerle Van Overloop, above), refuse to marry.

Sabrina—Sydney Pollack's slow, heavy valentine to old-fashioned Hollywood filmmaking. Once again, the chauffeur's daughter (Julia Ormond) has to choose between the playboy son (Greg Kinnear) of her father's employer and the playboy's stern older brother (Harrison Ford), who runs the family business. *Sabrina* drips the patriarchal attitudes of yesteryear, yet there's some wit in the screenplay—and the chance to see Harrison Ford doing his peculiarly effective version of a leading man. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

Screamers—Based on the short story by Philip K. Dick in which a handful of surviving soldiers on the war-ravaged planet Sirius B must defeat their own creation: self-replicating machines bent on obliterating all human life. Directed by Christian Duguay. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee (*Eat Drink Man Woman*) stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. With Hugh Grant and Greg Wise. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

The Sexual Life of the Belgians—Director Jan Bucquoy's autobiographical comedy, which chronicles his sex life, from his misadventures as a teen to his experiences in the sexual revolutions of the sixties and seventies. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must faithfully and attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys fear that they will no longer be useful; life as a plaything is not all play. Their 6-year-old master, Andy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by the smugly confident space action figure Buzz Lightyear. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety and fear—but this time, the "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, who takes his toys for granted, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists at a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed new techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the postmodernist jokes give the movie a spark. With the voices of Tom Hanks, Tim Allen, and Don Rickles. Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *23rd Street West Triplex; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street Six.*

Two If by Sea—The talented, perpetually irate comic Denis Leary (*No Cure for Cancer, The Ref*) plays a thief who is simultaneously attempting to pull off one last heist and prevent his girlfriend (Sandra Bullock) from leaving him. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Vukovar—The story of a young couple—one Serbian, one Croatian—who are torn apart by the war in the Balkans. To call this film an accomplishment, both for its content and its mere existence, would be an understatement. Directed by Boris Draskovic. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Based on Terry McMillan's novel. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Sutton; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

. . . When We Were Colored—Based on the book by Clifton Taulbert, which chronicled his coming-of-age in forties Mississippi. (Interestingly, Taulbert's book was one of the first requested by Nelson Mandela upon his release.) Starring Phylicia Rashad, Salli Richardson, and Richard Roundtree. Directed by Tim Reid. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG) *Manhattan Twin.*

The White Balloon—Seven-year-old Razieh has a singular goal: to buy a goldfish. She has only a few hours before the city shuts down for New Year's Day, she has lost the money her mother has given her, and none of the street vendors seems to grasp the enormity of her problem. Shot in real time. Winner of the Camera d'Or at the Cannes Film festival. Directed by Jafar Panahi. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

White Squall—A brigantine carrying a group of sailing students capsizes and sinks when caught in a freak storm, and the surviving boys, called by an informal tribunal, must determine whether their captain (Jeff Bridges) saved lives or cost them. Based on an actual incident. With Scott Wolf and Balthazar Getty. Directed by Ridley Scott. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Rooms; From Dusk Till Dawn; Georgia; Restoration; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children.* Opening 2/2: *Antonia's Line.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Twelve Monkeys.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon; Egon Schiele: Excess and Punishment.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Angela; French Twist; Persuasion; The Sexual Life of the Belgians.* Opening 2/2: *Vukovar.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Angels & Insects; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Leaving Las Ve-*

gas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Nixon; Richard III; Screamers.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bed of Roses; Big Bully; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Jumanji; Les Miserables; Sense and Sensibility.* Opening 2/2: *The Juror.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Eye For an Eye; Waiting to Exhale.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Bed of Roses; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers; Sense and Sensibility.* Opening 2/2: *Black Sheep.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Jumanji; Toy Story.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The American President.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For an Eye; Leaving Las Vegas.* Opening 2/2: *Black Sheep.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn; Leaving Las Vegas; Richard III; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.* Opening 2/2: *The Juror.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bed of Roses; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Home for the Holidays.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Eye For an Eye.* Opening 2/2: *Black Sheep.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The City of Lost Children.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *A Month by the Lake.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Last Summer in the Hamptons; Mr. Holland's Opus; Nixon.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bed of Roses; Big Bully; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.* Opening 2/2: *The Juror.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Bed of Roses.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn.* Opening 2/2: *Things to Do in Denver; White Squall.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Toy Story.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *. . . When We Were Colored; Casino.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Screamers.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Screamers.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Waiting to Exhale; Father of the Bride Part II.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe; Balto; Kicking & Screaming; Living in Oblivion; Seven; The Crossing Guard; Usual Suspects; To Die For.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Twelve Monkeys.*

eet and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Casino; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Mr. Holland's Opus; Don't Be a Menace . . . .*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Twelve Monkeys.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For an Eye; Leaving Las Vegas; Richard III.* Opening 2/2: *The Juror.*

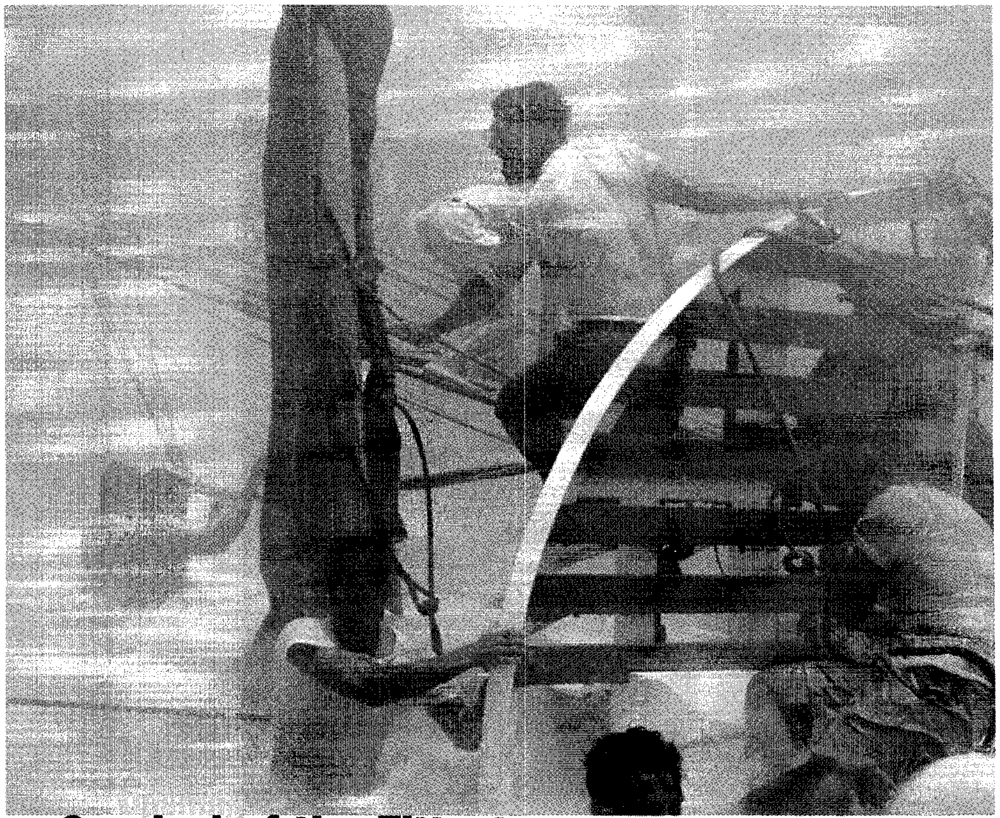
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Big Bully; Screamers.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Heat; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bed of Roses; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; Screamers; Two If by Sea.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sabrina.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Big Bully.* Opening 2/2: *Black Sheep.*



Survival of the Fittest

***White Squall* (opening February 2) is based on an amazing 1961 incident in which a freak storm capsized and sank a brigantine filled with young men who were training as seafarers; and, as in real life, the fate of the captain (Jeff Bridges) rests with the survivors.**

Photograph by Phil Bray/Hollywood Pictures.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Get Shorty.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Big Bully; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers; Twelve Monkeys.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; French Twist; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad; The White Balloon.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Bed of Roses; Dead Man Walking; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Into the Deep; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Richard III; Sabrina; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story; Two If by Sea; Wings of Courage.* Opening 2/2: *The Juror.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Heat; Bed of Roses.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Big Bully; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Waiting to Exhale.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Casino; Jumanji.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Wild Bill.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bed of Roses; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Dead Man Walking; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Screamers; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Screamers.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Eye For an Eye; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Big Bully; Dead Man Walking; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Bed of Roses; Dead Man Walking; Eye For an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dead Man Walking; Twelve Monkeys.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Othello; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Big Bully; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Screamers; Twelve Monkeys.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Bed of Roses; Big Bully; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji; Twelve Monkeys.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Big Bully; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Screamers; Toy Story.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers; Waiting to Exhale.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Waiting to Exhale; Othello.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Big Bully; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Screamers; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Big Bully; Dead Man Walking; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bed of Roses; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Screamers.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Eye For an Eye; Toy Story.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bed of Roses; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Screamers.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Big Bully; Dunston Checks In; Eye For an Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye For an Eye; Screamers; Toy Story.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Leaving Las Vegas; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dead Man Walking; Eye For an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bed of Roses; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Othello; The Postman; Shanghai Triad.*

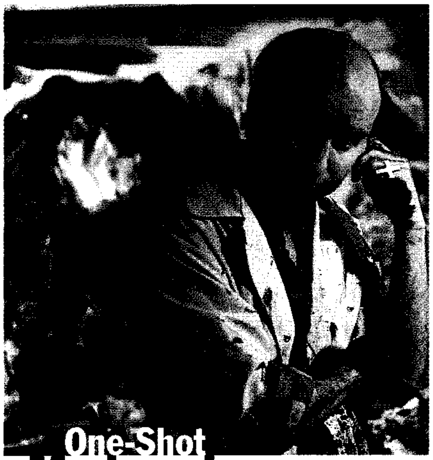
Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Big Bully; Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Screamers.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Big Bully; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Bed of Roses; Eye For an Eye; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mr. Holland's Opus.*



One-Shot Modern Love

'The Playroom' (with Matt Malloy, above) is about a woman who finds herself in mortal danger while on a casual date. And though it could easily be taken as a metaphor for the contemporary perils of love and sex, it was actually inspired by the death of director James Spione's friend. (At the Walter Reade Theater's Independents Night, February 1. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Big Bully; Bio-Dome; Black Sheep; From Dusk Till Dawn; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Big Bully; Don't Be a Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bed of Roses; Big Bully; Bio-Dome; Dead Man Walking; Dunston Checks In; Father of the Bride Part II; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 2/11: "Millennial Mysteries: Continuing Revelations from the Prelinger Archives." 2/3: "People Must Eat! (. . . And Drink Too . . .)" a series that explores oral obsessions, and "Dirt, Disease, and Decay: Resisting Bodily Processes." 2/4: "Keeping Up the Good Work: Film on the Job," a series of post–World War II training films, and "Risks Eternal: Menace and Jeopardy Revisited," a series of shorts in which everyday activities result in gory accidents. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

A Different Light—2/4: Joel Shumacher's *Sparkle* (1976). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"That's Blaxploitation!" Guest-curated by Darius James. 1/30: *Borom Sarret* (1963) and *Black Girl* (1965). 2/1: *Five on the Black Hand Side* (1973). 2/3: *Putney Swope* (1969). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Douglas Fairbanks: King of Hollywood." 1/29: *Robin Hood* (1922) and *His Majesty the American* (1919). 1/30: *The Nut* (1921) and *American Aristocracy* (1916). 1/31: *Manhattan Madness* (1916) and *His Picture in the Papers* (1916). 2/1: *Reaching for the Moon* (1917) and *Reaching for the Moon* (1930). 2/2 and 2/3: *The Thief of Bagdad* (1924) and *Mystery of the Leaping Fish* (1916). 2/4 and 2/5: *The Gaucho* (1928) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Polish Cinema from 1930 to the Present." 1/29: *The Girls from Nowolipki* (1937) and *The Ghosts aka Anxiety* (1938). 1/30: *Ashes and Diamonds* (1958) and *Kanal* (1957). 2/1: *Border Street* (1948). 2/1 and 2/4: *The Last Stage* (1948). 2/2: *The Treasure* (1949) and *The Hours of Hope* (1955). 2/3: *Night Train* (1959) and *The Last Day of Summer* (1958). 2/4: *The Dybbuk* (1938). 2/1: "Independents Night." *The Playroom* (1996) and *Norma's Lament* (1996). 265 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—1/30: *La mariée etait en noir (The Bride Wore Black)* (1968). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"American Culture Through a Japanese Lens." 2/2: *The Most Terrible Time in My Life* (1994). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Films of John Frankenheimer." 2/29: *Grand Prix* (1966) and *The Train* (1965). 1/30 and 2/1: *The Gypsy Moths* (1969) and *I Walk the Line* (1970). 2/2: *Impossible Object (Story of a Love Story)* (1973). 2/2 and 2/4: *French Connection II* (1975). 2/3: *The Iceman Cometh* (1973). 2/4 and 2/5: *Black Sunday* (1977). 2/5: *52 Pick-Up* (1986) and *Robert F. Kennedy Nebraska Primary Film* (1968). Through 3/15: "Asta: The Tenth Muse." 1/30: *The Great Moment* (1911), *The Strange Bird/The Course of True Love* (1911), *The Treacherous Woman/The Traitress* (1911), and *INRI* (1923). 2/2: *According to Law* (1919) and *House by the Sea* (1924). 2/3: *Towards the Light* (1918), *Vanina* (1922), and *Joyless Street* (1925). 2/4: *Lulu/Loulou* (1923) and *The Dangerous Age for Women* (1927). 2/5: *Downfall* (1922). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Symphony Space—1/30: "Early Lumiere Films" and *Children of Paradise* (1944). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7, members $4.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." 1/31: *Greenwich Village Story* (1961). 2/2–2/4: *Gang of Souls* (1989), *Allan 'n' Allen's Complaint* (1982), *Living With the Living Theater* (1989), and *Hunke and Louis* (1995). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

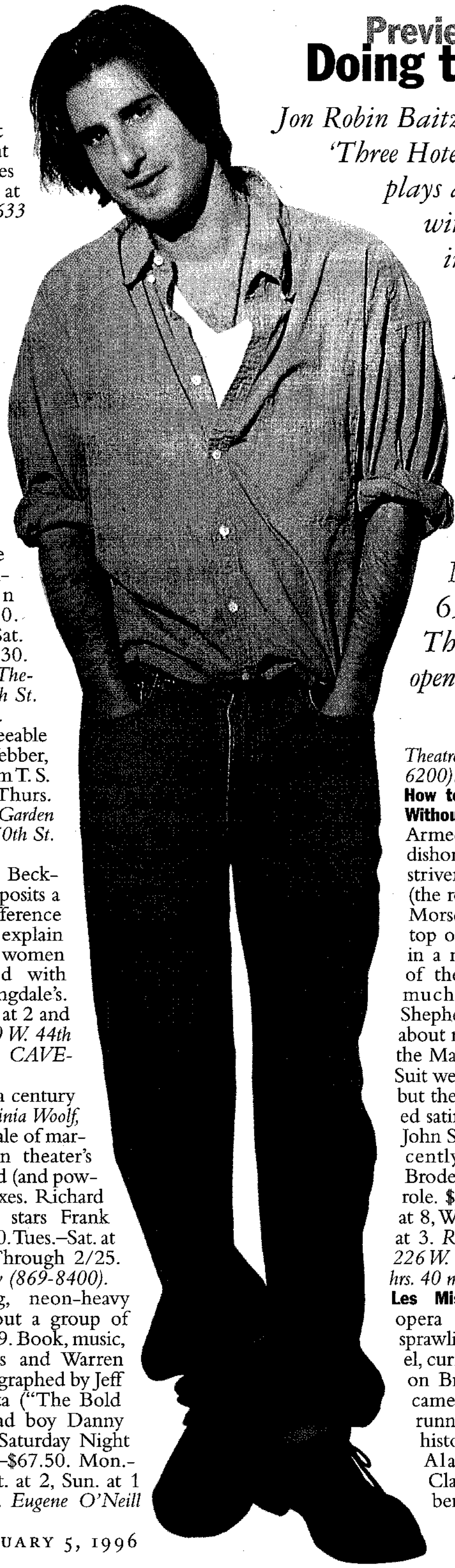
Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

Photograph by John Young.

theater

Jon Robin Baitz...Mary-Louise Parker



Photograph by Greg Weiner.

Previews

Doing the Right Thing

Jon Robin Baitz ('The Substance of Fire,' 'Three Hotels') writes modern morality plays about characters struggling with the temptation of corrupting compromise. 'A Fair Country,' his latest script, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa. Beginning previews at Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater (150 West 65th Street; 239-6200) this Thursday for a February 19 opening.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bus Stop—$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 2/3 for a 2/22 opening at 6:30. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 2/25. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta ("The Bold and the Beautiful") as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. Beginning 2/4, a Sunday brunch performance will be added at 1 with a special price of $50 for children twelve and under. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

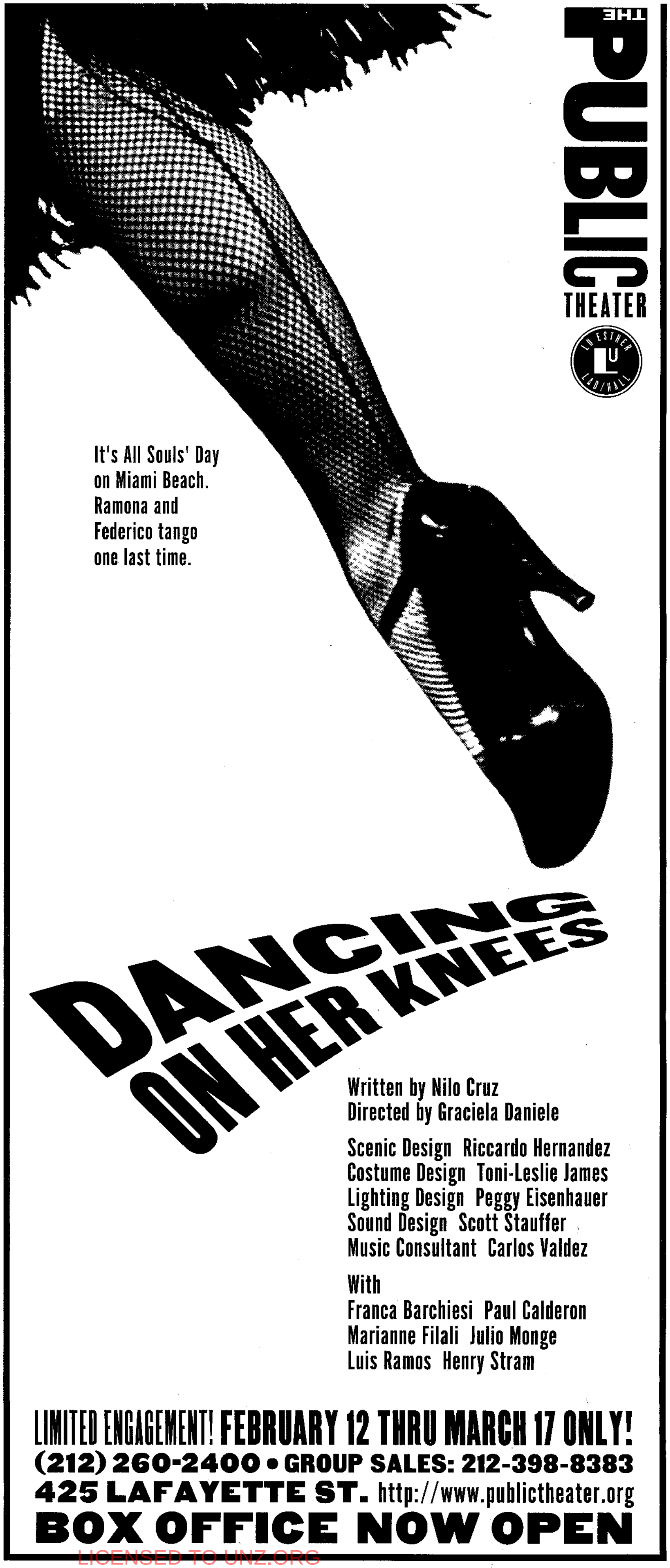
Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn

Praise the Lord, Pass the Ammo

Ninety years after it was written, *Major Barbara*—George Bernard Shaw's witty and incisive look into the morality of arms production—is still asking the unanswerable but provocative questions that need to be asked. At the Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.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Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. 10086 Sunset Boulevard now becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) Understudy Karen Mason is currently spelling Ms. Buckley through 2/12. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bed and Sofa—$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Opening 2/1. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

F/Left of the Moon—Two new plays by Laurence Holder and Fred Newman dealing with, respectively, the political history of the activist Lenora Fulani and a group of confused Midwesterners struggling through the social changes of the sixties. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 2/25. *Castillo Cultural Center, 500 Greenwich St. (941-5800).*

A Fair Country—$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. No matinee 2/3, 2/7, and 2/10; no performance 2/20. Special Sunday performances 2/4 and 2/11 at 7:30. Beginning previews 2/1 for a 2/19 opening at 6:45. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The latest project of Jonathan Larsen reimagines Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 2/13 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Now Playing

After-Play—Actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Blue Window—Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss*) bends language into intricate counterpoint by following the inhabitants of five neighboring Manhattan apartments as they converge for a dinner party. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—$35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St (315-0112).*

Dog and His Master—An English adaptation of Chinese playwright Liu Jinyun's *Uncle Dog's Nirvana,* which chronicles the hard-knock life of a peasant named Dog as he survives assorted waves of political revolution and land reform following the 1946–49 revolution. $15; $10 students/seniors. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 2/11. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

An Epidog—Rose, the dog star (forgive us for that) of Lee Breuer's "Animations" series, has shaken off mortal coils in this latest installment to take up residence in the *Book of the Dead*–described Bardo State. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/4. *HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-9684).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver's latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Frank Pig Says Hello—Pat McCabe's stage adaptation of his novel *The Butcher Boy*, In which a disturbed young Irish lad assumes the persona of a pig. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Jam on the Groove—A troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers using street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling. $29.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

King Lear—The greatest play ever written is No. 30 in the New York Shakespeare Festival's ongoing Shakespeare Marathon. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/18. *Anspacher Theater at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Lady From the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Major Barbara—$24, $19 seniors, $12 students. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Mata Hari—A revival of the 1967 musical by Edward Thomas, Jerome Coppersmith, and Martin Charnin about World War I's most notorious intelligence officer, vamp division. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/18. *Theatre at St. Peter's, Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Measure for Measure —Theatre for a New Audience, the acclaimed Off Broadway company that's drawn raves for its breathtaking versions of (the relatively straightforward) *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI* over the past several years, has chosen what's perhaps the knottiest of all the Bard's scripts as its season opener. $32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 at 8. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art,

Opening

Comes the Revolution

Remember when Broadway musicals were made into movies instead of the other way around? With 'Sunset Boulevard,' 'Kiss of the Spider Woman,' and the forthcoming 'Big,' that process seems to have been largely reversed. Now the phenomenon is reaching into the more arcane realms: 'Bed and Sofa' is an adaptation by Polly Pen ('Goblin Market') and Laurence Klavan of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the beginnings of the modern age in postrevolutionary Russia. Opening Thursday at the Vineyard Theatre.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

The Preservation Society—Southern, fine. Southern debutante, fine. *Lesbian* southern debutante—well, *that* gets a little complicated. William S. Leavengood's new comedy imagines how it might play out. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sheba—King Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, and doomed (albeit tuneful) passion amidst clashing cultures. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,*then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, re-creates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Universe—After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 2/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, *tateleh*. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Extra show 2/3 at 2; no show 1/30. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Talent

Heartbreak Kid

In the city three weeks ago, a performer rehearsing a play set in the midst of a howling snowstorm didn't exactly need a *lot* of sophisticated emotional-memory techniques. But Mary-Louise Parker—true to her live-theater roots—was applying them anyway to her current role, the brassy saloon singer Cherie in Circle in the Square's new production of William Inge's *Bus Stop*, beginning previews this Saturday. An actress coming off recollections of Marilyn Monroe in the 1956 film version might all too easily reduce the part to dumb-blonde cliché, but Parker, who hasn't seen the movie, remains firm on the necessity of building a character from the inside out. "Dumb *blonde*?" She grins. "I don't see how you can play a *hair* color."

Along with the Roundabout's revival of *Picnic* two seasons ago, this *Bus Stop* heralds renewed interest in a dramatist who's been out of the public eye for too long. After a string of Broadway hits in the fifties including *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* Inge saw his carefully drawn portraits of emotionally frustrated, often inarticulate Midwesterners fall out of fashion in the sixties, when they (literally) ceded the stage to flashier sorts of technical experiment. (Back then, playwrights like Lanford Wilson working the same vein of lyrical realism were commonly dismissed by hip theater types as "the Inge fringe.") In any case, they represent the sort of heartbreakingly vulnerable roles for which Parker, with those mooncalf eyes and a dozen shades of breathy tentativeness in her voice, tends to be particularly well suited. Personally as well as professionally, it turns out. "I think I identify a lot with Inge," she says. "He wasn't attempting to be innovative or conceptual. His method was to take nearly still photographs and use them to go deep enough into these characters, as unspectacular as they may seem on the surface, so that you could see what's inside. Audiences tend to be more interested in pyrotechnics these days, but sometimes," she adds, "things that are entertaining to the eye or to the ear don't necessarily reach the heart."

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Off-Off Broadway

21st Century Playwrights Festival—*Oh, That Wily Snake!* and *Where I'm Headed:* 1/31, 2/3, and 2/4 at 2; 1/30, 2/1, 2/7, 2/9, and 2/10 at 8. *Finding Rose:* 1/31, 2/2, 2/3, 2/6, and 2/8 at 8; 2/7, 2/10, and 2/11 at 2. $15. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Barbed Wires—$12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Creative Voices, 750 Eighth Ave. (841-1778).*

The Beautiful People—The comedy by William Saroyan. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St., at Charlton (219-2085).*

Bedroom Farce—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/18. *Theater at West Park Presbyterian Church, 165 W. 86th St. (642-6278).*

The Brooch—A workshop production of a new comedy by Emily Whitesell starring Celeste Holm. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (279-4200).*

Club Hellfire—$15; $12 students/seniors. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *HomeGrown Theatre Company, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Criminals in Love—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 2/2; through 2/11. *Judith Anderson Theater, 42 W. 42nd St. (1-800-688-1897).*

Dance in the Giddy Circle—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Beginning performances 2/1; through 2/24. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (595-3433).*

Dark Ride—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

The Fall of the House of Usher—A new adaptation of the Poe *conte*. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (532-6719).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St., bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

Jake's Women—The Neil Simon comedy. $15; $13 students/seniors. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 2/10. *St. Bart's Playhouse, Park. Ave. at 50th St. (751-1616 ext. 219).*

Lady of Fadima/Face Divided—$12. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 2/12. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church (966-9371).*

Lobby—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 2/2; through 2/11. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St., bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (777-4327).*

Lysistrata—$12/TDF. Sun.–Tues. at 8. Beginning performances 2/4; through 2/27. *Theater 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (243-2805).*

Nora—$6–$8. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/24. *WOW Cafe, 59 E. 4th St. (505-3250).*

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap/California Suite—*Couple*, Fri. at 8; *Mousetrap*, Sat. at 8; *California*, Sat. at 10. $15 plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Of Mice and Men—Tell me about the rabbits, Geooooorge. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/22. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (439-8148).*

Requiem for a Heavyweight— $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 2/1; through 2/18. *Kraine Theater at Cooper Square Workshop, 85 E. 4th St.*

Spyz—$8. Sat. at 10:30. Through 3/2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Church and Broadway (946-4440).*

art

Oliver Herring/Leonilson...Sally Apfelbaum

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

András Böröcz—Sculptures of elongated figures carved from pencils; 2/1–3/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Richmond Burton—Nine new oil paintings and a group of drawings and prints in which the artist's allover shapes have a greater variety of scale than in previous works; through 3/2. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Emily Evelth/Elizabeth King—Recent paintings/New sculptures; through 3/2. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

A. R. Penck—Watercolors and paintings of nudes, and bronze sculptures; through 2/24. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

57th Street Area

Josef Albers—A survey of the artist's drawings, from the little-known representational sketches of his early years to his vivid color studies for the "Homage to the Square" series of the sixties; through 2/17. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Rene Pierre Allain—Works that the artist calls "steel paintings," in which steel bands and plates are configured as pictorial surfaces; through 2/24. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Alexander Calder—A survey of sculpture and paintings from the fifties; through 2/17. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Stephen Ellis—New paintings that are built up of many layers of oil and alkyd and scraped down, in some areas, to reveal the grid structure beneath; through 2/24. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Paul Emsley/Michael Wetzel—Drawings by a South African artist that depict the movement of light and shadow over animal forms/Recent landscape paintings based on field notes, site sketches, and specimens. Through 2/24. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Dan Graham—A new full-scale pyramidal sculpture pavilion and four new sculpture-pavilion models; through 3/2. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; through 3/2. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

John Newsom—Paintings that juxtapose whimsical, fairy-tale images and take their inspiration from the old-fashioned vignettes of turn-of-the-century chromo-lithographs and early black-and-white cartoon features produced by MGM; through 2/17. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

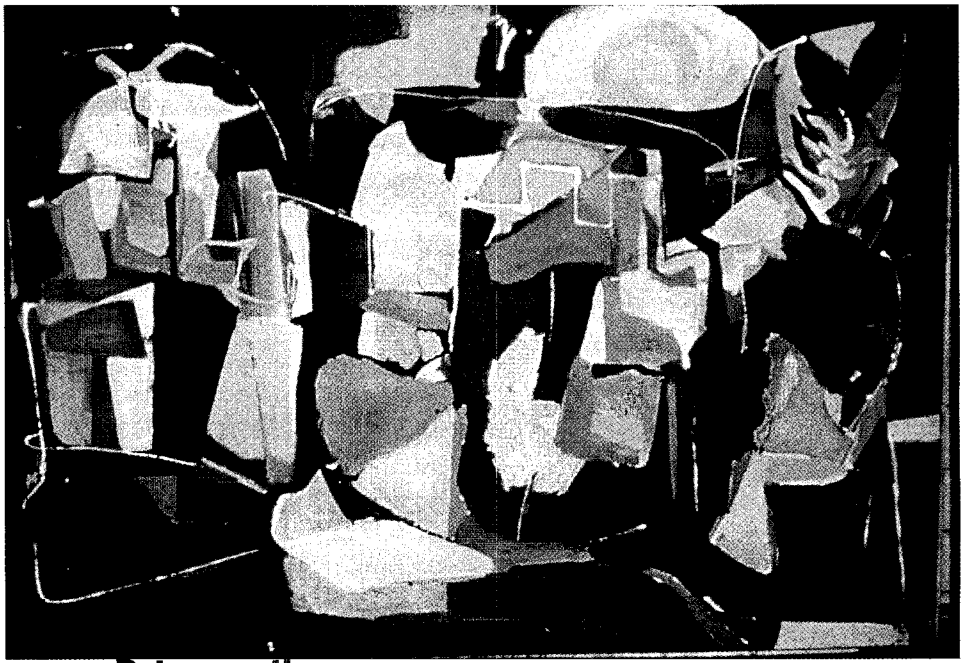
Arnaldo Pomodoro—The artist's first solo show in the United States since 1987 consists of 22 monumentally scaled bronze sculptures created over the past ten years that continue his use of basic geometric shapes interrupted by erratic, jagged cuts; through 2/10. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

David Remfry—Large-scale watercolors by an English artist that depict his first impressions of New York's downtown scene; through 2/24. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Nina Roos—Paintings of thin veils of color on Plexiglas panels, by a Finnish artist; through 3/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Mimmo Rotella—The artist, whose first show with this gallery consists of painted collages on sheets of metal made between 1981 and 1994, was born in Calabria in 1918 and was associated with the *Nouveaux Realistes* and *affichistes;* through 2/24. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Jose Maria Sicilia—New assemblages that incorporate ancient Spanish texts and are contained with-



Retrospective

Paris Match

The Paris of the forties, fifties, and sixties had a different allure for black artists than it did for their white peers. Many found themselves at odds with America's homegrown (mostly white) movements—Regionalism, Abstract Expressionism, and Minimalism. Paris was also a place to escape racism, one where an African-American artist might simply be considered an artist, not necessarily an African-American one. For the seven artists whose sculpture and paintings constitute the recently opened exhibition "Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965" at the Studio Museum in Harlem, Paris was all of the above and more.

But although it's the show's thesis, the ways in which life in Paris affected the works of these artists isn't made clear. The abstract paintings of Edward Clark, for example, with their broad color fields and splashes, seem particularly American. Adding to the confusion, all seven artists are additionally represented by works not executed in Paris. And the works that are irrefutably French—the Parisian street scenes of Lois Mailou Jones, painted in the early fifties, and Herbert Gentry's *The Claw* (1958), a painting that corresponds to works by Picasso of the same period—are too generic (fortunately, the show offers better works by both). Finally, it seems only fair to ask why the paintings of Bob Thompson, who worked in Paris in the early sixties and whose paintings have been included in major museum exhibitions, were excluded from this show. His inclusion would have given the exhibition the historical gravity it deserves, as would a more judicious editing process by its curators.

Edith Newhall

Photograph courtesy of the Studio Museum in Harlem.

in layers of wax; through 2/24. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Eve Sonneman—A survey of the artist's conceptual photographic works from 1969 to the present and abstract paintings from the past fifteen years; through 2/24. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Steve Wheeler—An exhibition that pairs the late artist's library of rare and out-of-prints books with his paintings—colorful, puzzlelike works that drew on, among other sources, Cubism, ethnographic art, and the paintings of Paul Klee; 2/1–3/16. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Eight paintings that depict a snapshotlike series of images of a boy on a mountain excursion and whose titles come together to form a poem; through 2/24. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Elizabeth Berdann—Recent paintings, including a series of six oil-on-copper portraits of elderly women who are residents of a community nursing home; through 2/24. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Doris Bloom/Thomas Bang—Paintings and photographs based on the artist's childhood memories of South Africa/Recent sculptures titled "Future Trophies" that draw on Dada and Surrealism. Through 3/2. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Maurizio Cannavacciuolo—New paintings; through 2/17. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Jonathan Rogers Clark—The artist, who created *Linearism,* a method inspired by Gothic stained glass that involves the application of a three-dimensional "drawing" to create a two-dimensional picture, continues this technique in his latest works, the sale of which will benefit The ABC Trust for scholarships in poetry and painting; through 2/10. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Willie Doherty—Large-scale photographs mounted on aluminum, and a video installation; through 2/17. Alexander and Bonin, 59 Wooster St. (925-2343).

Manny Farber/Adam Siegel—Recent paintings that depict arrays of objects as seen from an aerial perspective/The Chicago-based artist's first solo show in New York consists of paintings that depict figures and faces emerging from earth-toned backgrounds of rhythmic marks, and related works on paper. Through 2/17. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Dominique Figarella—The artist, who lives in Nice, constructs his paintings from materials such as foam rubber, Plexiglas, chewing gum, plywood, and tennis balls; through 2/24. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Ellen Gallagher—The first solo show in New York for this artist who was included in the Whitney Biennial last spring and whose paintings, which at first appear to be minimal and monochromatic, deal with the learning and reinforcement of racial stereotypes; through 2/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Ethel Gitlin—Paintings of organic forms inspired by nature; through 2/15. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

Diane Green—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/17. K & E, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Larry Johnson/Allen Ruppersberg—New works by both; through 3/2. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Gary Lang—A painting installation titled "The Hague Project," which includes, among other works, a large-scale mural woven directly on the wall with multicolored tape; through 3/2. Crosby Street Project, 113 Crosby St. (925-8289).

Paul Laster—Recent collages whose colors and compositions bring to mind minimal abstract painting of the sixties; through 2/25. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Sang Nam Lee—Recent geometric works; through 2/17. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Melissa Meyer—Recent large-scale abstract paintings in which the oil paint is allowed to spread and flow, forming aqueous fields and veils of color; through 2/24. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Cathy de Monchaux—Biomorphic sculptures that refer to sexual ambiguity and the human form, made with rusted steel, leather, glass, brass, paper, and concrete; through 3/2. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (627-1455).

Forrest Myers—Recent jazz-inspired sculptures of densely woven wire, bent pipe, stainless steel, anodized aluminum, and found objects; through 2/17. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Katsuhiro Otomo—Animation production cels, backgrounds, and drawings by the world-renowned animator/writer/director; through 2/29. Cutler, 379 W. Broadway (219-1577).

Joseph Raffael—New paintings and works on paper that depict the flowers in the artist's garden and the sky reflected in the surface of a pond; through 2/28. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Robert Rauschenberg—Works from the late sixties and early seventies, including "Cardboards" made of cardboard cartons; "Jammers," composed of silk and bamboo poles, and "Carnal Clocks" that use clockwork mechanisms, electric lights, and silkscreened images; through 2/17. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lydia Rubio—Paintings and sculpture that are based on the Cuban-born artist's investigations concerning the seas that surround Florida and separate it from Cuba; through 2/17. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Alan Uglow—Recent abstract works on paper and photographs from his "Stadium Series"; through 3/16. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Eugene Von Bruenchenhein—Visionary paintings; through 2/24. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Adja Yunkers—A survey of paintings and pastels by this artist who died in 1984; through 2/24. Painting Center, 52 Greene St. (343-1060).

Elyn Zimmerman—New granite sculptures whose forms reflect basic male and female elements; through 2/17. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Photography

Norman Conquest

In her earlier works, Sally Apfelbaum used multiple exposures to create mysterious effects, but the disturbing beauty of her recent photographs of two renowned Normandy gardens—Claude Monet's at Giverny and those at Varengeville-sur-Mer, designed by Gertrude Jekyll—was achieved solely through the manipulation of scale and focus. At Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway, through February 10.

Photograph courtesy of Julie Saul Gallery.

Other

Peter Dayton/Robert Adams—Paintings collaged with color laser Xeroxes of greatly magnified flower photographs cut out from seed catalogues/Works on paper that depict subjects from the Bible's Book of Revelations in a style reminiscent of Vincent Foster's *Learn to Draw* books and are drawn in various body fluids. Through 2/18. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Maria Elena Gonzalez—A site-specific installation titled "House of Games" that transforms the gallery into a kinetic playroom; through 2/24. Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Anima Mundi," an exhibition exploring the diverse ways in which contemporary artists use animals in their work, with paintings, photographs, drawings, prints, and sculpture by 28 artists, among them Joe Andoe, Elizabeth Butterworth, Judith Cotton, Duncan Hannah, Alexis Rockman, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 3/2.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Paintings and photographs of New York City by Thomas Hart Benton, David Johnson, Ernest Lawson, John Marin, George L. K. Morris, Jerome Myers, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; through 3/2.

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Jewish Tradition in the Russian Avant-Garde, 1915–1935," with works on paper, photographs, and rare illustrated books by Max Alpert, Ilya Chasnick, El Lissitzky, Arcady Shaikhet, and others; through 3/2.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Objects, collages, assemblages, paintings, prints, and photographs that use the gun as a central image and/or theme, by Berenice Abbott, Arman, Jonathan Borofsky, Al Hansen, Robert Mapplethorpe, Tom Sachs, Andy Warhol, and others; through 3/9.

57th Street Area

Adams—50 W. 57th St. (757-6655). "Out of 'Toon: Another Look at Art & the Comics," with works by Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Dan Freeman, China Marks, Kara Walker, William Wiley, and others; through 2/23.

Baldacci—41 E. 57th St. (826-4210). Paintings, sculptures, monotypes, and works in other media on the theme of the vehicle, by Giacomo Balla, Chris Burden, Peter Cain, Mark Dion, Richard Prince, others; 2/1–3/2.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that take the house as their subject, by Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Tony Berlant, James Casebere, Guillermo Kuitca, Gordon Matta-Clark, Joel Shapiro, and others; through 3/2.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.–Fri 8–6. "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis." An exhibit that was organized in collaboration with the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum and is the first to examine the impact of six major bridges erected between 1927 and 1964 that radically reshaped the relationship of New York City to its surrounding region; through 4/19.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). This gallery's third survey of twentieth-century African-American art includes works by Charles Alston, Beauford Delaney, Augusta Savage, Bob Thompson, Hale Woodruff, and others; 2/1–4/6.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Folk paintings by Lawrence Lebduska, Abraham Levin, and Israel Litwak, New York artists who were discovered in the thirties and forties when the folk-art field was first coalescing; through 3/16.

Schmidt Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). A survey of works that are predominantly blue, by Arman, William Baziotes, Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Joyce Treiman, John Wilde, others; through 2/24.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Works by William Baziotes, Gerald Kamrowski, and Jackson

Pollock, as well as a collaborative painting from 1940 that was executed by all three artists one evening in Kamrowski's studio; through 2/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Unnaturally Yours," with works that use the natural elements (air, earth, fire, and water) as a point of departure, by Alejandro Berlin, Nicole Carstens, Daniel O. Georges, Wendy Lewis, Ben Jones, and Peter Whitney, selected by Willie Cole; "Exhibit A: Design/Writing/Research," a design installation by J. Abbott Miller and Design/Writing/Research; through 3/16.

Castelli—578 Broadway (941-9855). A preview of works by Louise Bourgeois, Jasper Johns, John Newman, Keith Sonnier, William Wegman, and others that will be auctioned on February 12 to benefit Bailey House, a nonprofit organization that provides housing and supportive services to homeless men, women, and families with AIDS and HIV (call 633-2500, ext. 235 for auction information);through 2/10.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Drawings by 32 artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Arakawa, Chris Burden, Buckminster Fuller, Ilya Kabakov, and Todd Siler; through 2/17.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of the Chrysler Building in paintings, drawings, sculpture, and other media by 24 artists, among them Richard Haas and Judith Turner; through 2/29.

Klein—"Constructions," with recent sculpture by Michael Ashkin, Tony Cragg, Jackie Ferrara, Fischli/Weiss, Rita McBride, and Matthew McCaslin; through 2/25.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Works on the theme of the great outdoors by Michael Byron, Kirill Doron, Gaylen Hansen, Wade Hoefer, Kazuma Oshita, Helen Miranda Wilson, Timothy Woodman, and others; through 2/17.

Lombard-Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). Sculpture and installation by four Polish artists who live and work in Lodz, Poland; photographs by the Polish artist Maciej Toporowicz; through 2/17.

Petzel—26 Wooster St. (334-9466). Paintings whose imagery has something in common with television, by John Currin, Mary Heilman, Alex Katz, Byron Kim, Glenn Ligon, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, Alexis Rockman, Sue Williams, others; through 2/24.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Balancing Act," with works by Nancy Cohen, Sally Elesby, Max Gimblett, Dennis Hollingsworth, Gary Komarin, Thomas Nozkowski, Anthony Ocone, Sean Scully, and Stephen Westfall; through 2/24.

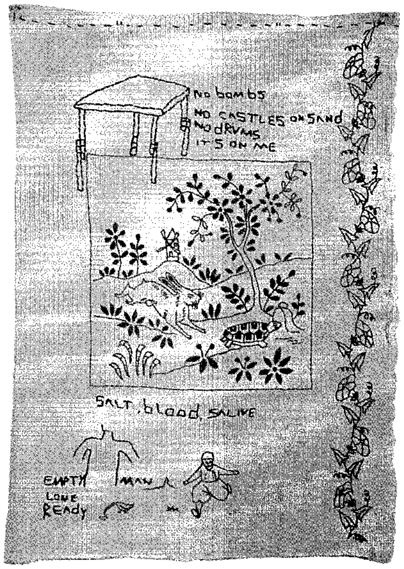
Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). The gallery inaugurates its new space with works by the self-taught artists Thornton Dial, Minnie Evans, Lonnie Holley, Luis Monza, and Bill Traylor; through 2/24.

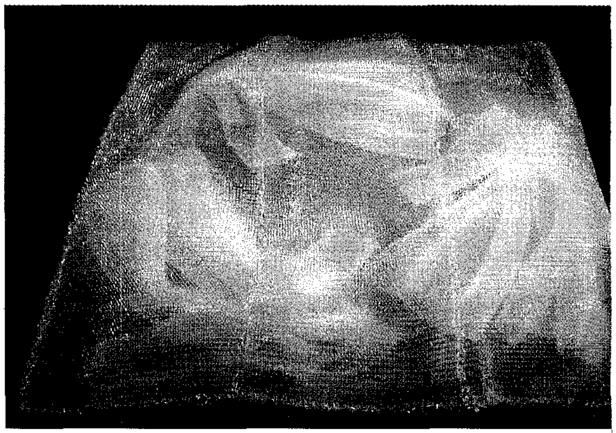
Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). The gallery's annual "Young Artists" exhibit features works by Richard Barnet, Charles Clough, Mark Gibian, Alexis Portilla, and others; through 2/25.

65 Thompson Street—65 Thompson St. (219-2219). A benefit exhibition for Friend's House, a new residence for AIDS-afflicted homeless adults, in memory of the late Mickey Ruskin, with works by artists who frequented his legendary bar/restaurant Max's Kansas City, among them John Chamberlain, Mark DiSuvero, Dan Flavin, Nancy Holt, Joseph Kosuth, Brice Marden, Marisol, Malcolm Morley, and Donald Sultan; through 2/1.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). One large-scale work each by Francesco Clemente, Julian Schnabel, and Cy Twombly; through 2/17.

Sundvik—26 Grand St. (226-6361). "Estro Turf," with works by Leslie Berns, Colette, Flo Fox,





Installation **Eloquently paired in MOMA's latest "Projects" exhibition, the quirkily embroidered cloth panels of the Brazilian artist Leonilson (left), who died of AIDS in 1993, and the knitted sculptures (in Mylar, transparent tape, or paper) of Oliver Herring (above), a New York–based artist, are poignant meditations on mortality. 11 West 53rd Street; through March 12.**

Inna Khavinson, Carolee Schneemann, Celeste Torello, and Rosemarie Trockel; through 2/17.

Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). "A Path Through the Mountains: 500 Years of Swiss Map-Making"; through 2/10.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). Paintings, sculpture, photography, and installations that are the artists' response to the word *epitaph;* through 2/24.

Other

White Columns—1154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Twisted Sisters—Drawing the Line," with comic art by M. K. Brown, Julie Doucet, Aline Kominsky-Crumb, Caryn Leschen, Fiona Smythe, Darcy Stanger, Carol Swain, and others; "White Room Program," with works by Craig Bruns, Virgil Marti, and Scott Meikle; through 2/18.

Photography

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A retrospective of works by the preeminent *LIFE* Magazine photographer; through 3/1. LIFE Gallery, 28th floor, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center (522-3200); Tues. and Fri. 11–3 and by appointment.

Sally Apfelbaum—Photographs of Claude Monet's gardens at Giverny and the gardens at Varengeville-sur-Mer, which were planned by Gertrude Jekyll and surround a house designed by the English art-and-crafts architect Edward Luytens; through 2/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Eve Arnold—Black-and-white photographs from the fifties; through 2/10. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Tom Baril/Rocky Schenck—Photographs of flowers and seascapes/Romantic, heavily toned photographs of trees, highways, the sea, and houses that bring to mind the Pictorialist period. Through 2/24. Ben-rubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Lola Alvarez Bravo—Two exhibits of the work of the Mexican photographer (1907–1993) who was a pioneer of the modernist aesthetic in Mexico, was a staunch supporter of Mexican artists (she gave Frida Kahlo her first one-person show), and served as head of the photography department at the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes in Mexico City for three decades. At the Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950), Tues.–Sun. 12–6, through 2/25, and Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059), through 3/9.

Peter Campus—New photographs whose disparate compositions of images were created by placing found materials (photographs, pages of text, or paper scraps) and objects collected from nature (flowers, stones, and insects) on a digital scanner; through 2/17. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Larry Clark—Color photographs of skateboarding kids taken over a three-year period; through 2/24. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). "Lush," with photographs by Ellen Brooks, Barbara Ess, Jan Groover, and Seton Smith; through 2/24.

Christopher Giglio/Sterck and Rozo—The photographer, who was included in MOMA's 1993–94 "New Photography" exhibition, creates his television-derived images by exposing photographic paper directly to a television screen/Photographs by the Belgian-American collaborators, whose darkly romantic images are the result of multiple generations and manipulated surfaces. Through 2/17. TZ'ART, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Jim Goldberg/Kiki Smith—An abbreviated version of the photographer's traveling exhibition "Raised by Wolves: Photographs and Documents of Runaways," whose photographs, objects, and texts document the seven years he spent photographing and working with homeless young people living on the streets of Hollywood and San Francisco/Recent color photographs, some of which were taken during the production of her sculptures at the Art Foundry in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Through 2/24. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "Eve Arnold: In Retrospect." Black-and-white and color photographs from the photojournalist's 40-year-career. . . . "Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Images of Swedes enjoying themselves in a thoroughly commercialized world of organized leisure and consumption; through 2/11.

Michael Johnson—Photographs of midwestern landscapes taken with a large-format camera; through 3/2. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Diane Kornberg—Selenium-toned gelatin silver prints of preserved scientific images of rare butterflies; through 2/17. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Jacques-Henri Lartigue/Mario Giacomelli—Panoramic photographs/Vintage prints. Through 2/24. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Photographs: left, courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art; right, courtesy of Max Protetch Gallery.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Recent photographs and videos by Juan Downey, Angela Grauerholz, Gary Hill, Alfredo Jaar, and Annette Messager; through 3/9.

Erich Lessing/France Bourély—A retrospective of photographs spanning the thirties to the present/Microscopic views of plants and insects. Through 3/6. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Tim Maul—A new series of Cibachrome photographs that document the interior of the National Library of Ireland in Dublin; through 3/16. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Sean McDevitt—Photographs that explore the artist's sexual fetishes and obsessions and the presence of the masculine and feminine in the self; through 2/24. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

New York Transit Museum—Photographs documenting the last days of the Third Avenue El, by Ann Shanks; through 3/24. 130 Livingston St. (718-330-5839); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–4, Wed. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 adults, $1.50 students and seniors.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Recent photographs by Micheal McLaughlin, Michael Prince, and Lee Friedman; through 2/25.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). An exhibition of wintry images by James Casebere, Peter Garfield, Charles Griffin, David Levinthal, Vik Muniz, and others that were selected by *Blind Spot* photography magazine; through 2/8.

Toshio Shibata/Henri Cartier-Bresson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of Japanese landscapes/Early vintage prints. Through 2/24. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Neil Winokur—An installation of large color prints of faces, hands, feet, and bodies belonging to various artists; through 2/17. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920–1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Planet Peru." Aerial photographs of Peruvian landscapes by Marilyn Bridges; through 2/1. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"A. W. N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival." The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—"Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 2/4. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade." Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; through 5/5. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss"; through 4/7. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. . . . "Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1980"; through 4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"The Material Imagination." Sculpture and conceptual art works that were acquired for the museum's permanent collection from the late seventies to the present; through 1/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Poussin: Works on Paper, Drawings From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; 2/6–3/31. . . . "French Seventeenth-Century Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; 2/6–3/31. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze From the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "River of Gold: Pre-columbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4. . . . "American Schoolgirl Needlework." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum's collection; through 2/18. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 bet. April and September).

Museum for African Art— "Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; 2/2–9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Expressions of Trust: Recent Gifts to the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 2/25. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks From the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . . "Projects: Oliver Herring/Leonilson." Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilson, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; through 3/12. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Michael Schmidt: U-NI-TY." Black-and-white photographs by the German photographer that are a meditation on national identity and history; through 3/26. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8, $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker's* first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. . . . "Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style"; through 2/11. . . . "Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . "Cookie's Harlem." A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles "Cookie" Cook; through 2/25. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk- or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8, free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Celebrates the End of World War II"; through 2/11. . . . "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea"; through 2/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings From Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"City Speculations." Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." An exhibit that looks at the exchanges and collaborations among poets, artists, musicians, and filmmakers of the Beat generation; through 2/4. . . . "Robert Frank: Moving Out." A retrospective of photographs by the Swiss-born American artist; through 2/11. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. . . . "Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels"; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature"; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 2/1 at 10 and 2: "United States and Worldwide Stamps and Covers." On view from 1/27. 2/3 at 10 and 2: "Finest and Rarest Wines." On view from 1/31.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/1 at 10:15: "Rugs and Carpets." On view from 1/27.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/1 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 1/27.

nightlife

Vanguard Jazz...Rosemary Clooney Unchained

Concerts

Alanis Morissette—Alanis: marketing scheme or bold new voice? Her soulful looks and Harpy wail gave the single "You Oughta Know" pole position in the race against Courtney Love, whom the Canadian singer seems poised to dethrone as MTV's Angry Young Woman. Of course, unlike Alanis—once the Tiffany of Canada—Courtney doesn't have a previous career as a teenybopper dance diva to live down. Nor does she have the rapid ascent that guarantees backlash. In any case, Alanis doesn't seem the type to go quietly into that good cut-out bin. She should be plenty fierce when she plays here with the promisingly titled band Loud Lucy. 2/6–8, *Roseland. Sold out.*

SoHo Jazz Festival—A curious collection of mid-level jazzfolk, including the Affect, with James Kelly; singer Karen Lopes; and the group Excel, featuring ex-Marine and Persian Gulf veteran Keith "Desert Sax" Dorsette. No bebop for oil! 2/2 at 7 P.M. *Puck Building Grand Ballroom, 293 Lafayette St. (987-8762). $20.*

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/2: Darden Smith; Rosie Flores. 2/3: Steve Forbert; Parlor James. 2/7: Rockapella. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/31: Cheater. 2/4: Texas Is the Reason. 2/7: Thin Lizard Dawn. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. (Punk-rock credibility points for I.D.'ing its acronym.) Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, with higher-end tap beers and quieter, if no less impassioned, acoustic acts. 2/2: Babe the Blue Ox. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the blues capital. 2/1: David Eddy Band. 2/2–3: Son Seals. 2/7: Butterfield Band. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 2/2: Barkmarket; Very Pleasant Neighbor. 2/6: L.A. Guns, the forlorn feeder for Guns 'N Roses, make the best of a Tuesday night in the East Village. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

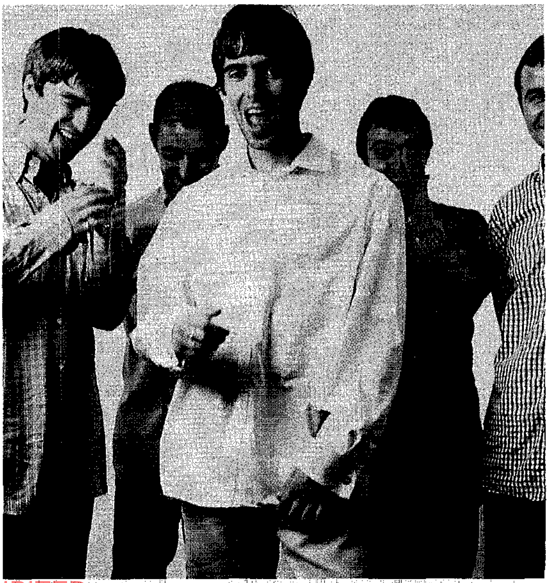
The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 2/3: Ska from Inspector 7, the Insteps, the Scofflaws, and the Skadanks. 2/4: Free-jazz sax dynamo Charles

Performance

The Top of the Slobs

Nobody does pop scandals like the British. While we have to make do with pseudo-events like Jacko's divorce from Lisa Marie, tabloid readers in London get the exploits of Blur (Roseland, February 10) and Oasis (Paramount, March 13), rock superstars who take band rivalry to new, pomo heights. Blur (below left)—London artsy types aping lower-class yobbos—started it off last August when singer Damon Albarn pushed forward the release date of their single "Country House" to butt heads with Oasis's "Roll With It." Manchester's Oasis countered by making their own yobbo pedigree apparent—first by singer Liam Gallagher saying he's "mad" for Blur singer Damon Albarn's girlfriend (to which Blur's Alex James responded, "He fancies *me,* that Liam") and then by guitarist Noel Gallagher (Liam's brother) telling a British newspaper he hopes Albarn will "catch AIDS and die." This delightful brand of repartee continued throughout the year with various drunken fights in sundry public spaces and eventually landed them on BBC's *Six o'Clock News.* Meanwhile, even the chorus to this Greek drama got into the charts. The record label Fierce Panda put out the music-free single "Wibbling Rivalry," consisting solely of a tape recording of Liam and Noel—the Ray and Dave Davies of the nineties—yelling at each other. That hit No. 54 on the English charts. And the Mike Flowers Pops contributed an easy-listening version of Oasis's "Wonderwall." It hit No. 2, a few notches above the original. Of course, this *is* the country that just added "Topless Darts at 11" to its TV schedule.

CHRIS NORRIS



Gayle explodes, preceded by noise-jazz from alt-rock impresario Tom Surgal and friends. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan vibes make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/30: Ké; Spain. 2/3: "It's Hard to Believe it: A Tribute to the Music of Joe Meek," featuring Richard Barone, Chris Butler, Dennis Diken, Joe McGinty, Lianne Smith, and Janet & Tracy Wygal. 2/6: Ké; Spooky Reuben. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/1: 'til tuesday's bleached-blonde chanteuse Aimee Mann presides, lately given to softer, confessional folk musings and blissful pop. 2/2–3: The Radiators. 2/6: "Bob Marley Day," featuring Sugar Minott, Sister Carol, and Nasio Fontaine. 2/7: Tesla; Paw. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 2/4: Henry Threadgill's Make a Move. 2/5: David Murray Big Band. 2/6: Tim Session's Group featuring Randy Brecker. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/1: Those glammy new stars of alt rock Spacehog; Solution A.D. 2/7: Cucumbers. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 2/2: The squeaky-clean gospel-rap trio—you heard right—DC Talk busts rhymes and gives mad props to the Lord. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 1/30: Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen; Sister Carol; Nasio Fontaine. 2/3: Belizean Carnival featuring Any Palacio, Chico Ramos, and Mohobub. 2/5: Manny Oquendo's Libre con Jose Fajardo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangements strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 1/30: The Who's John Entwhistle, he of the stuttery bassline to "My Generation," ventures out *sans* Pete and Roger, leading his own band here with Joni's Butterfly. 1/31: Johnny Winter; Bill Perry. 2/2: Blues, rock, and soul from the legendary R&B organist (and ex–Beatles sideman) Billy Preston and ex–Hendrix sideman Buddy Miles. 2/3: C. J. Chenier and the Red Hot Louisiana Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians who play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Institution

Still the Vanguard

Three decades after Thad Jones and Mel Lewis gave the Village Vanguard an excuse to stay open on Monday nights, their gift remains an inspiration. Now celebrating 30 years of Mondays, the venerable Vanguard Jazz Orchestra takes over the rest of the week, playing the spellbinding arrangements of Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and their descendants, January 30–February 4.

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 1/30–2/4: An aptly titled evening, "Grand Slam," features the luminous guitarist Jim Hall, the magnificent, throaty-toned tenor saxophonist Joe Lovano, the muscular young bass star Christian McBride, and drummer Lewis Nash; Monty Alexander Trio. 2/6–11: The classy pianisms of George Shearing take over. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—The phenomenally rootsy, fiery saxophonist Gary Bartz, inexplicably missing from the media's regular pantheon of jazz giants, leads a quintet at this lovely, dark-paneled room on 2/3. Bartz will positively ignite this intimate space and should be caught at all costs. 2/4–10: The stellar vibraphonist Steve Nelson plays with James Williams and Essiet Essiet. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 2/3: Dieter Metzger. 2/4: Judy Bady. 2/5–6: The thrilling young pianist Cyrus Chestnut—a jovial prankster of rhythmic jabs and harmonic surprises—leads a trio. 2/8: Michael Petrosino Trio. *7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Through 2/4: Young trumpet star Wallace Roney leads a quintet, plying his dark tone and Miles Davis–inflected phrasing in some elegant settings and hard-bop rave-ups. Every Monday night, jazz musician and guitar innovator Les Paul leads a trio, relocated from the now defunct Fat Tuesdays. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 2/4: Guitarist Russell Malone. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang grabs some *gravitas* on Monday nights, when the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band holds forth, starring the grande dame of septuagenarian torch singers, Laurel Watson. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 2/4: Billy Harper Quintet. Closed for renovations 2/5–8. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 2/4: Elder statesman of the vibraphone and one of the last living greats of the big-band era Lionel Hampton leads his magnificent orchestra—a movable feast for all ages. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—1/30–2/4: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra's celebrates its thirtieth anniversary. 2/5: Roy Hargrove Big Band. 2/6–11: Art Farmer Quintet, featuring Don Braden, Geoff Keezer, Kenny Davis, and Carl Allen. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers.

1/31–2/1:The wise and wonderful piano raconteur Mose Allison. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust.W.Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra shows Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 2/4: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Mark Maron; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 2/4: Billy Jaye; Nancy Redman; Gregory Carey; John Rizzo; Marvin Bell; Ben Creed. 1/5–11: Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super; Rob Magnotti; Ben Creed; Lenny Varnedoe; Billy Jaye; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's *Stand Up Stand Up. 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wednesday and Thursday, there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 2/2–4: Brian McFadden; Dan Wilson; Al Romas; Larry Amaros. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 3/2: John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark catlike purr through 2/21. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. and 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11:30. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Rosemary Clooney is back in town for her eighth annual engagement here. The theme of the singer's show—complete with a fourteen-piece big band this time around—is her mid-fifties collaboration with the great Nelson Riddle. Through 3/2. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Karen Murphy, most recently seen in *A Christmas Carol* at the Paramount, sings a tribute to Frank Loesser. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Opening

Hey, There!

George Clooney's aunt Rosemary, perhaps recalling her early days with the Tony Pastor orchestra, arrives in town next week with a big band—fourteen pieces—for her annual engagement at Rainbow & Stars.

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

in concert

Viennese Evening...Russian Night...*La Bohème*

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 30

New York Philharmonic—All-Tchaikovsky program with pianist Elisabeth Leonskaja; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.*

Brentano String Quartet—Performs works by Webern, Novak, and Wuorinen. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15.*

Richard Goode, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Mozart, and Chopin. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$45.*

Wednesday, January 31

Miami String Quartet—Performs the U.S. premiere of Eduardo Diazmuñoz's *Quartet No. 1. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (935-6075), at 8; $25.*

Concert Royal—Soprano Tamara Matthews and pianist Lisa Rautenberg perform Mozart and Boccherini. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $20.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Premieres André Previn's *Trio for Piano, Oboe, and Bassoon. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Thursday, February 1

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Chopin, and Schubert. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—With violist Cynthia Phelps and trumpeter Philip Smith; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Angela Hewitt, Pianist—Performs Bach's *Goldberg Variations. Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $16.*

Friday, February 2

New York Philharmonic—See 2/1, at 11.

Chamber Music Society—Performs an all-Russian program. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$30.*

Chanticleer—A cappella performance of Gregorian chants. *Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

New York Pops—Performs "A Night in Vienna"; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$65.*

Saturday, February 3

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Rossini and Beethoven; Gerard Schwarz, music director. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

Lute and Recorder—Lars Hannibal and Michala Petri perform works by Bach and Telemann. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $20.*

David Deveau, Pianist—Performs the N.Y. premiere of Harbison's *Four More Occasional Pieces. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/1.

Sunday, February 4

Simon Shaheen, Oud and Violin—With cellist Maya Beiser and tambourinist Hanna Mirhige. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11; $15.*

St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra—With pianist Emanuel Ax; Mariss Jansons, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$70.*

Bargemusic—See 2/1, at 4.

All Seasons Chamber Players—Perform works by Brahms, Britten, and Bloch. *Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. and 73rd St. (288-8920), at 4; $10.*

Chamber Music Society—See 2/2, at 5.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Young Concert Artists—Cellist Alban Gerhardt and pianist Rina Dokshinsky. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $12–$15.*

Monday, February 5

Da Camera—With the Muir String Quartet, performs works by Beethoven, Janáček, Tolstoy, and Kundera. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Juilliard Orchestra—Performs Deryck Cooke's version of Mahler's *Symphony No. 10*; James DePriest, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; $15.*

St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs works by Slonimsky, Bruch, and Mahler; Yuri Temirkanov, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$70.*

Photograph by Lois Greenfield.

Happenings

Mercurial Merce

The Merce Cunningham Dance Company returns to improvisational form this season with six days of *Events*. Reworking a concept created for Cunningham's 1964 world tour, the 90-minute collage pieces add and subtract sections from past and current dances, so a new dance is created each night. Cunningham plans to rearrange each performance so that the final *Event* on February 11 will have nothing in common with the season opener on the sixth. Call the Joyce Theater at 242-0800 for tickets.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera— Verdi's *Falstaff*, 1/30 at 8, 2/3 at 1:30; Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 1/31 at 8, 2/3 at 8; Janáček's *The Makropulos Case*, 2/1 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 2/2 at 8, 2/5 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

La Bohème—Dicapo Opera Theater's new production marks the opera's 100th anniversary. 2/1–2/3 at 8. *184 East 76th St. (759-7652); $22.50.*

Dance

Dorothy Jungels/Everett Dance Theatre—Perform *Body of Work.* 1/31–2/3 at 8, 2/4 at 3. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 West 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

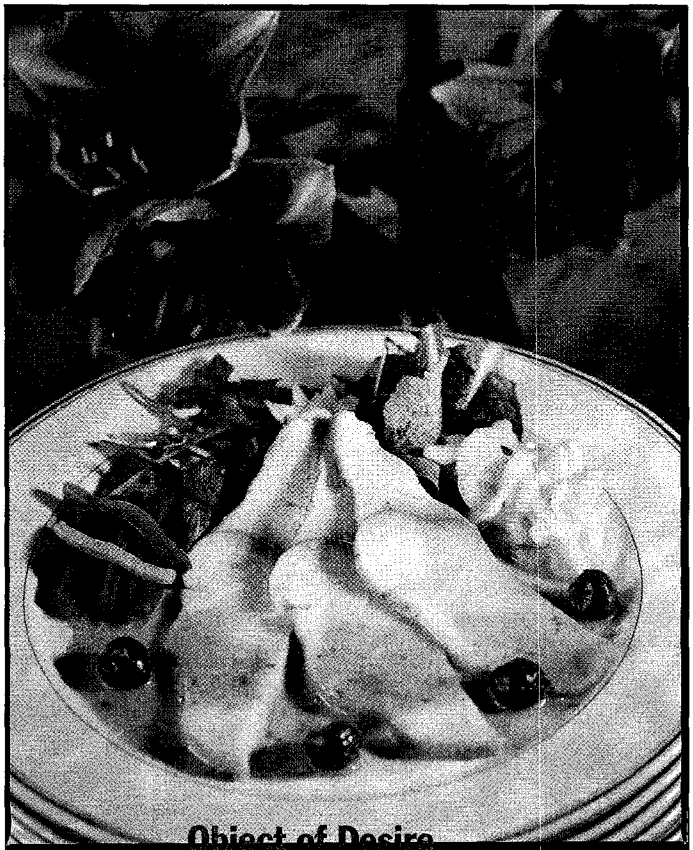
Dance Consort: Mezzacappa-Gabrian—Performs works by Weidman, Humphrey, and Hamilton. 2/3 at 8. *BAM Lepercq Space, 30 Lafayette Ave. Brooklyn (718-567-9620); $18.*

New York City Ballet—1/30–2/3 at 8, 2/3 at 2, and 2/4 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*

Doug Varone and Dancers—Performs four recent works. 1/30–2/3 at 8, 2/4 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave at 19th St. (242-0800); $25.*

restaurants

SoHo Saloon...Smoked Fish...Meat Man



Object of Desire

Land Shark

When Capsouto Frères chef Charles Tutino is lucky enough to get an exceptionally fresh shipment of black-tipped shark, he roasts and smokes the firm-fleshed fish over cherrywood, slices it like sable, and serves it with sour cherries and a fruity vinaigrette. (451 Washington Street, at Watts Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, third floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, third floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($).*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess-chef-owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored

Talent
Le Cutting Edge

Modesty is not famously a French trait. The world's self-proclaimed best lovers, best chefs, greatest aesthetes, and, in a dead heat with their Italian neighbors, most fashionable dressers, are also the most meticulous butchers, at least according to Arnaud Carré, who for seventeen years has been carrying on a family tradition that goes back five generations. Carré came to New York from Paris five years ago to be the chief butcher at Les Halles, the midtown market and bistro that has since burgeoned into a beef empire with branches in Atlanta and Washington, D.C., as well as a kosher spin-off in the Theater District, wittily called Le Marais. Last month, Tasca do Porto, the owners' only non-Gallic property, succumbed to the formula and became La Taverne, serving traditional French fare like lamb shanks and choucroute.

Equal-opportunity laws *notwithstanding*, Carré hires *only* French butchers: "The French give me exactly what I want." The essential skill Gallic butchers pick up in their exacting ten-year training period, it seems, is *never* to divide a muscle, an offense perpetrated routinely by less scrupulous American butchers. "Here," says Carré about our primitive techniques, "you just cut straight—you don't care about muscle or fiber." Never mind the "integrity of the meat." That's why the French extract far more cuts from a steer than Americans do, and why their steak is, to put it as politely as does Carré, more proportionate to the size of the plate (and the person). "The French may eat meat more often," he says, but "Americans want bigger portions."

Robin Raisfeld

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Happy Veggie—Since the owner and chef are both vegetarians, they take this type of cuisine seriously. Innovative recipes for dishes like fried vegetarian scallops with taro and vegetable spare ribs are culled from gourmet restaurants in Taiwan and Hong Kong. *37 E. 29th St. (686-9692). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toledo—Elegant midtown restaurant serving classic Spanish cuisine, including zarzuela de mariscos and veal chop Riojana. Jackets preferred. *6 E. 36th St. (696-5036). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

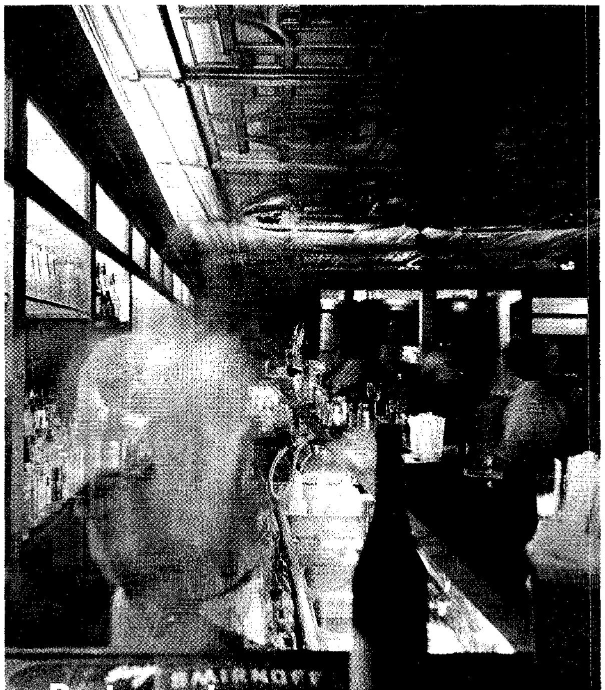
14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Restaurant

SoHo Speakeasy

Onieal's Grand Street, planted at the desolate intersection of SoHo and Chinatown, offers a trendy but unaggressive bar scene and charming details such as a nineteenth-century carved ceiling and wineglasses large enough for a kitten to swim in. Chef Gavin Citron, from Arizona 206, does "Progressive American"; owner Chris Onieal oversees this 34-seat spot, where smokers roam free. (174 Grand Street.)

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kokachin—Elka Gilmore was recruited from the West coast to create this shrine to Asian seafood, with subtly spiced, high-quality versions of tuna, sturgeon, oysters, and more. The newly refurbished Omni Berkshire provides a casually elegant setting for her refined cuisine. *21 E. 52nd St. (355-9300). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Tinello Ristorante—This elegant Northern Italian restaurant offers classic dishes like osso bucco and salmone Copa Santa to a sophisticated crowd that doesn't mind wearing jackets for food this good. *16 W. 56th St. (245-4388). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Rivista—Theater-district canteen for actors and audiences alike, serving Italian fare like monkfish Livornese, lamb chops, and lasagne bolognese. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean

Takeout

Sweet Breads

The little bakery from Boerum Hill, [illegible] is now firmly ensconced as a bustling Village café, with some of the best almond croissants around. The flaky pastry is split and slathered with a moist almond cream, making it a supremely nutty sugar sandwich. (15 East 12th Street.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner or tea. The contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sorvino's—This Upper East Side Italian restaurant offers traditional fare in a cozy, elegant environment. Try the pasta with blue-crab sauce and the grilled veal chops with porcini mushrooms. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grumpy Old Men *continued from page 37*

Once in a while they'll throw in some outsider to stimulate them.

Is that how you see yourself?

Fairchild: No, I'm never really accepted, first because I don't have the money, and second because they know I'm not going to toe the line. I will *not* toe the line.

But you still get around.

Fairchild: No, I really don't. I don't get around! I *should* get around more.

Simon: You certainly should. You know, one of the reasons Stephen Spender made it so big is that he had this lovely house in the south of France next to Mr. Fairchild's.

Fairchild: That's right.

Simon: Now, you see, if *Richard Wilbur* had had a house in the south of France, he would have been "in," too. And Richard Wilbur is a *thousand* times the poet Stephen Spender was. But he didn't.

Fairchild: You know, you couldn't help but love Stephen Spender, because he was like a great big teddy bear.

Simon: Yeah, that's true. As a teddy bear, he was great. As a poet, less so.

Fairchild: What we *haven't* talked about is how, in the new society, media personalities have become the biggest stars. I mean, there's so many media people really striving to be *in society.* . . . And the funny thing is, they don't realize that there *is* no society. I went to dinner at the home of this great new society hostess, and she was cooking her ham *in the dishwasher.* Something she picked up in her previous life, I suppose.

Do you think this generation has lower standards than yours?

Fairchild: When I look at our children, I think there's a split. For example, last night we went to dinner with my son, who cooked the most fabulous dinner I've ever had. We had a wonderful bottle of wine, and his wife made the salad. . . . The fire was going in the fireplace. . . . It was a wonderful evening. It made us happy, because it was so civilized. Now, there's the other group who will order in, Chinese food, pizza, anything at all, and that's *their* way. But I mean, both ways are fine.

Simon: But tradition is no longer respectable.

Fairchild: Sadly, no. I'll tell you, it's sad to see how people dress. People lounging around in jogging suits who would have a heart attack if they walked ten blocks. You feel out of it if you wear a necktie, a jacket, shoes instead of sneakers. People look at you as if you're a *freak*! It depresses me.

Simon: And it makes a huge difference. You see, I think every generation should find its own tastes and its own standards, but with one eye on tradition. When you take both eyes off tradition, as people now do, then you are out in some ghastly limbo.

[Former Vogue *editor] Grace Mirabella, whom you've had a kind of on-again, off-again relationship with—*

Fairchild: Well, I don't know her very well. She wrote a book I didn't finish. I turned to the index, and she writes about me that after she left her job at *Vogue,* I invited her to dinner, which is a total lie. . . .

Why lie about that?

Fairchild: I don't know. Because I *never* invited her to dinner. I thought that so strange! She said that I had spread cancer in the fashion business.

She also said that fashion is increasingly out of touch, that it clings to an outdated ideal of feminine beauty. Have your ideas of beauty changed over time?

Fairchild: No. Not really. The first thing I look at in a woman is still her eyes. I rarely, rarely give a damn what she's wearing.

Simon: Well, you have to recognize two kinds of beauty. There's the classical, painterly beauty, which is something you're born with. But the other, worthier kind comes from within. Take an actress like Catherine Byrne now, in *Molly Sweeney.* Not a beautiful woman in any obvious sense of the word. But she has it from the inside in spades.

Fairchild: You're in love with her!

Simon: No, I'm not!

Fairchild: From your review, you are.

Simon: Then there are twenty others I love just as much. You see, there's this horrible canard going around that I hate women. On the contrary, I love them. I wish I didn't love them as much as I do. Because when you love something, you become more severe. Stupid people, when they love something, become indulgent and blind. But the thoughtful and discriminating become more demanding.

Fairchild: Women have much better, truer instincts than men. Don't you think?

Simon: Oh, absolutely. I much prefer women to men. *Much.*

Fairchild: They have better values. They have instincts of what's right and what's wrong. The very fact that they bring up children makes them better people.

Well, is that calculus of virtue changing now that most women work, too?

Fairchild: Women who work are to be admired, but it's a hell of a row to hoe. And now the men are taking over the domestic chores, which is fine. But dangerous.

Simon: You know, in America this is especially a problem. Because in America, women used to be far more civilized than men. Men were so indoctrinated to be macho and to make money that they became uncultivated machines. Women were the only salvation of America. In Europe, you could be a man without being macho; reading books and going to the opera and things like that were approved of—a man could be as charming as a woman.

Fairchild: Very true.

Simon: In America, I would say homosexual men tend to be preferable to heterosexual men, precisely because they are not afraid of so-called unmanly things.

Do you think women still get dressed for men, basically, or *(continued on page 90)*

the mix

Amber Waves...Mary Quant...*Joe Gould's Secret*

John Leonard's Television Notes

Double Jeopardy (1/30; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks Teri Garr to take on the betrayed-wife role more recently reserved for Blythe Danner. And we know that her husband's up to no good because he's played by Joe Penny, who hasn't been a hero since *Jake and the Fatman.* We sit still for this cop-who-kills-his-teenage-mistress-and-tries-to-beat-the-rap-by-pinning-the-rap-on-his-pony-tailed-stepson because Brittany Murphy is such a hoot as the pubescent vamp, a gloss on Lara Flynn Boyle in *Twin Peaks* and Phoebe Cates in *Lace.* For most of the TV movie, she somehow manages to be our first-person narrator, even though she's already dead.

The Louie Show (1/31; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) is a sneak preview of a new sitcom, from the Diane English–Joel Shukovsky shop, tailored to the stand-up-comedy and lie-down-with-doughnuts talents of Louie Anderson, as a psychotherapist in Duluth, Minnesota, whose new roommate under a leaky roof is a crazy California masseuse, Kate Hodge ("beamed down as a scout from the mother ship"). He also has cop and doctor pals, plus the usual zany patients with problems like cross-dressing. Amiable enough, and Louie does a mean Jackie Gleason.

Day of the Devil ("Mystery!," 2/1 and 2/8; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is the first of three new Inspector Morse murder cases, in which John Thaw must cope with a serial killer–rapist who has not only escaped from a mental hospital but is also being aided and abetted by local Satanists. Although there's no romance this time, there is a deeply gratifying surprise twist.

Hijacked: Flight 285 (2/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) wants us to care about Ally Sheedy, Casey Sander, Perry King, James Brolin, Barbara Stock, and Michael Gross, to whom escaped killer-kidnapper Anthony Michael Hall has threatened to do terrible things, in a hijacked airplane on Thanksgiving, as if to punish them for all having appeared in bad TV movies and canceled series. David Peckinpah's screenplay is better than this sky-terror claptrap deserves.

The Boys Next Door (2/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), based on Tom Griffin's Off Broadway play about a group home for the mentally handicapped, works its gentle wiles through a remarkable cast. Nathan Lane, Michael Jeter, Courtney B. Vance, Robert Sean Leonard, and Mare Winningham are variously disturbed, but each is ambulatory, and they all cope, with a little help from a friend. That friend is the social worker in charge of their cases, Tony Goldwyn, whose marriage to Jenny Robertson is in trouble because he never stops being such a friend. He even dreams about his clients. From groceries, golf clubs, keys, ping-pong balls, and doughnuts, playwright Griffin makes an epiphany while nodding to Chekhov. Quite lovely, against stiff competition Sunday night.

Second Noah (2/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC) begins its weekly run as a family-hour drama that manages to combine *Party of Five* (except that there are eight of them) with *Peaceable Kingdom,* the failed Lindsay-Wagner-as-a-veterinarian series of a couple of seasons ago, plus several other extended-family feel-goods. With enough plot in each of the first three hours to frighten a Robert Ludlum, it seems to me to work. Betsy Brantley is the veterinarian, with a sort of Mia Farrow compulsion to adopt all the lost children in the state of Florida while she is simultaneously healing all the wounded wildlife. Daniel Hugh Kelly plays her husband, a blocked novelist and high-school basketball coach. They are surrounded by children, including one black, two Hispanics, blond twins, a teenage father, and a 2-year-old, not to mention the chumps, snakes, and gators. They've so far dealt with everything from race prejudice to alien abduction, plus sex and death.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—1/30: Wagner's *Tannhäuser: Entrance of the Guests* and R. Strauss's *Don Quixote,* Opus 35. 1/31: Schubert's Symphony No. 9 in C, D944, *Great,* and *Standchen,* D920. 2/1: Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G and Herbert's Cello Concerto No. 1 in D, Opus 88. 2/2: Paganini's Violin Concerto and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D, Opus 35. 2/5: Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*: Overture, and Brahms's Symphony No.4 in e, Opus 98. 2/6: Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat. 2/7: Boyce's Symphony in B flat, Opus 2, No. 7 and Brahms's Symphony No. 3 in F, Opus 90. Weeknights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—2/3 at 10 P.M.: Pete Hamill on his book *Piecework: Writings on Men and Women, Fools and Heroes, Lost Cities, Vanishing Friends, Small Pleasures, Large Calamities and How the Weather Was;* Hanna Pakula on her book *Uncommon Women: The Empress Frederick;* Beth Benatovich, editor of *What We Know So Far: Wisdom Among Women,* a collection of interviews with poet Janine Pommy Vega; Daniel Mark Levine, director of the Rogosin Institute at the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center talks about cholesterol-lowering drugs. WOR, 710 AM.

Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—2/3 at 1 P.M.: Verdi's *Falstaff.* With Barbara Daniels, Barbara Bonney, Marilyn Horne, Paul Groves, Gino Quilco, and Paul Pishka. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

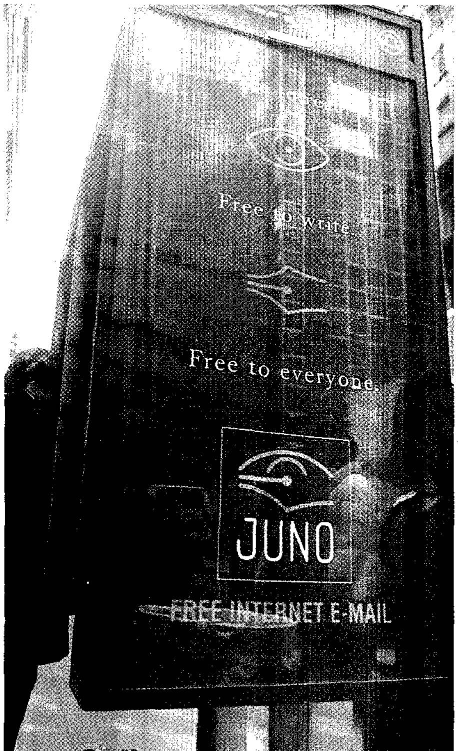
New York and Company—1/30: James McBride on *The Color of White,* a black man's tribute to his white mother; Jeanne Safer discusses *Beyond Motherhood* and the choice not to have children; Ed Neumeister, the trombonist for the Village Vanguard Orchestra. 1/31: Isaac Kramnick on his book *The Godless Constitution,* a case against religious correctness; Jonathan Spence on *God's Chinese Son,* about the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom of Hong Xiuquan. 2/1: Journalist John Hess assesses what's wrong with the world at large; John Pierson offers a guided tour across a decade of independent cinema in his book *Spike, Mike, Slackers & Dykes*; Robert J. Samuelson on *The Good Life and its Discontents: The American Dream in the Age of Entitlement.* 2/6: Sally Goodgold, chair of City Club, gives an insider's take on City Hall; actor Simon Callow on his biography *Orson Welles*; Michael Chabon on his novel *Wonder Boys.* WNYC, 820 AM.

Sunday Night Opera House—2/4 at 8 P.M.: Massenet's *Le Cid.* With Placido Domingo, Paul Plishka, and Eleanor Bergquist. Eve Queier conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Shopping

With early-sixties designs like this swingy coat, Mary Quant inaugurated the Carnaby Street look. It, along with many couture pieces, will be on sale, beginning February 2, at Metropolitan Antiques's Vintage Fashion and Textile Show (see listings).

Photograph by Willy Kesselman.



Online
Chat Free

One of the Internet's original goals was to shrink the global village. line Services, organized and funded by a quixotic New York investment-banking firm, intends to further catholicize the net with free e-mail, available to anyone with a Windows-based PC. The catch? A small ad banner that appears at the top of the screen. Order a preview version of the software at http://www.juno.com, or call 800-654-JUNO.

Cue

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"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"—1/31 at 7 P.M.: "The Woman," starring Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Basil Rathbone. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Joseph Mitchell—2/6 at 6: Reading from "Joe Gould's Secret," a 1964 *New Yorker* piece, at Books & Co. 75th St. and Madison Ave., (737-1450); free.

Selected Shorts—1/31 at 6:30: Symphony Space begins its annual literary series with actors Frances Sternhagen, John Benjamin Hickey, and Joseph Wiseman reading stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Francine Prose, and Daniel Orozco. Symphony Space, 95th St. and Broadway. (864-5400); $16, $11 members.

Eric Bogosian and Dael Orlandersmith—1/31 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Henry James's Short Stories—2/5 at 8: Read by William H. Gass, Richard Howard, and Cynthia Ozick at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10.

Simon Schama and Witold Rybcznski—2/7 at 8: Miller Theatre, Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway. (854-7799); $8 adults, $5 students and seniors.

Black History Month Event—2/7 at 7: Contributors Randall Keenan, Don Belton, and Isaac Julien read from the new anthology *Speak My Name: Black Men on Masculinity and the American Dream.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

The Arc of Love—2/8 at 7: Magali Alabu, Jacquie Bishop, Robin Morgan, and Elizabeth Lorde-Rollins among others read from this anthology of lesbian love poems. A Different Light, 151 West 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Lectures and Panels

Pete Hamill—1/31 at 8: Interview with Charlie Rose. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $18.

Tony Brown—2/1 at 12:30: Author of *Black Lies, White Lies* discusses the question "Where do we go from here?" Barnes & Noble Rockefeller Center Store, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (765-0592); free.

Sonia Sanchez—2/2 at 12:30: Part of the African-American History Month lunchtime series, Sanchez also discusses the question "Where do we go from here?" Barnes & Noble Rockefeller Center Store, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St.). (765-0592); free.

Art as Accomplishment: The Drawings and Paintings of the Brontës—2/6 at 6: Christine Alexander, associate professor at the University of New South Wales, will speak on the ways in which visual images shaped the writing of the Brontës, including how conventional images of their era served to shape and control their tastes as both artists and writers. The Meeting Room, The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); $5 members, $10 non-members.

The Photographers—2/7 at 6:30: Fazal Sheikh presents his lecture "A Sense of Common Ground" (in conjunction with his exhibition there) as part of the International Center of Photography's lecture series. International Center of Photography (midtown), 1113 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.; $15.

Tours

The Barnes Foundation—2/2 at 8:30 A.M.: After two years, this curious art collection in Merion, Pennsylvania, has finally reopened. See more than 150 paintings by Renoir, 50 by Cezanne, and countless masterpieces by Picasso, Manet, Matisse, and Klee. Leader: Mary Laren. For reservations and meeting site call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100. $85.

Gramercy Park Pub Crawl—2/3 at 6: A jaunt through this neighborhood, visiting historic bars and taverns. Talk about history and architecture along the way. Drinks and tips are not included. Meeting place: in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Lexington Ave. and E. 21st St. For more information call 517-0201. $12.

Immigrant New York—2/4 at 1: A multi-ethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. Stops include Transfiguration Church, the Negro Burial Ground, Stabile Bank, modern-day sweatshops, and Jarmlowsy's Bank. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information. $9; $7 students and seniors.

A Lover's Stroll Through Greenwich Village—2/10 and 2/11 at 2: A Valentine's tour of the most romantic neighborhood in the city. Visit the sites of famous love affairs, impassioned proposals, and heartbroken suicides. For more information call 517-0201. $12.

Events

Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show—2/2 to 2/4: A Christian Dior shearling bolero-jacket-and-gaucho-pants set, a Victorian-era velvet and gold-metallic cape, and even a collection of antique lingerie will be among the unusual items on display. Other highlights include a collection of pieces from designers such as Fortuny, Halston, and Oleg Cassini, and an-

Talent
Character Witness

American writers can be quite jaunty when making excuses for American writing, confident in their blamelessness. They explain that literature is dead because of progress, particularly feminism: Today, all those neurasthenic nineteenth-century heroines would just get jobs at Sotheby's. Or it is dying, because psychoanalysis, and then Ricki Lake, annihilated life's mystery. It's all a lot of artful nonsense, of course. (Are Sotheby's girls invulnerable to love, hate, sex, death, and other novelistic ingredients? Did psychoanalysis cure us of the same?) Except, that is, in the case of Joseph Mitchell. The man whose byline began appearing in *The New Yorker* in 1938, and who in short order defined its spirit, has been famously absent from its pages since 1964—disappointingly but not perplexingly. Mitchell wrote about New York's characters, and, lacking bluster, he tended to happen upon them in places like McSorley's. Places like McSorley's are mostly gone, and McSorley's itself, a landmark, is now a good place to find unduly excited frat boys. What Mitchell, 87, has not lost is his audience. With the 1992 publication of *Up in the Old Hotel,* a 718-page collection of his old work, he appears to have gained an expanded one. *Urbane* is a deceptively simple word for the Mitchell style—both personal and literary—which involved listening, comprehending, never condescending ("A man who has no lice on him is not in a very good position to minimize the disagreeableness of lice if he is talking to a man who is crawling with them," he once wrote). And people love the style, worship it, vow their passion in tones normally reserved for García Marquez. Even the frat boys display, however indirectly and ineptly, essential good taste: They are at McSorley's because, half a century ago, Mitchell was. *Joseph Mitchell reads at Books & Co. on February 6 (see listing).*

LINDA HALL

Photographs: top, Andrew Goldberg; bottom, UPI/Bettmann.

tique fabrics like lace, brocade, and linen. Fri. and Sat. 12–6 P.M., Sun. 12–5 P.M. Metropolitan Antiques, 110 W. 19th St. (463-0200); $15 for Friday preview and $5 for Saturday and Sunday.

Sports

Basketball

Point of No Return—Anthony Mason is no Scottie Pippen. No dissing Mase, who's probably been the Knicks co-MVP this year (along with Derek Harper): His initiating the offense is not a bad idea in theory, but, as is often the case with these Knicks, Mase's physical limitations become too glaring against the better teams. Mason is a top-notch defender-rebounder, like Dennis Rodman. And he has excellent ball-handling skills *for a man of his size*, which invites comparison to that other high-profile point forward, Scottie Pippen. Unlike Rodman and Pippen, he has *no ups*—a negligible vertical leap. Mase is more of an Oakley-type rebounder, using position and upper-body strength to get to missed shots. Unlike Oak, he has a low-post game, and this is where the trouble begins: During Pat Riley's tenure, Mase, a reserve, was the second low-post option, usually when Ewing was out of the game—which wasn't for long. This year, Mase not only brings the ball up but often *holds on to* it, dribbling it, slowly, from under the other team's basket to his own low post. Too many times, the rest of the Knicks stand around waiting for the double team that never comes—mainly because Mason is no Charles Barkley either—resulting in either a kickout (usually to Harper) for a three or some last-second scrambling by Mase to get his shot off. Which makes for a lot of unhappy Knicks (namely, Ewing and Starks), who without Riley's labor-camp approach seem less willing to play tough defense and more inclined to succumb to the Disease of Me. These Knicks are not, as Rodman described them, "yellow"; they're pissed. If Nelson is the clipboard genius everyone makes him out to be, he'll recognize this and make the necessary adjustments. Vs. Miami Mon., 1/29, at 7:30. Orlando visits Thurs., 2/1, at 7:30. At Indiana Sun., 2/4, at 1.

He's Gone—With the Kenny Anderson trade, all practical links to New Jersey's recent semi-success under Chuck Daly are gone: Let's just say the Nets are off to a fresh start. And why not? Both Coleman and Anderson have been living off the Daly "golden years" like one-note sitcom character actors getting appearance fees on infomercials. Despite his troubles, er, *getting along* in Charlotte and Seattle (and Charlotte again), Kendall Gill would appear to be the outside threat the Nets haven't had since Drazen Petrovic was alive. And with ex-CBAer Chris Childs shaping up as this year's Robert Pack, all Khalid Reeves need do is develop into a dependable backup. Still, getting Gill, who's clinically depressed, for Anderson, who only plays like he is, seems par for the course. As Jayson Williams, suddenly the voice of reason in East Rutherford, put it, "This team's been dealing with head cases for the past six years." At Seattle Tues., 1/30, at 10. At Vancouver Fri., 2/2, at 10. At Golden State Sun., 2/4, at 10:30.

Hockey

'Tender Trap—It won't exactly rank with Simms vs. Hostetler as a tabloid controversy, but Rangers coach Colin Campbell is about to have an intriguing choice forced upon him. Mike Richter's most exciting moves in the past month have been getting on and off a stationary bike, but he's nearly recovered from a severe groin pull. Richter's replacement in goal, Glenn Healy, has been superb. Campbell should have to flip a coin just about the time the Rangers face off against division-leading Colorado; the Avalanche has also changed goalies—voluntarily—since losing to the Rangers in December, trading Stephane Fiset for the brilliant Patrick Roy. Rangers, at Dallas, 1/31, at 8:30; at Colorado, 2/3, at 3. Here's the place for the Devils to start a playoff drive, with three games against sub-.500 teams. Devils, at Vancouver, 1/30, at 10:30; at Calgary, 2/1, at 9:30; at Ottawa, 2/3, at 8. It's hard to believe, but no newspaper used the headline CZECH-MATE! when the Isles acquired Martin Straka to go with countryman Zigmund Palffy. Islanders, vs. Buffalo, 1/30, at 7:30; at Washington, 2/3, at 7:30; Dallas, 2/4, at 7.

Online

Rosa Parks—Civil-rights pioneer will answer questions about her life. In the Scholastic Online area of America Online: 1/30 at 1 P.M.

Ozone Layer Update—Jeffrey Levy has worked for the EPA for the past two years and produces reports about the science of ozone depletion for the general public and evaluates new refrigerants under the Significant New Alternatives Policy (SNAP) program. Join him in conference on eWorld: 1/31 at 3:30 P.M. Or check out his web site at: *//www.epa.gov/docs/ozone/index.html*

Events

Parent Soup—The best-designed online destination for parents (mothers and fathers alike) features all original content and makes its debut on the Internet this week. Parent Soup is the brainchild of *Family Life* founding editor Nancy Evans. On America Online *keyword*: parentsoup, on the Internet *http://www.parentsoup.com*

Internet World Home & Office Expo '96—An affordable introduction to some of the many companies and products that make up the online world. Check out some of the seminars about the Web or just chat with some of the many cyber folks disseminating pamphlets, hype, and mousepads. 2/2–4 at the Jacob Javits Convention Center; $10.

On View
Forever Amber

Ancient lizards and spiders and scorpions were preserved in the stuff, and Peter the Great, courtesy of the king of Prussia, had an entire "Amber Room." The translucent fossil resin—in art and in nature—is celebrated in "Amber: Window to the Past" at the American Museum of Natural History. (Call 769-5000.)

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

Grumpy Old Men *continued from page 87*

do they get dressed to please themselves?

Fairchild: I think they get dressed for themselves. Or for other women, maybe. But I think the bimbo mentality, this tendency to show all your sexual attributes, is passé. People are sick of it now.

Do you ever plan to retire? Or do you have too much fun doing this?

Fairchild: That's not my decision. It's up to my bosses. I still get excited about going to the office every day. I'm not sure that the people at the office find it exciting.

How about you, John?

Simon: Yes. Well, a good play, a good film, is still very exciting. It's all about the thrill of discovering something new. Like wandering into a boutique on the Via Condotti and buying a wonderful jacket by a seemingly unknown designer who turned out to be Ermenegildo Zegna. I feel I was way ahead not of John Fairchild but—

Fairchild: You're *way* ahead of me!

Simon: This was many, many years ago. Another great moment was when I went into Barneys and saw a terrific pocketbook.

Looked good with your outfit?

Simon: No. For a *lady* friend, at a time when I was still allowed to have them. And that turned out to be by Gianfranco Ferré, who meant nothing to anybody then. I tried to give it to three or four different girlfriends. All of whom turned it down. I finally had to return it.

Fairchild: You should have told him that when you saw him.

Simon: Well, he spurned me before I could even unzip my mouth.

Speaking of which . . . What did you think of Unzipped?

Fairchild: I thought—well, it was very well photographed. Though I got a little concerned about what [Isaac Mizrahi's] mother kept telling him. I mean, *really* . . . But the one you should really ask me about is Altman's *Prêt à Porter.*

Simon: Oh, God! *No!*

Fairchild: I finally saw it on a plane back from London. Stupid, *stupid* movie. I mean, the fashion business is a satire in itself. And I hate Altman's constant negativism—the cynicism and bitterness in his movies. I'd like more of a contrast, something that's nice and happy.

Like the fashion business—

Fairchild: Well, there are *some* nice things about it. I had dinner with a very important designer who said, "I want to make happy clothes." Which made me think. I just wrote a thing about how fashion ought to be happy. Of course, people at the office said, "Oh, you old goat. Idiot. Who *wants* happy clothes?" But I think we do. So maybe I'm getting old. . . . You know, I'm sure people will read this and say, "Look at these two old goats—they are really out to lunch."

Simon: Well, John, we *are* out to lunch, aren't we? ■

kids

Babar...Celluloid Storms...

Children's Events

Monsters Who Would be Lion Tamers—Elmo, Big Bird, Cookie Monster, and other tall young things with strong song-and-dance skills imagine career paths they might follow, in *When I Grow Up*—a Sesame Street Live production. There are 34 performances bet. 2/1 and 2/25 at Madison Square Garden's **Paramount Theater,** Seventh Ave. bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. (307-7171); $11.50 to $17.

Different Fields—An opera about a football superstar's relationship with a young fan is one of the early offerings at the **New Victory Theater,** the Times Square architectural gem that had fallen on hard times and was recently renovated expressly as a theater for family audiences. Music is by two-time Grammy winner Mike Reid, a former pro-football player. The libretto for the one-act family opera is by Sarah Schlesinger. 2/10 at 2, and 7, 2/11 at 1, 2/16 at 7, 2/17 at 2 and 7 and 2/18 at 1 and 6. 209 West 42nd St. (769-7068); $20. Tickets for a special benefit performance on 2/7 at 7:30 are $150.

Four-legged Fortune Tellers—The third annual "Prairie Dog Prognostication" is more than a chance for the groundhog's playful cousin to speculate on the imminence of spring; it's also an opportunity to learn about all things prairie dog–ish. 2/2, 10 to 4. **The Queens Wildlife Center,** 53-51 111th St. in Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-271-1500). General admission is $2.50, $1.25 for seniors, and 50 cents for children 3 to 12. ●

Storm Chasers—What with the dramatic weather of late, the new IMAX movie will be of particular interest. The four-story-high screen shows the eye of a hurricane, from inside; a thunderstorm as it gathers force; and a tornado at close range. Shows are daily at 10:30, 1:30, and 4:30 and can be seen as part of a double feature Fri. and Sat. evenings: at 6 with *Destiny in Space,* at 7:30 with *Titanica.* **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800). Tickets, including museum admission, for single-feature IMAX films are $10 for adults and $5.50 for children. Double features are $13 for adults and $7.50 for children.

Day-Trippers—Audience members become hotel workers and hotel visitors, and may be asked to help solve problems the main characters encounter in *Fare for All.* Set in the 1830s, when the **Abigail Adams Smith Museum** was the site of a day resort called the Mount Vernon Hotel, the interactive play is presented by DramaMUSE Associates. Appropriate for children 8 and up and adults. 2/4, 3/24, 4/28, and 5/19 at 2. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878); $3 includes museum admission.

Oral Tradition—Marline Angela Martin recounts traditional African and African-American tales, many of them involving animals tricking one another, for children 6 and up; the audience can expect to get involved, dancing, and performing, which at times involves pelting fruit. 2/3 at 2. **The Brooklyn Museum,** 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000); free with admission: suggested contribution $4, students $2, seniors $1.50. James Dickerson is a modern-day griot of sorts, a storyteller whose tales are accompanied by hip-hop and jazz. Dickerson performs 2/3 at 1. **Jamaica Arts Center,** 161-04 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, Queens (718-658-7400); $5 for adults, $3 for children. Storyteller Michael Cooper tells medieval tales, and educators lead children through "A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival," an interactive exhibit on an era rich in fantasy, 2/4 and 2/10 from 1 to 3. **The Bard Graduate Center for the Decorative Arts,** 18 W. 86th St. (501-3011); $5 includes refreshments and materials. Registration is required. ◉

Kansas on Ice—Dorothy skates with the usual suspects in a whizbang musical performance, on ice, of *The Wizard of Oz.* The frozen Yellow Brick Road is at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena (201-935-3900) from 1/30 to 2/4. Tickets are $12.50 to $35. ◉

Mixing It Up—Families can mill about, do somersaults, or sit at café tables during an informal afternoon concert of bluesy mainstream-jazz improvisation. Saxophonist Craig Bailey accompanies his band, Unit VI, with several surprise guest appearances. 2/4 at 3. **Berkeley Carroll School,** 181 Lincoln Pl., near Seventh Ave., in Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-789-6060, ext. 214); $12 adults ($10 with reservations through 2/1), $5 children.

Theatrical—*Simply Maria,* an Emmy Award–winning play written by then-17-year-old Josefina Lopez, is the semi-autobiographical story of a teenager who leaves Mexico for Los Angeles in search of a chance to define her own destiny. The play is performed by **Urban Youth Theater,** with a cast of 8-to-18-year-olds. 2/3 and 2/10 at 7, 2/4 at 4, and 2/11 at 2. Henry Street Settlement, Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St., at Pitt St. (598-0400); $5. *On Top of Spaghetti,* **The Paper Bag Players'** new show, tells laughable tales for young children, in costumes and sets fashioned from the usual bags and boxes. Shows begin at 2; through 3/3. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington (772-4448); $15. *Barbar,* a musical about how the renowned elephant king—and buddies Arthur, Cornelius, Celeste, and Zephir—make peace with Rataxes, the leader of the Rhinos. For children ages 5 and up, at **Theatreworks/USA,** 2/3 and 2/4 at 10:30 and 2. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); $17. ***Schoolhouse Rock Live!,*** an adaptation of the Emmy Award–winning television series, is at The Lamb's Theatre Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3; 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $20 to $25. Children in the audience may get up onstage at *Alfred the Dragon and the Phantom Balloon Stealers,* Sats. at 3, **New Media Repertory Co.,** 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195); adults $7, children $6. *Charlotte's Web,* about a spider, ahead of its time, that communicated to the world from a website, is performed by **New York Youth Theater's** cast, ages 5 to adult, Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 2/18. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737); general admission $10, $5 for children under 14. ●

Airwaves—Radio AAHS, an all-kids all-the-time radio station with a mixture of music, news, stories, and games for listeners under 12, begins broadcasting in the New York City area this month on WJDM-AM 1660. The official debut, replete with local schoolchildren, Kermit the Frog, and other local talent, broadcast from FAO Schwarz, is 2/1 from 7 to 11. ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Playing the Field

Hard as it is to imagine an opera about football—let alone family entertainment in Times Square—'Different Fields,' commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera Guild, opens at the New Victory Theater this week. Mike Reid, who composed the music, had an illustrious career as a defensive tackle with the Cincinnati Bengals. So presumably (if not for the fact that everyone keeps breaking into song) the story, about the fans, the pressures of the game, and off-field temptations, has the ring of truth about it. (See listings for details.)

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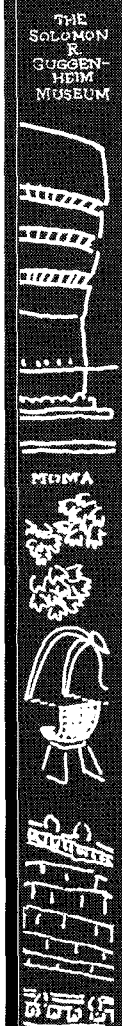
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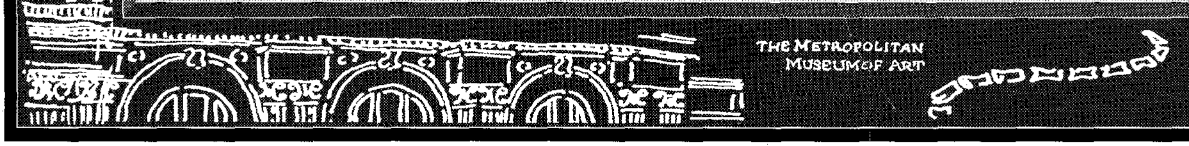
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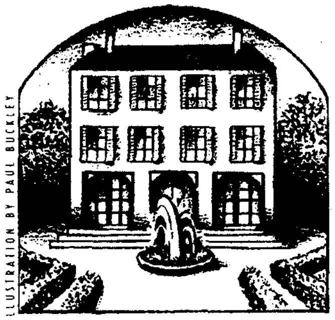

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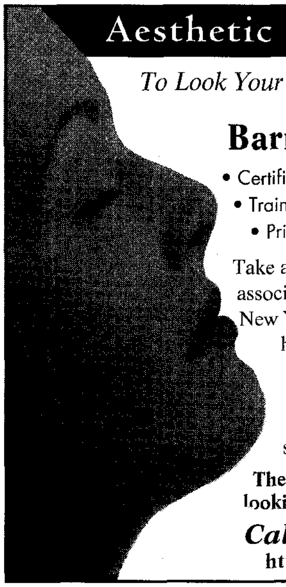

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Nice Guy Seeking Valentine—I'm 34, 5'11", a near PhD, with long brown hair and expressive brown eyes. Let's fall in love on February 14! 1812 ✉

Handsome Editorial Photographer—6'3", 41, Ivy grad, successful, fit, generous, sensual, lives to learn and love, not afraid of commitment. Loves music by Shawn Colvin, Nanci Griffith, Sarah McLachlan, baroque and swing. Plays violin, viola, guitar, piano, bass. Loves reading, tennis, tai chi, skiing out west, playing chamber and all kinds of music with others. Looking for a tall, pretty, warm, sweet woman with similar interests. Intellectual curiosity and sense of humor a major turn-on. Note/photo/phone. 1819 ✉ ☎

Running For President—Tall, good-looking, middle-aged Jewish physician seeks votes of all eligible, sexy, kind, intelligent females. L'chaim, Feliz 1996, Happy Kwaanza, dos vidanya and parlez-vous francais? Let's meet for coffee. Anything can happen. Note and photo a must. 1755 ✉

Lara Seeks Zhivago—Luscious blond lawyer with sparkling eyes and radiant smile seeks intelligent and romantic Jewish prince, 34-46, to pamper and love. 1758 ✉

29, Single Male—Very handsome, dirty-blond, seeks classy, adventurous model-type woman. Will respond to all replies. Note and photo. 1854 ✉

Stimulating, Attractive Surgeon—Unpretentious, dynamic, very kind guy, tall, diverse, 40. Seeks upbeat, caring, classy lady under 37, with advanced degree. Phone/photo essential. 1851 ✉

Priceless 1960—Mint condition, beautiful exterior, good body, mechanically sound, garaged in NYC and LI. Needs experienced driver who knows his way around dangerous curves. All serious offers considered. Note and photo for test drive. 1850 ✉

S.O.S.—Was submerged by career demands. Now looking to resurface with a woman of classic beauty and intellect. She: mid 30s, trim, independent yet honest and collaborative. Stylish and sophisticated but still able to laugh at life's absurdities... Without major attitude, definitely not a game player. I: late 40s, tall, dark, handsome - physically and fiscally fit. Divide time between Manhattan and Eastern LI. Like: my work, friends, racquet sports, NY Times puzzles, wind-surfing, Norwegian forest cats, cold windswept beaches, warm fireplaces, midnight in Hong Kong, Joplins: Scott and Janis, Steuben and snow globes. Very secure with myself and seeking mutually supportive relationship. If you think we should meet, please send a recent photo/note. 1787 ✉

Shall We Dance?—Handsome, romantic, marriage-minded, 5'7 1/2", trim professional, 33 - enjoys music, movies, art... Also successful documentary producer. Seeks 25-34, slim, pretty Christian professional with similar interests. Come join my world. Photo. 1765 ✉ ☎

Anything Is Possible!—Beautiful NYC woman, 40, PhD, seeks sweet man for marriage, family. Photo. 1808 ✉

Romantic At Heart—A caring best friend/to join me in life wherever it may wend; Seeking a woman to laugh and to hold/sharing the joys of life and family as they unfold; Energetic and eager the world to explore/smart and funny are traits I adore; Determination has created significant success from defeat/to create a new being would be neat; Born late 50s to mid 60s is fine/a Jewish faith follower would be divine; A note and a picture would be fine to see/what good is love without great chemistry? 1829 ✉

Lovely Village Lass—Single white female full of fun and games, seeking 30-45-year-old lad for stomping and romping in NYC. Please include note/phone/photo. 1747 ✉

34-Year-Old Female Physician—Who enjoys exploring NYC, travel, photography and the simple things in life - seeking well-educated, single white male for friendship and maybe more. 1785 ✉

Gay Professional Woman—41, feminine and attractive. I appreciate your independence, kindheartedness, warmth, humor, and your striving to be a wholly developed person, just as you appreciate these things in me. Your heart, like mine, longs to return a love that nourishes, accepts, understands, encourages, forgives. Your openness, sensitivity and emotional depth touch me and are reciprocated with respect and care. Your intellect makes you shine. Your open heart makes you brilliant. You are not afraid to access the goddess within you, that force which allows you to be vulnerable and strong, tender and powerful. You want to know and to be known deeply, and to this end you are interested in savoring and sustaining this journey along with me. Together, with the friendship, romance and love that may evolve between us, we may become more than either of us would have been separately. I welcome your sincere, open response. Nonsmoker, please. 1789 ✉

Long Blond/Green, Very Attractive—Female with Ivory Girl looks, 5'6", fit and financially secure, own company, graduate degree, 34, no baggage, nice. Bike, travel, ski, beach, arts and city fun. Seeks well-educated white male, 29-40s, professional/established, attractive, fit and taller - for happily ever after. Note/photo preferred. 1772 ✉

Adventurous, Attractive, Flexible—Emotionally/physically/financially fit, intellectual, nonreligious Jewish woman seeks attractive, nondrinking/nonsmoking/nondrug-taking, grown-up man, 35-55, interested in his work, his friends, community, marriage, having children, nature, intellectual/spiritual/psychological pursuits, the world inside and outside himself - a man who feels some sense of ease, a sense of humor; a man who knows he wants to take some risks with a creative, interesting/interested, sensuous, playful woman. Note/photo/phone. 1767 ✉ ☎

A Long Cold Winter—With somebody warm to snuggle with by a fire and dream of warm sunny beaches. Long blond hair, green eyes, petite female - waiting for a very nice, very good-looking guy, 30-45, preferably Jewish, who is fun, successful, and ready for exclusive relationship. Please call or send note/photo. 1818✉☎

Partner Wanted—By handsome, tall, Jewish, mid-50s CEO. Hoping to meet one pretty, secure, bright, unencumbered, size-6 kind of lady. Photo and nonsmoker a must. 1761 ✉

Seeking Single Male Professional—30-40, of Middle Eastern origin, to share laughter, dining, dancing with this professional, single white female, 30. Photo/phone. 1810 ✉

Play With My Toys—Toy inventor, 33, 5'8", creative, funny, handsome, fit, MBA...blah, blah, blah. Looking for living doll, 23-33, smart, funny, kind, extremely pretty and fit. Note and photo a must; toy idea a plus. 1770 ✉

Fun-Loving, Down-To-Earth—Good-looking, fit, single Jewish male, 32, who enjoys the outdoors, looking for someone to share walks on the beach, nights in the city and quiet evenings at home. Running or tennis a plus. 1821 ✉ ☎

Baby, It's Cold Outside—(Inside, too!) Attractive Jewish widow, 50, with great preteen, seeks man for all seasons - aspiring golfer in spring, summer beaching, fall pumpkin-picking and warm winters. Of course, year 'round intelligence, sensitivity and laughter. 1842 ✉

This Is A Test—Of the emergency romance system. Cute, fit, kind writer, Jewish, 37, Capricorn, seeks warm, smart, pretty, easygoing woman. 1836 ✉

Cute And Funny—Jewish female, 36, successful ad exec, lady jock, generous to a fault but never regrets it. Loves outdoor activities, theater, movies and fine dining, especially with good wine. Looking for Jewish male to play, share and grow with. Note/photo/phone. 1820✉☎

Attractive, Eccentric And Smart—Anglo-Italian, 37, 5'9", MBA, with creativity and charm (jazz band leader, entrepreneur, inventor) - seeking an attractive, highly educated woman with good character, to share great times leading to a relationship. I prefer someone under 35, over 5'5", with blond hair and blue eyes. Note/photo/phone. 1817 ✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—With a touch of class, sense of humor, 60, 5'7", slim, seeks male counterpart for friendship, good times and relationship. 1764 ✉

Old-Fashioned Young Gentleman—31, 5'8", Jewish (not religious), attractive inside and out, teacher/theater director/musician - lives for Broadway, old movies and music. Seek pretty, adorable ingenue (Caucasian), 19-28, nonsmoker, with charm, class and traditional values. Long hair a plus. If Chinese food and a good show or MGM video spells Saturday night to you, we could be a match. LI/Manhattan preferred. 1757 ✉ ☎

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Tired Of The Bar Scene?—Me too! 31, Manhattan-based, Jewish, attractive male executive seeks female, age 22-32, with similar background and interests. If you like music (classical to rock), theater, champagne, sushi, weekend trips and movies, then let's talk. A great sense of humor is a must. Note/photo/phone. 1825 ✉ ☎

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Sense And Sensibility—Good-looking, intellectual Jewish MD, 35, 5'7", insightful, a good listener who enjoys working out and playing the piano. Looking to share life's adventures with the right partner. Seeks a bright, warm, sensitive, special woman, 27-35, who is interested in a lasting relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 1778 ✉

Gay Male—46, upscale, seeks a sidekick and a great love, under 32. 1745 ✉

Creative, High-Profile—Early 30s Jewish female looking for a reliable, successful, nurturing man, 30-40, to share life with. Note/photo. 1809 ✉

Athletic, Successful Chiropractor—34, 6', handsome, Protestant and adventurous, with a great sense of humor and a heart of gold - seeking an attractive, vibrant and selective woman (24-34). Photo and note, please. 1795 ✉

Attractive, Affectionate—Divorced woman. Caring, warm and enthusiastic. Interested in the arts, politics, computers and hand-holding. Intelligent, with good sense of humor. Successful career. Pleased with my life and seeking to share it with man, 50-63. 1801 ✉ ☎

Female Humor Writer—Slim, sexy, solvent. Seeks the right 50-plus man. Your response could change our lives. 1749 ✉

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Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 32-42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 1800✉☎

Great-Looking—Successful and classy lady (45) seeks fabulous male counterpart, 35-50, to take the world by storm! Photo and note. 1803 ✉

For Rent/Option To Buy—Very pretty, slim 5'6", real estate professional, 31, fun-loving, good values, great heart, seeks successful, dynamite guy for a life partner and best friend. Note/photo. 1843 ✉

Take A Chance—I'm 29, tall, slim, outgoing, intelligent, warm, attractive, romantic, a professional - and I love sports, travel, music, the ocean and books. If you're a kind, educated, spontaneous male (28-38), then let's take a chance on love/friendship. Note/photo/phone. 1777 ✉

Get It In Gear—Handsome, intelligent, professional, nonsmoking Jewish male, 45 (looks 35), in great shape, emotionally secure, caring, witty and funny. Loves bike riding, fine dining, movies, the arts and nature. Seeks an attractive, slim, athletically and emotionally fit Jewish lady, 30-40, with a sense of humor and warmth in her heart, who wants to enjoy life's pleasures and share her thoughts with her best friend in a meaningful relationship. Note/photo/phone. 1694 ✉

Available Guy—Spiritually evolved, emotionally free. Same age as Beatty and Redford with similar Waspy good looks. Athletic, successful professional, inspired by ocean, theater, ballet, Mozart and Dylan seeks similar woman, 40s. Note, photo, please. 1845 ✉

Physician, 43, Jewish—5'6", handsome, slim, kind, gentle, generous, kosher - seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female (kosher a plus) for long-term relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 1796 ✉

Vibrant Jewish Female—27, adorable, tiny with curves, nonsmoker, seeking a guy who is secure, successful and loves to laugh and cuddle. Note/photo. 1802 ✉☎

I Love Life—Pretty, financially secure Great Neck woman with MS, wishes to meet male, 50-59, who can enjoy and find humor negotiating the everyday. Have cane, will travel. Note/photo. 1797 ✉

You Never Know—Successful Jewish MD, sports doc, tall and good-looking with integrity - former musician, lives in NJ. Seeks bright, accomplished woman with sparkle, late 20s-mid 30s, for the real thing. Photo preferred. 1793 ✉

I Love Gershwin, Berlin, Etc...—Petite, pretty and funny, professional Jewish woman, 32 - loves music, dancing (swing and other), tennis, movies and lots else. Seeks company of Jewish man who enjoys some of these activities. 1788 ✉ ☎

Professional And Unpretentious—32, 5'6" Jewish male seeks lasting romantic relationship with Jewish female, 25-33. Interests are tennis, rollerblading, skiing, hiking, dining and dancing. Note/photo. 1858 ✉

Retired Executive—Upper East Side. Seeking young lady for a permanent companionship. Let's meet over lunch, shopping later or a walk through the museums. Photo. Write to: 1849 ✉

Blond Bombshell—Very pretty, very fit, thin, 5'2", blue eyes, passionate, athletic, energetic, well-educated and successful Jewish woman, 31, seeks handsome, very intelligent, athletic, self-assured, down-to-earth guy, age 30-40, who loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone, please. 1852 ✉

Be My Valentine—Handsome, affectionate, marriage-minded, Manhattan Jewish entrepreneur, trim, 5'9", young 50. Enjoys music, movies, cooking, gym, scuba, laughs and conversation. Seeks upbeat, intelligent, confident, warm, in-shape Jewish woman (36-48), nonsmoker. Note/photo. 1856 ✉

Attractive Metaphysical Male—Open, easygoing, fit and trim, successful entrepreneur - seeks nonsmoking, slender, over-50 female on the spiritual path, to explore life's pleasures and mysteries together. Note/photo. 1768 ✉

Earn Bonus Miles—The reward: Very attractive, thin and fit, brown-eyed designer, 5'7", 34, passionate, sophisticated, with keen wit and spirited nature, Jewish (not required). Enjoys tennis, biking, the arts, life. To qualify: Please be an intelligent, funny, easygoing man who is warm, dynamic and family-oriented. Extra points for First Class travelers. Letter/photo/phone. 1834 ✉ ☎

Alluring, Green-Eyed Lady Exec—Animal lover, baseball fanatic, theatergoer. Attractive, youthful (46), fun-loving, serious, adorable Manhattanite. Yearns for life partner with intelligence, humor, warmth and sparkle. 1847 ✉

Gay, Sensual Male—47, seeks romantic man over 40 to share a bit of magic. Photo! POB 36, FDR Station, NYC 10150

Soulful, Southern, Sensuous—Slightly bohemian, 40ish woman, independent, successful, old-fashioned values, seeks intelligent, deep, adventurous man for friendship, long talks, fun. 1827 ✉ ☎

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRST VWXYZ—Missing U. Warm, bright, witty, seeks bright, caring gal, 35-45, to wed. 1754✉☎

Petite, Sexy Woman—Brains, looks, class, financials, seeks healthy mensch, 58 plus, with passion for life, music, travel and me. 1807 ✉

Passionate And Compassionate—Sensual, handsome, loving professional, 40s, nonsmoking male, in search of a very special lady to enhance and complement my life. Photo and note. 1864 ✉ ☎

Nonstop Jewish Doc—Mid 40s, seeks fun, sweet, healthy, wise partner in crime, love and family. Photo/letter. 1830 ✉

A Really Great Guy—I'm a handsome senior executive, well-educated, mid 40s, divorced with two grown kids. My interests are many. I love the Knicks, Rangers, ballet, opera and New York City's great restaurants. I also love travel and all outdoor sports. If you are an attractive, kind woman, 35-45, with great passion, who loves to enjoy life, please write. A photo is appreciated. 1857 ✉

I'm Told I'm A Great Catch!—East Side, affectionate, divorced Jewish male, 48 (look younger), good-looking, fit 6' ad exec. I enjoy fine dining, travel, working out, shows, movies, my house in East Hampton and fine cigars. I seek a passionate female under 45, with similar interests, for long-term relationship. Must be attractive and fit. Religion no barrier. Note and recent photo. 1832 ✉

Connecticut Woman—Healthy, wealthy, wise and perilously close to 50, seeks nonsmoking man with those same qualities ...to be the icing on the cake. 1865 ✉ ☎

Pretty Italian Brunette—32, biologist, seeks kind, affectionate male MD, 32-39, for relationship/marriage. Please send handwritten note/photo. 1798 ✉

Sensitive and Caring—British Jewish gentleman, 33, living in Yorkshire, England, seeks attractive female soul mate, 28-38, forever. 1862 ✉

Right Now Gifts Are Easier For Me—To give than love - this wealthy, British, generous 30something bachelor whose business demands keep him on the go, seeks 21-34-year-old, Rubenesque beauty for fun and adventure. I can't promise you a rose garden, but if you can bear to be spoiled, please reply with photo, number and note. 1841 ✉

Asian Beauty—35, very attractive, shapely, intelligent, cultured, loves travel. Seeks handsome, well-educated and honest white male for a serious relationship. British or Irish background a plus. Note and photo. 1855 ✉

Make Joan Baez Laugh—Quiet copy editor, 41, dark hair, green eyes, seeks professional man, 5'8" plus, slim, for laughs, loyalty and a common hearth. 1806 ✉

What's Not To Like?—I'm fun, cute, 37, female, and looking for you. "You" are a smart, fun, athletic male, 32-45, who has a dry wit, good looks and an appreciation of the outdoors. Would you by chance be a jazz fan too? Then hurry and drop me a line (with photo!). 1846 ✉

Ravishingly Gorgeous Female—Well, perhaps I'm exaggerating just a hair, but certainly I fall in the attractive category. Of course, you could care less about looks - you're so deep and sensitive, issues as trivial as physical beauty merely bore you. Yeah, right. Well anyway, I'm in my mid 30s, very young at heart, a real Manhattanite, pathologically liberal, painfully intelligent, devoted to the arts and more fun than you could realistically pray for. I also suffer from terminal modesty. So, if you think I might be the one you have been searching for, write me an informative letter about yourself and dust off a nice photo. 1763 ✉

Warm, Funny, Down-To-Earth Lady—European, secure, 50s, appealing in body and spirit, seeks sensitive, outgoing, nurturing gentleman, 50-65, to share cultural and other activities with. Note/photo, please. 1782 ✉

Exciting, Green-Eyed Beauty—27, 5'9", professional, Jewish, divorced - mother of one. Enjoys laughter, talking, theater, movies, tennis and skiing. Seeking a tall Jewish male, 29-37, professional, who is family-minded, fun and sincere. Photo/letter. 1792 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Attorney, 47, Ivy grad, 6'2", 185 lbs, former model, full head of hair, animal lover, divorced, no children, with varied interests. Seeks tall, slim professional female, late 20s-late 30s, for serious relationship. 1869 ✉

Great Companion Wanted—For this Jewish professional female, 33, slender, pretty brunette, 5'5", who seeks a professional male, 34-41. Enjoys sports, books, has a sense of humor, is sincere. Send photo/note/phone. 1853 ✉

Cuban-American—Petite, divorced white female, 39, seeks a loving, passionate, gentle man who can melt my heart. I am attractive, caring...and a good cook, great friend and devoted mom. Please reply with note and photo. 1752 ✉

Tall, Green Eyes—Long blond hair, long-legged knockout! Surplus beauty, brains, heart and humor. Eclectic interests, tons to offer. How about you? Ready for fun and romance? I'm 30s - you're 30-50, over 5'9". Oh, yeah - I'm HIV+ (healthier than you). Only safe sex practicers need apply. Photo please. 1833 ✉ ☎

Frenchman—Romantic, successful lawyer, 50s, divorced - penthouse in Paris - handsome, 5'10". Seeks to meet for romance and marriage a real pretty, model-looking, well-educated woman, 30s, sensible, sensuous, sensual, who likes best European restaurants and travel on Concorde. Photo/note/fax number gets reply with photo and more details. 1769 ✉

Divorced White Jewish Male—Mid 40s, brown hair, brown eyes, professional athlete/entrepreneur - enjoys weight training, boating, exotic cars and family, financially very secure. Seeks white female, 25-35, with similar interests, for possible relationship. Send photo. 1695✉

If You Care—About intimacy, connection, mutuality and empathy, then you may be the man for me. Pretty and petite, warm and witty, professional Jewish woman, 40, seeks psychologically-minded, good-listening man for closeness, laughter, good times, affection and future. Personal note/photo. 1844 ✉

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Somewhere There's A Gentleman—Looking to share warm and comfortable golden years with a caring, bright, pretty woman, 62 years young, who still believes life is an adventure. 1744 ✉

Great Smile—Attractive 46 lady, down-to-earth, funny and easygoing. Likes all things that life can offer. Seeking honest and sincere man between 45 to 55, for long-term relationship. Let's talk soon. Note/photo. 1786 ✉

Pretty And Shapely Brunette—Former teacher, now working in health-care field, Manhattan resident - seeks well-educated professional male, late 40s-early 50s. Nonsmoker preferred. 1771 ✉

Petite, Attractive, Slender Attorney—Energetic, warm, cultured, seeks a previously married man of achievement, financially and emotionally secure, 50 plus, for dinner/friendship/involvement. NYC or metro area. 1756 ✉

He's Kind, Generous And Loving—Try him. Jewish male, 40. 1866 ✉

Former Ford Model—Psychotherapist, beautiful, slim, Jewish, 53, seeks successful male best friend and lover, 55-65. 1828 ☎✉

Dutchess County, NY—Pretty, personable, professional, independent widow, youthful 50s, 5'6", Protestant, who enjoys the arts, outdoors and travel, seeks tall, attractive, intelligent, caring gentleman, 53-63, to share the future. 1811 ✉

Wanted: Successful Jewish Male—Comedy writer or professional, with great sense of humor. I'm a 35-year-old Jewish female, attractive, unpretentious, witty... Most important, I look great in sensible shoes. 1860 ✉

Bach Is My Bag—Warm, pretty, musical, well-traveled lady, arts lover, athletic, seeks cultured, handsome professional man, 45-59. Note/photo. 1831 ✉

Green-Eyed Beauty—Cultured American, raised abroad, financially secure, seeks very attractive, 60ish professional gentleman to enjoy the fullness and fun in life. Note/photo a must. 1815 ✉

Seeking Beautiful Italian Female—Bright, handsome, trim CEO seeks a very special Italian female for a loving relationship. 1776 ✉

Beautiful Blond—Seeking doctor, 45-65 years, for sharing life. 1760 ✉

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A Woman Of Substance—34, enjoys beaches, long walks, theater and quiet evenings. Seeking Jewish man, 31-40, with solid values, who believes the key to a successful relationship is to fall in love with your best friend. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone. 1774 ✉

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 39, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 27-39. Photo please. 1840 ✉ ☎

Let's Get Cozy—This pretty, slender, 5'7", film industry professional seeks playful, witty, creative man, mid 30s-early 40s, who enjoys friends, films, music and restaurants, but also longs for a woman to spend quiet nights at home with. Note/photo. 1835 ✉

Jet-Set Yachtsman—Handsome middle-aged male seeks woman, 20-35, to join him in following the sun year-round. Exotic travel and luxurious surroundings. Send note, photo and phone. 1746 ✉

Great Catch!—Jewish guy, 28, 5'7", seeks soulmate. You/me: (com)passionate, honest, professional. Loves home and adventure. Good talker/listener, sense of humor. Relationship-minded. Any height okay. Nonsmoker. Romantics only. Note/photo preferred. 1775 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Soft-Spoken Designer—36, artistic, outgoing, thoughtful, therapy-friendly, with a good sense of fun. Likes music, bicycling, movies. You don't have to be a movie star, just a regular guy, 30s-40s. Tell me about yourself. Photo. 1780 ✉

Brad Pitt's Looks—Are great for him, but they don't suit me. Down-to-earth, creative guy, 30, seeks brilliant, happy, attractive nonsmoker who thinks wine/Scrabble is a great night. Photo. 1848 ✉

Bi, Handsome Mensch—Sincere, masculine, athletic professional, 29, 6'1", seeks adventurous, attractive female soul mate to share friendship, love and life's pleasures. Note/photo. 1799 ✉

Do You Have A Zest—For the truly meaningful things in life? I love life and all that the journey offers. I'm 5'1", petite, pretty with brown hair and big brown eyes. I like cats, dancing, movies, good company and conversation. If you are a 25-36 man, and not bashful to reach out and communicate, we could possibly enjoy this trip of life together. Photo a must. 1859 ✉

Attractive, Classy Jewish Female—Light brown hair, green eyes, 36, 5'5", alive with wit, charm, warmth and intelligence, trim and fit (mentally and emotionally). Seeking a man of substance, stability and maturity (32-43), to enjoy travel, laughter, humor and the company of a real woman. You won't be disappointed. Recent photo/note, please. 1826 ✉ ☎

Fun, Fit, 46—Seeks lively player, 35-40, to share the willies. Smart, feminine, artistic or any two okay. Prefers: low-fat, never deep-fried; small films; wood floors. Tall, job, handsome with comfortable West Side living. Writes fiction, scuba dives, laughs, listens, tends to analyze. Swaps photos - good posture counts. World-traveled for work, but wishes it was with you in foreign lands or the IRT. Some assembly required. Free juice or drink. 1805 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Down-To-Earth—Female professional, 51, Jewish (nonreligious), with eclectic interests, seeks male counterpart. Nonsmoking preferred. 1616 ✉

Sparkling, Pretty, Energetic—5'5" blond, physically fit - enjoys fine dining, travel, walks on the beach, rollerblading, biking, jogging... In search of single, divorced white male who enjoys the same, 39-50. Photo. 1824 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—40s, attractive, financially secure, healthy, seeks similar companion, 40 plus, to share life's pleasures. 1759 ✉

I Don't Want To Get Married—I do want an interesting, attractive and extremely intelligent man for companionship, etc. I cherish my independence and promise not to infringe on yours. I'm very attractive, 41, somewhat unconventional (obviously), good sense of humor, successful attorney, interested in art, antiques, music, books, history, outdoors. Jewish (nonreligious), nonsmoker, 5'. Note/photo preferred/phone okay. 1867 ✉

Adventuresome Gay Man—Political, professional, irreverent, cute, 42 - former Catholic, total mensch, workaholic, who makes time for world travel, books, friends, bicycling, kids, hiking, home, theater...ready for new relationship. Seeks similarly situated, smart, interesting guy, 30s or 40s, to see where we might go. Letter please. 1773 ✉

Gay White Woman—Tailored-femme professional, 50s, fit, slim, 5'5 1/2". Passion for the arts, foreign films, travel. Approaches life's adversities and absurdities with a sense of integrity and humor. Seeks similar woman, 40s-50s, for long-term relationship. 1762 ✉ ☎

Still Turning Heads—I'm a youthful mid 40s, 5'6", divorced Jewish woman - very pretty, sultry, sassy and sweet. My eclectic interests include tennis, golf, movies, music and laughing at your jokes. I'm looking for an intelligent, attractive, successful, considerate, loving man who likes dynamic women. 1779 ✉

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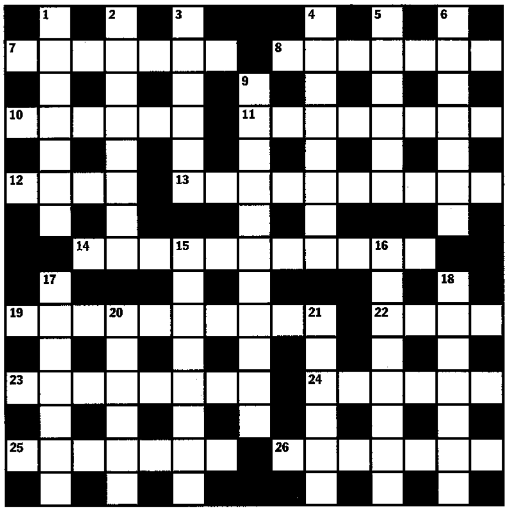
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 Father has some characters employed by the fourteen men. (7)
8 Very old character embracing marshal. (3,4)
10 Had a meal, consuming a lot of wine to produce harmony. (6)
11 One devoted to the fourteen men or involved with travel. (3,5)
12 Died the greatest? (4)
13 Scott giving Zelda right gift? (10)
14 At ease with communication to and from maker included. (11)
19 Back to convulsion in classical form of war? (10)
22 Actor's genealogy is growing. (4)
23 Hand back among vanquished foes on frequent occasions. (3-5)
24 Government issue cycle. (6)
25 Seems an odd way altogether. (2,5)
26 Church at last with queen. (7)



Fourteen solutions are men of a kind. Each begins with a different letter, and their (partial) clues begin with the same letter as their solutions.

DOWN

1 Water power comes first. (7)
2 Put ring under South American trap. (8)
3 Stifle reform of emphasised object. (6)
4 Mixture of 10 in grand old lady? (8)
5 Relating to choice in roulette. (6)
6 Upon a musical instrument you see as you hear. (7)
9 Aristocracy of educational participants as seen on TV. (6,5)
15 Frontal guard for small family cakes. (4-4)
16 Of letters, not written on the coast. (8)
17 Zero folios held by buffoon. (7)
18 Kind of beer without a can. (7)
20 The same can contains Maria's drink. (6)
21 I am for taking responsible action. (6)

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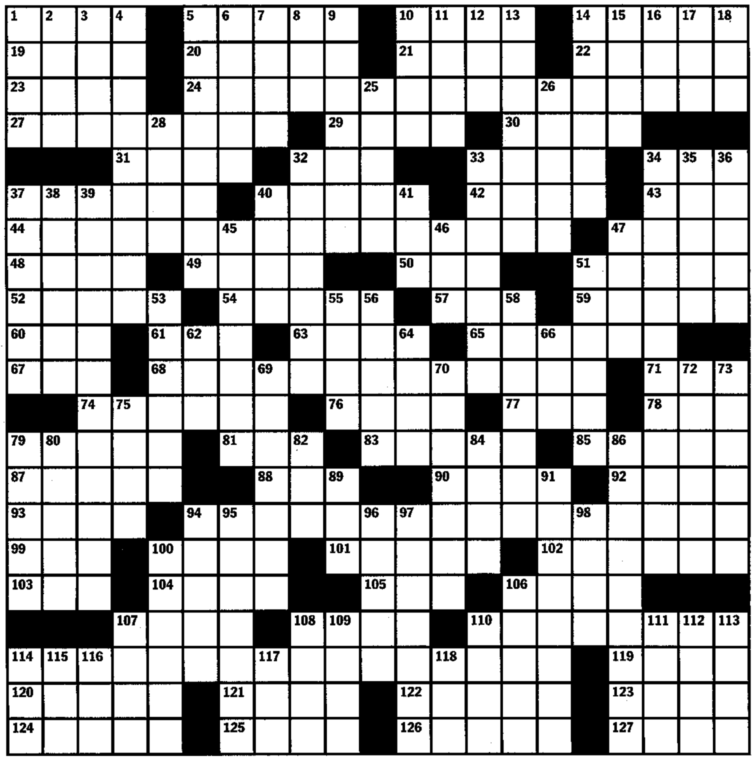
'Interpreting U.S. History': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Skillful
5 Rest cure
Partner of void
Tie holder
End of the Mormon trek
Allan ——, Robin Hood follower
Jacob's twin
Jack of old flicks
Stubborn one
Makeup item?
Plymouth Colony group
D-day vessels
Caesar's bad day
Louts
Honor-society letter
Like Truman's deal
Dawn lawn freshener
And others: Lat.
Foreword
Burden
Inventor Whitney
Sublet?
Dripping wet
Poker chip-in
Baseball-card deal
Mystery-tale pioneer
Suzette's pancake
"Of Thee ——"
In any respect
N.Y.P.D. alert
"The Lady ——"
"Wayne's World" negative
Rub the wrong way
Radix
'We —— amused": Queen Victoria
Slip up
Either use the oars or walk in the water?
Wino
Not attended to
National problem, urrently
War land of the '60s, or short
ur. realm, once
hotographer Adams
——-Cat (winter ansport)
You —— mouthful!"
ertaining to bees
o over a knot
88 Flight info. at JFK
90 Thicker than mists
92 Tear asunder
93 October birthstone
94 Dieter's concern?
99 Country singer Davis
100 French comic actor Jacques
101 South America's "backbone"
102 Hot —— (speedster)
103 Supermodel Carol
104 "Thin Man" dog
105 Writer Rand
106 Graf of naval fame
107 Charles Lamb's pen name
108 Sets one's sights
110 Least lenient
114 Rake-off for Beatty?
119 Lumberjack's target
120 Oriental
121 Rope fiber
122 Solar-year excess
123 Neeson or O'Flaherty
124 Whoopi's Oscar film
125 Greek god of love
126 "Over There" Americans
127 Hound sound

DOWN

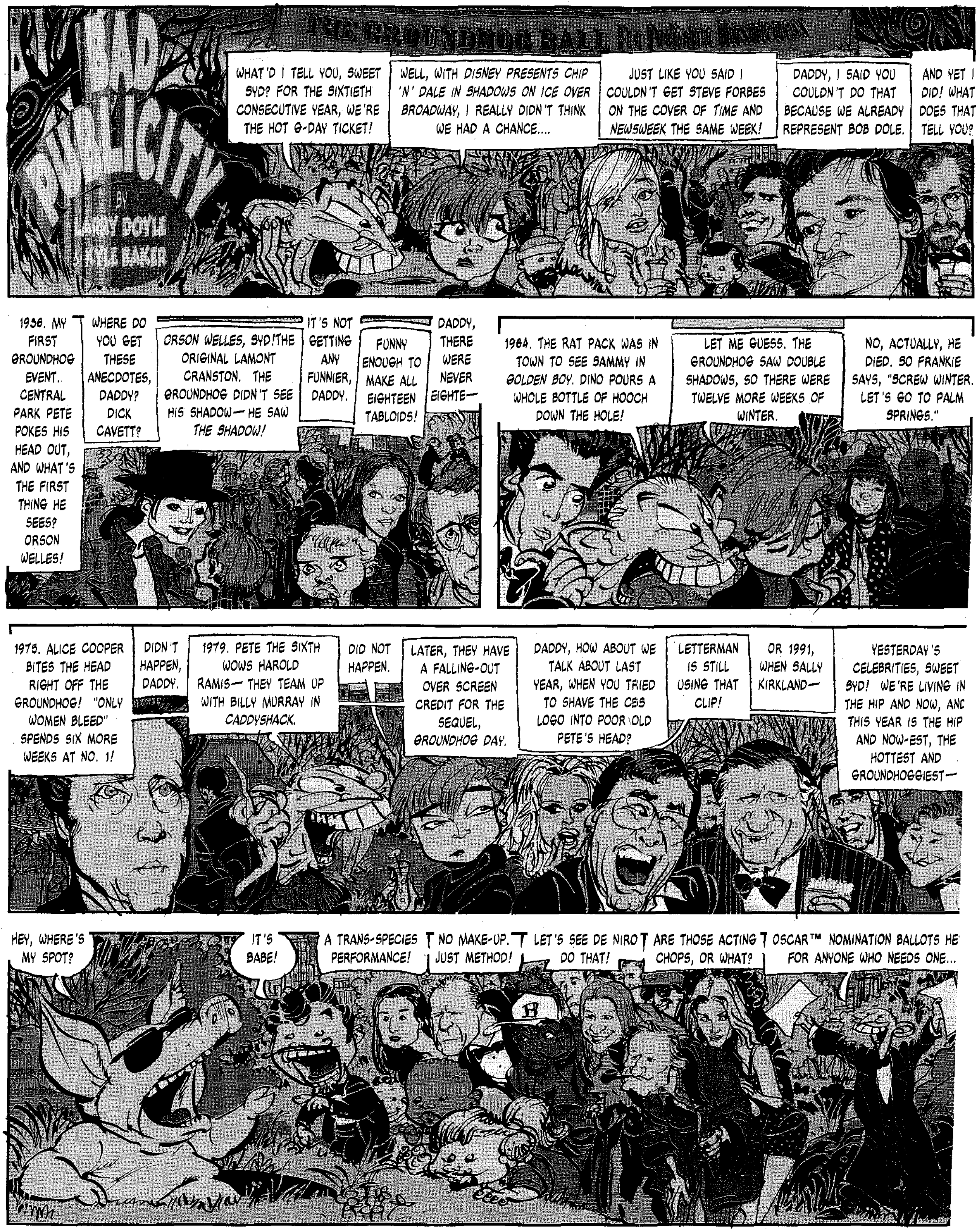
1 Garbage drop
2 Needle kit
3 Topple
4 "I lift my lamp beside —— door"
5 Has outgrowths
6 Dutch cheeses
7 Makes fodder
8 1936 candidate Landon
9 Hotel porter
10 Mr. Gingrich
11 Utilizes
12 Roman guardian spirit
13 "The Comedy of Errors" girl
14 Promising rookies
15 Licks up
16 Alias: abbr.
17 So written intentionally
18 Favorite
25 Basketry twig
26 Hatred
28 Symbol of thinness
32 Get ready
33 Fido's front foot
34 Sunblock?
35 Quickie way to wed
36 Helped with the dishes
37 Julia's "Seinfeld" role
38 Tightening muscle
39 Keeping one's guard up?
40 First pre-coll. exam
41 Do a floor chore
45 Rouses from sleep
46 Make a little —— long way
47 Cartoonist Peter
51 Movies, formally
53 Corset's kin
55 Parliament member
56 Is bested
58 Actor-director Kenneth
62 Kanga's baby
64 "Tubby" of kiddie lit
66 Author LeShan
69 Region of northern Italy
70 Add starch
72 "Clockwork" color
73 Part of t.l.c.
75 First name in lunar exploration
79 Perfume give-off
80 Himalayan kingdom
82 Hall-of-Fame Giant
84 Seurat's trademarks
86 With good judgment
89 Confederate state: abbr.
91 Villains in the grass
94 Jazz street
95 Kind of case
96 As a friend: Fr.
97 Homeric epic
98 Transvaal settler
100 Natural ability
106 Wall Street item
107 Geologic time spans
108 Bullets, familiarly
109 Gremlins
110 Tourist city of Shensi province
111 Lake of an 1812 victory
112 Yule paste-on
113 Office sub
114 Flick the tail
115 Smoker's evidence
116 Carioca's city
117 "—— the ramparts . . ."
118 Saratoga spring



to last week's puzzles appear on page 59.

Groundhogwash

Sandy knows even the folksiest American tradition provides a chance to work it.


THE GROUNDHOG BALL For Pediatric Hirsuteness
BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
WHAT'D I TELL YOU, SWEET SYD? FOR THE SIXTIETH CONSECUTIVE YEAR, WE'RE THE HOT G-DAY TICKET!
WELL, WITH *DISNEY PRESENTS CHIP 'N' DALE IN SHADOWS ON ICE OVER BROADWAY*, I REALLY DIDN'T THINK WE HAD A CHANCE....
JUST LIKE YOU SAID I COULDN'T GET STEVE FORBES ON THE COVER OF *TIME* AND *NEWSWEEK* THE SAME WEEK!
DADDY, I SAID YOU COULDN'T DO THAT BECAUSE WE ALREADY REPRESENT BOB DOLE.
AND YET I DID! WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU?
1936. MY FIRST GROUNDHOG EVENT.. CENTRAL PARK PETE POKES HIS HEAD OUT, AND WHAT'S THE FIRST THING HE SEES? ORSON WELLES!
WHERE DO YOU GET THESE ANECDOTES, DADDY? DICK CAVETT?
ORSON WELLES, SYD! THE ORIGINAL LAMONT CRANSTON. THE GROUNDHOG DIDN'T SEE HIS SHADOW—HE SAW *THE SHADOW!*
IT'S NOT GETTING ANY FUNNIER, DADDY.
FUNNY ENOUGH TO MAKE ALL EIGHTEEN TABLOIDS!
DADDY, THERE WERE NEVER EIGHTE—
1964. THE RAT PACK WAS IN TOWN TO SEE SAMMY IN *GOLDEN BOY*. DINO POURS A WHOLE BOTTLE OF HOOCH DOWN THE HOLE!
LET ME GUESS. THE GROUNDHOG SAW DOUBLE SHADOWS, SO THERE WERE TWELVE MORE WEEKS OF WINTER.
NO, ACTUALLY, HE DIED. SO FRANKIE SAYS, "SCREW WINTER. LET'S GO TO PALM SPRINGS."
1975. ALICE COOPER BITES THE HEAD RIGHT OFF THE GROUNDHOG! "ONLY WOMEN BLEED" SPENDS SIX MORE WEEKS AT NO. 1!
DIDN'T HAPPEN, DADDY.
1979. PETE THE SIXTH WOWS HAROLD RAMIS—THEY TEAM UP WITH BILLY MURRAY IN *CADDYSHACK*.
DID NOT HAPPEN.
LATER, THEY HAVE A FALLING-OUT OVER SCREEN CREDIT FOR THE SEQUEL, *GROUNDHOG DAY*.
DADDY, HOW ABOUT WE TALK ABOUT LAST YEAR, WHEN YOU TRIED TO SHAVE THE CBS LOGO INTO POOR OLD PETE'S HEAD?
LETTERMAN IS STILL USING THAT CLIP!
OR 1991, WHEN SALLY KIRKLAND—
YESTERDAY'S CELEBRITIES, SWEET SYD! WE'RE LIVING IN THE HIP AND NOW, AND THIS YEAR IS THE HIP AND NOW-EST, THE HOTTEST AND GROUNDHOGGIEST—
HEY, WHERE'S MY SPOT?
IT'S BABE!
A TRANS-SPECIES PERFORMANCE!
NO MAKE-UP. JUST METHOD!
LET'S SEE DE NIRO DO THAT!
ARE THOSE ACTING CHOPS, OR WHAT?
OSCAR™ NOMINATION BALLOTS HERE FOR ANYONE WHO NEEDS ONE...
B

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impressed by your title,
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the size of your house
or what you happen to drive.

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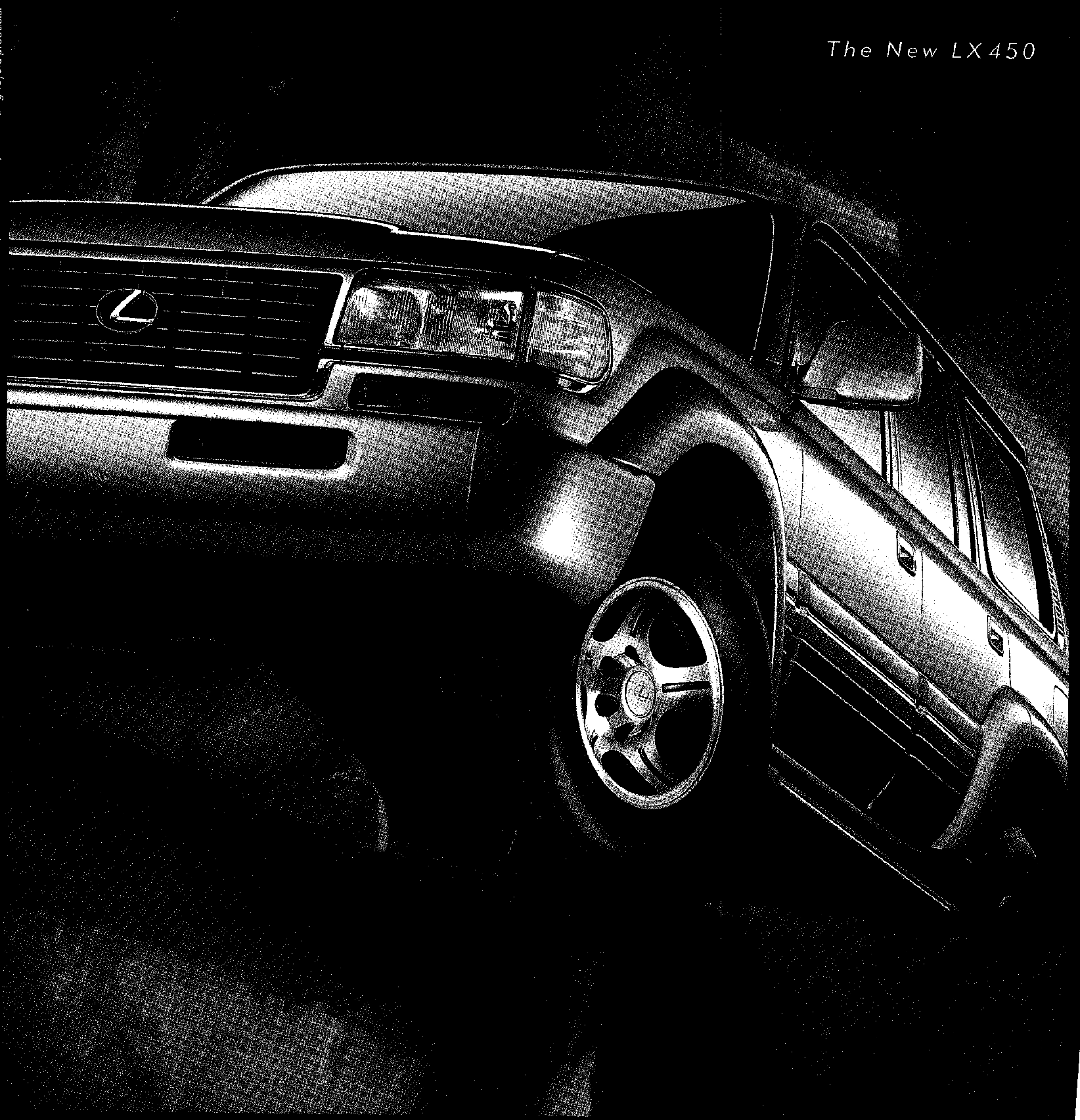

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